★ Feb. 5, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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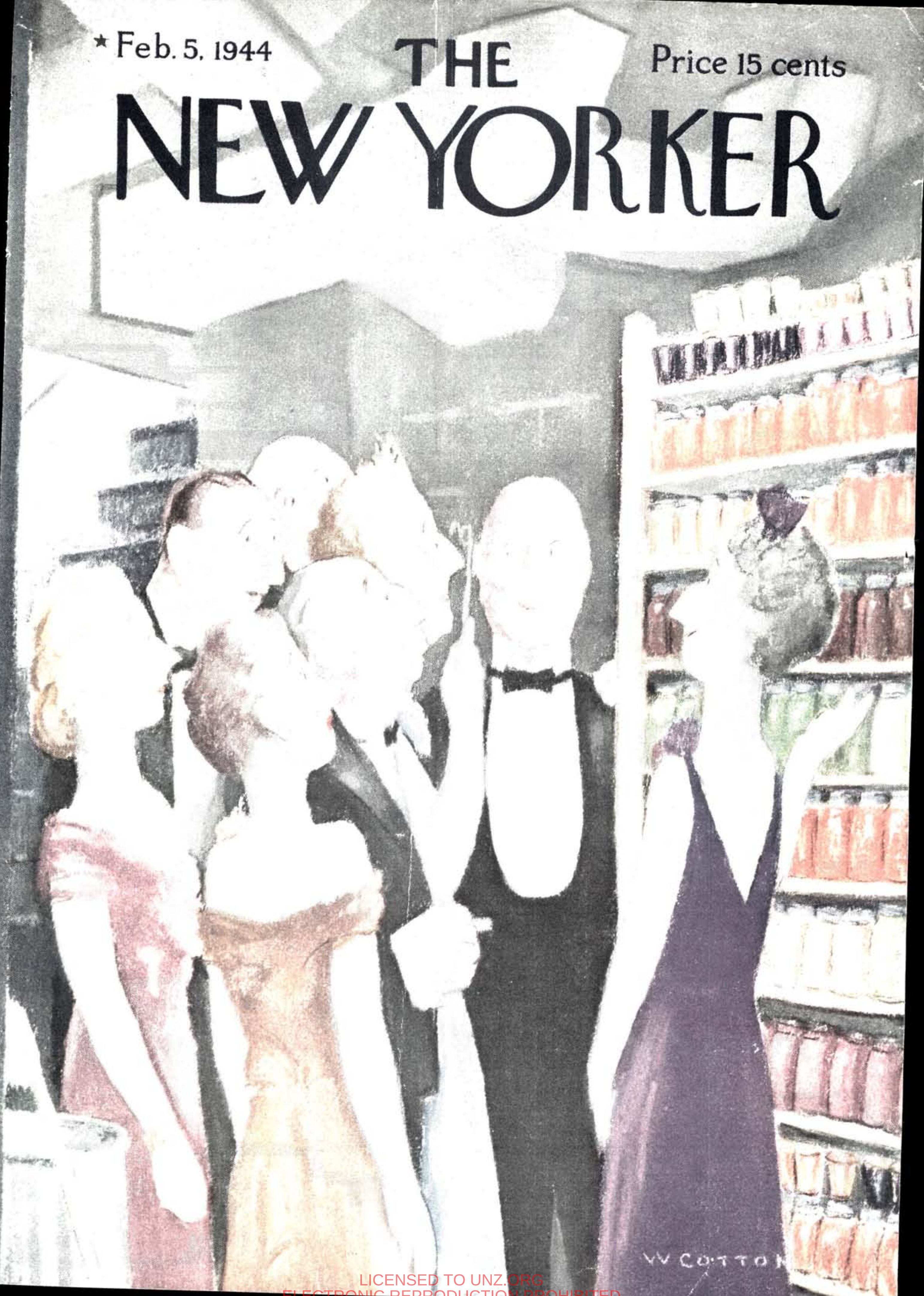

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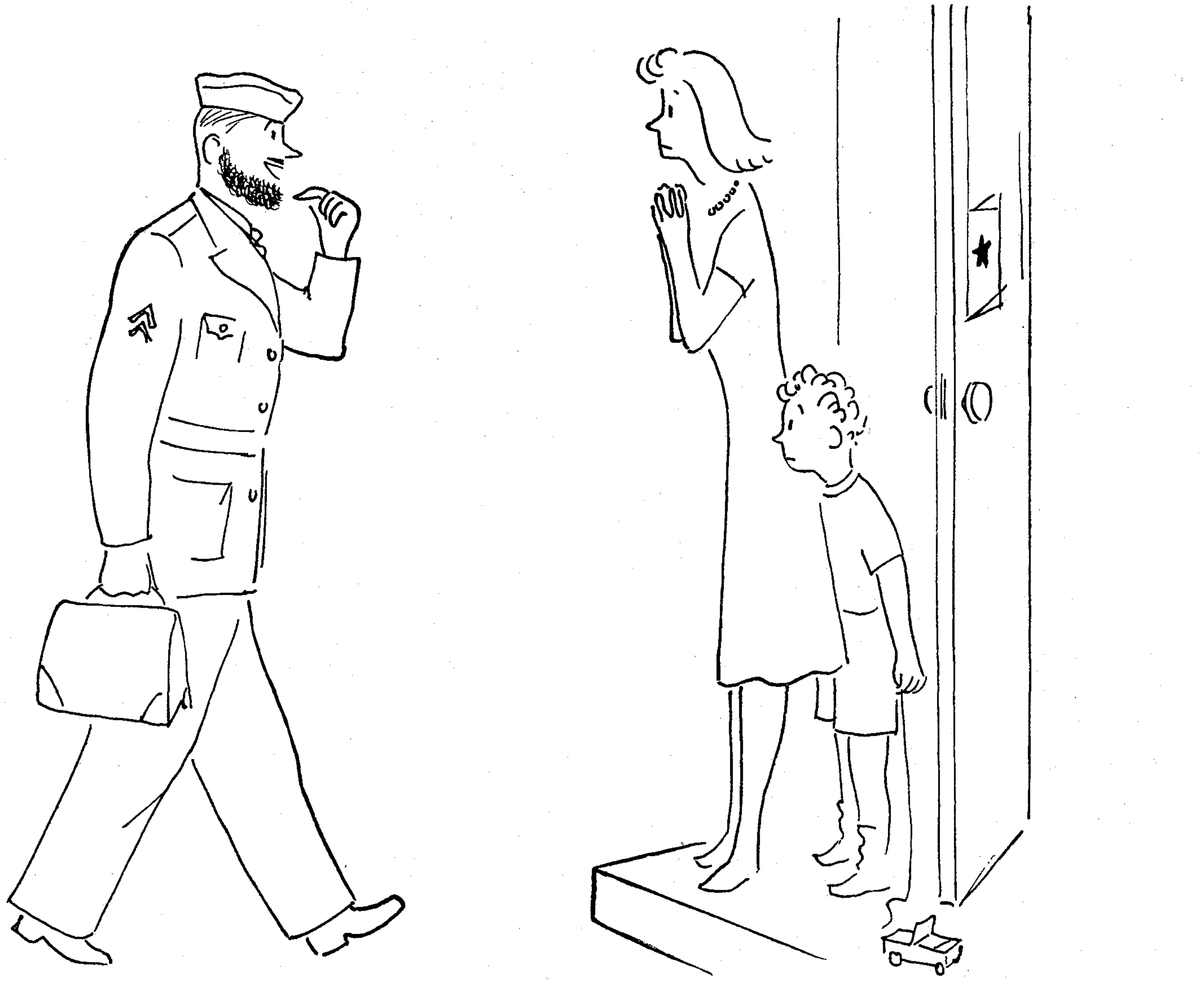
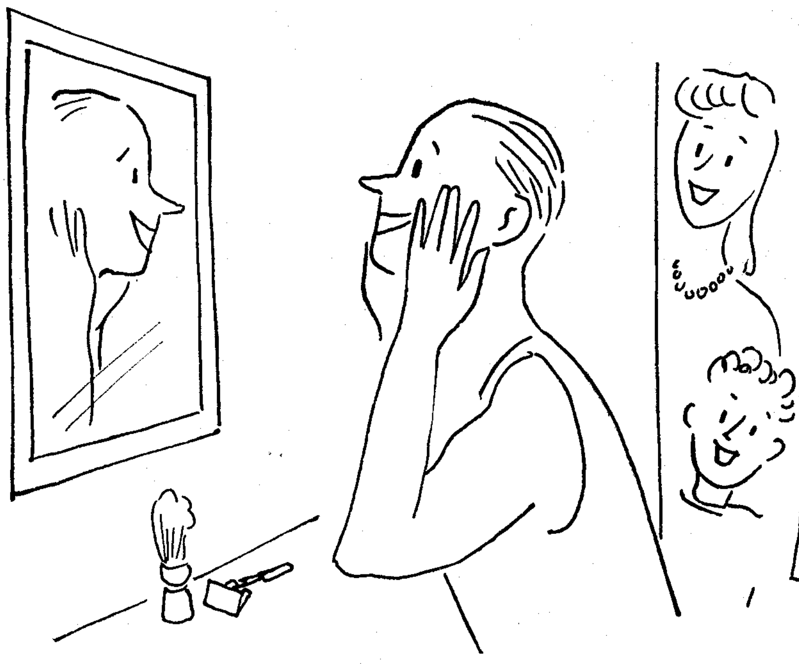




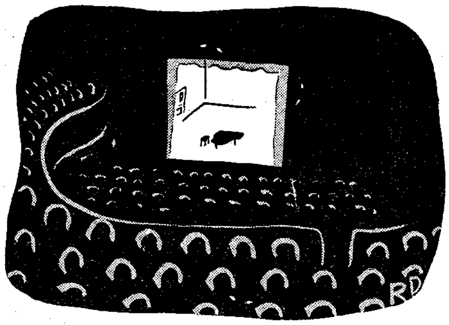
Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

Case in point: try as we may, and have, and will — it's going to be *very* difficult to keep the Journal's circulation *down* to four million per issue in '44 (to save paper, as ordered). When women want something, they push back mountains to get it!

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Largest audited circulation of ANY magazine

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—A magnificent drama which somebody, unfortunately, has decided to play for laughs. Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut are probably as good as anybody could be under the circumstances. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special performance Sun., Feb. 6, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Duke in Darkness—Philip Merivale in a sixteenth-century cloak and sword scuffle, in which nothing ever seems to happen. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Thurs., Feb. 10, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. Helen Hayes, however, is splendid. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy, of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Thurs., Feb. 10, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't very much else to offer. Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, and Carol Goodner are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon in a comedy that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really quite as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Suds in Your Eye—Homely comedy about three character actresses who operate in a junk yard. Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes do their best with some old jokes, but it's not enough. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is splendid in his rôle of the young Nazi, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." Walter Greaza, Mary Rolfe, and Sunnie O'Dea are in the cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than three hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Decision—A play by Edward Chodorov, with Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. Staged by Mr. Chodorov and produced by Edward Choate. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing, in spite of the effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
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Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Jackpot—Vinton Freedley, who has done some very good musicals, offers a disappointing one about some Marines who win a girl in a lottery. Allan Jones, Nanette Fabray, and Jerry Lester are in it, and Guy Bolton, Vernon Duke, and Howard Dietz are mainly responsible for the story and the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standardized musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Alfred Drake, Celeste Holm, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. All very satisfactory. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Peepshow—A comedy by Ernest Pascal, with Tamara Geva and John Emery. Staged by David Burton and produced by Mr. Pascal and Samuel Bronston. Opens Thurs., Feb. 3. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Take It As It Comes—A comedy by E. B. Morris, with Frank Wilcox, Louise Lorimer, and Gloria Willis. Staged by Anthony Brown and produced by Armin L. Robinson. Opens Mon., Feb. 7. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—Paul Draper and Larry Adler in a joint recital: Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., Feb. 5, at 2:45 and 8:40 P.M. . . . "Porgy and Bess," with Etta Moten and Avon Long: nightly, starting Mon., Feb. 7, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company—Beginning a four-week season with "The Mikado," Fri., Feb. 11, at 8:35 P.M., and Sat., Feb. 12, at 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760.)

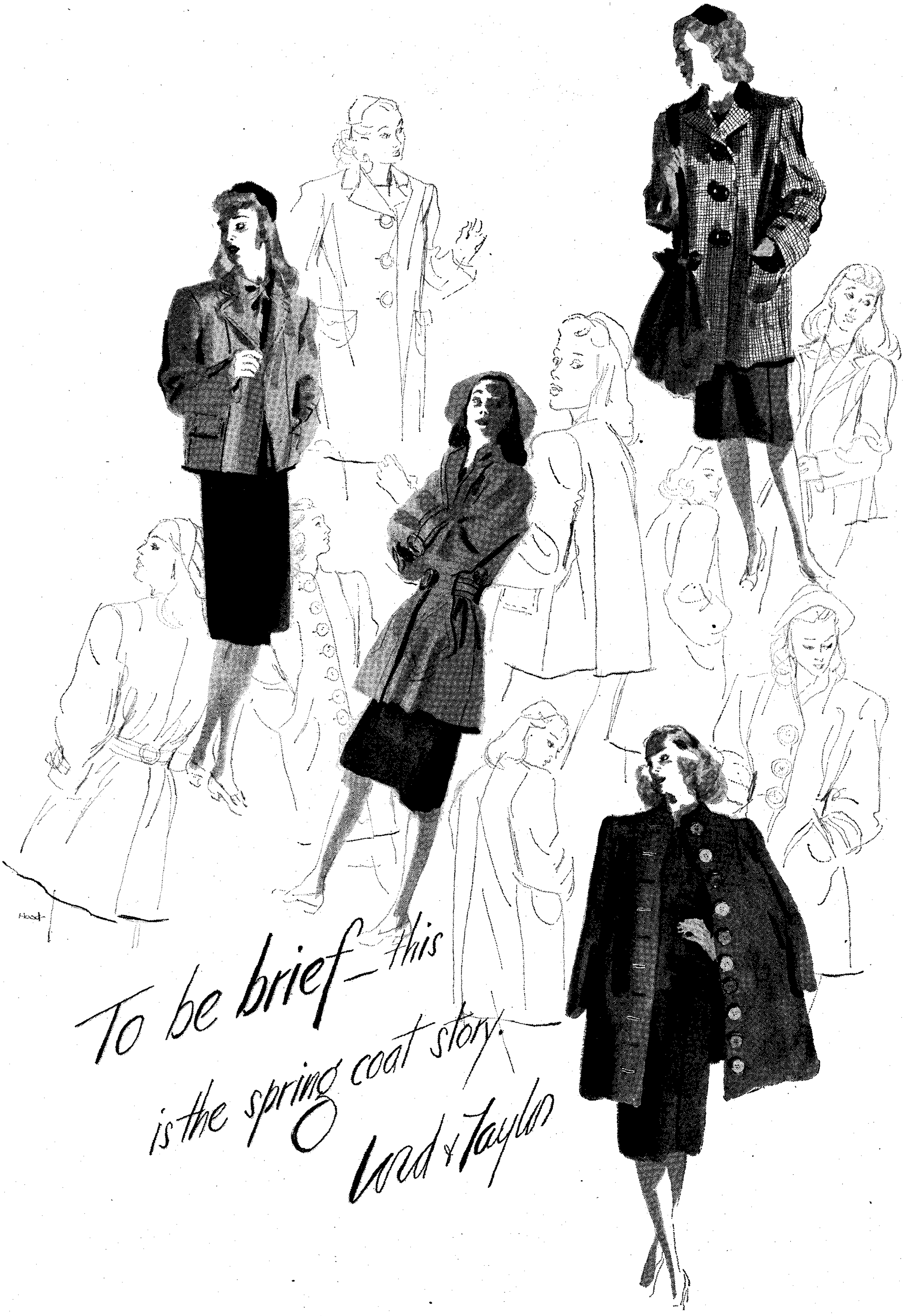
Ice Shows—Sonja Henie in her "Hollywood Ice Revue." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4, at 8:30 P.M.) . . . "Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474 Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Hansel and Gretel," "Princess Red Riding Hood," and "The Never Empty Purse," Sat., Feb. 12, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . The Children's Theatre of the New School presenting "Bobino," Sat., Feb. 5, at 3 P.M. and Sun., Feb. 6, at 11:30 A.M.; "Kings in Nomania," Sat., Feb. 12, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. GR 7-8464.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 51, February 5, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.


To be brief—this
is the spring coat story.
Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's band and an ice show are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier than the one in Rio. Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The new Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A popular little place near Third Avenue. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band are on hand in this large and handsome club.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the mind-reader, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has John Hoysradt, pretending he's various people. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is in the Wedgwood Room, and at the supper hour there is also a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan heads the show in this sequestered spot. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with several competent performers. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show, as well as the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Carmen Amaya and her kin folk. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Georgie Auld's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, as well as Richard Dyer-Bennett and the Clarence Profit Trio.

●

Mostly for Music—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just big enough for Roy Eldridge's orchestra and some admirers. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins plays his saxophone in this midtown saloon.

ART

Alexander Archipenko—Thirty-five years of the sculptor's work: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

Hans Arp—Bas-reliefs, sculpture, gouaches, and drawings, by one of the great early Abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 4.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A permanent collection of American ceramics, from the seventeenth century to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Jon Corbino—Ballet subjects this year, instead of the usual circus scenes: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

André Derain—Portraits, landscapes, and still lifes: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

James Ensor—First American show by a nineteenth-century forerunner of many trends in modern painting: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

French—At the **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: Abstract paintings by Braque, Mondrian, Miró, Léger, and other school-of-Paris painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 26. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: classics of the Paris school, about half of them new to this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 11. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: paintings by twentieth-century artists, many never before shown here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

Morris Graves—New oils by an artist who paints sounds in the night and bird calls: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

Groups—At the **FEIGL,** 601 Madison, at 57: old and modern paintings by Corneille de Lyon, Pablo Picasso, Fred Nagler, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: work by the League of Present-Day Artists, formerly called the Bombshell Group. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: water colors by Edward Blampied, Eric Isenburger, William Thoeny, and other contemporary artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12. . . . **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57: paintings by Maurice Becker, Elizabeth Olds, Louis Ribak, and Moi Solotaroff. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: paintings and sculpture by Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, William Steig, William Zorach, and other contemporaries, compared with work by nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

John Franklin Hawkins—Psychological drawings suggested by poems of Rimbaud, Poe, Baudelaire, and Hart Crane: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

Rico Lebrun—Drawings of figures in fantastic motion: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

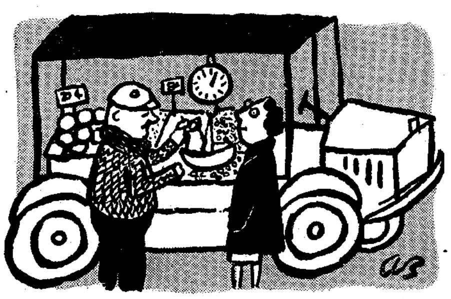
Peppino Mangravite—The American scene, from a slightly romantic angle: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

Dwight Marfield—A large, first one-man show of drawings and water colors with imaginative, if literary, subjects: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

Henry Mark—Small, complex drawings: Artists', 43 W. 55. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 7.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Oscar Miestchaninoff—Sculpture and drawings: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 6.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

Primitives—A recently discovered group of water colors by Miss Willson, an early-nineteenth-century artist: Harry Stone, 555 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

Fernando Puma—Recent oils, mostly of the circus and the sea: Puma, 108 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

Chris Ritter—Light, amusing water colors and some oils: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

Josef Scharl—New paintings by the Bavarian Expressionist: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 16.

Sculpture—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Frederic Taubes—New portraits and landscapes: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

William Thon—Wintry scenes by an artist with a romantic feeling for them: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

Max Weber—Oils from 1907 to the present: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

Cady Wells—Southwestern subjects in an unusual water-color technique: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A large exhibition of the paintings, water colors, drawings, and sculpture which the Museum has had in safekeeping since the beginning of the war. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 14.

Anders Zorn—The first comprehensive exhibition in twenty years by this Swedish etcher: Harlow, 42 E. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., Feb. 3, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri. Feb. 4, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 5, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Feb. 6, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Feb. 10, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Feb. 11, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist: Desi Halban, soprano, Feb. 3-6.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Feb. 12, at 11 A.M.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed., Feb. 9, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Feb. 12, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Feb. 11, at 8:30 P.M.

Museum Concerts—The annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting, Sat., Feb. 5 and 12, at 4 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82.)

N.B.C. Symphony—At **TOWN HALL:** Zoltan Fekete conducting; soloists: Enid Szantho, contralto, and Ralph Hollander, violin. Sat., Feb. 5, at 8:30 P.M. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** Leopold Stokowski conducting; a benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Sat., Feb. 12, at 8:45 P.M.

Metropolitan Opera—"Tosca," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 3. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., Feb. 4. . . . "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Feb. 5. . . . "Mignon," Sat. Eve., Feb. 5. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Mon. Eve., Feb. 7. . . . "Das Rheingold," Tues. Eve., Feb. 8. . . . "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., Feb. 9. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10. . . . "Gianni Schicchi" and "Salome," Fri. Eve., Feb. 11. . . . "Norma," Sat. Aft., Feb. 12. . . . Program for Sat. Eve., Feb. 12, to be announced. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Feb. 6, at 8:30, will be Licia Albanese, Lawrence Tibbett, and Martial Singher.

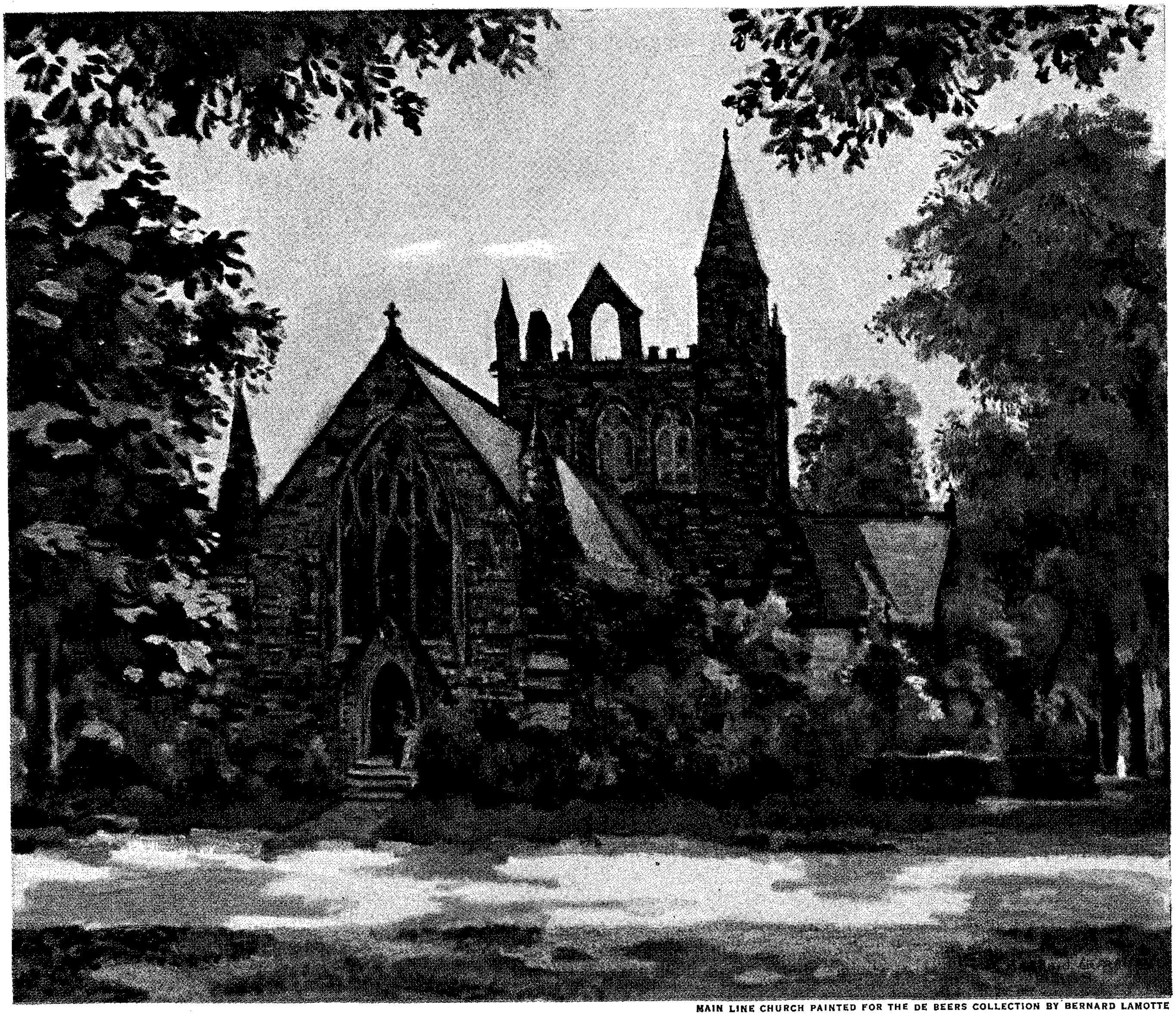
Russian Opera Company—"Boris Godunoff," Sun., Feb. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Ricardo Odnoposoff—Violin. Sat., Feb. 5, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano. Sat., Feb. 5, at 3 P.M.; a war-relief benefit. (Town Hall.)

Lener Quartet—Chamber music. Sat., Feb. 5 and 12,

O'er Eden . . . from each great church and humble chapel the Voice is stirring. It chants of youth and gallant challenge to the future and faith that rises high above old doubts and past generation blunders. The memory of her solemn wedding service is each new bride's strongest staff and comforter through the days of parting that today so often follow. Her most treasured keepsake, the engagement diamond ring that has held the steady flame of loving hearts since time began.



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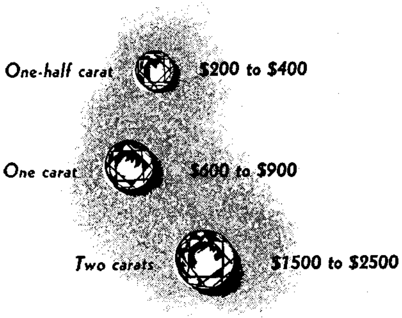

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Industrial Diamonds — a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

at 5:30 P.M. Soloists on Feb. 12: Yehudi Menuhin, violin; and Adolph Baller, piano. (Town Hall.)

AMERICAN BALLAD SINGERS—Elie Siegmeister directing. Sun., Feb. 6, at 3 and 8:40 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

JULIUS GOLDSTEIN—Volume One of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavichord." Sun., Feb. 6, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

THOMAS RICHNER—Piano. Sun., Feb. 6, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Joseph Szigeti, violin; and Claudio Arrau, piano. Sun., Feb. 6, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

CATERINA JARBORO—Soprano. Sun., Feb. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. Mon., Feb. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ANDOR FOLDES—Piano. Mon., Feb. 7, at 8:15 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. Tues., Feb. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

WILLIAM GEPHART—Baritone. Tues., Feb. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

EMANUEL VARDI AND ROLAND GUNDRY—Viola and violin. Wed., Feb. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

CHORAL CONCERT—The Harvard Glee Club and the Sarah Lawrence College Chorus, William Schuman conducting. Sat., Feb. 12, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: N.Y.U. vs. Rochester, and L.I.U. vs. Canisius, Tues., Feb 8, at 8:30 P.M. . . . COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, B'way at 119: Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, Sat., Feb. 12, at 8:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tippy Larkin vs. Lulu Costantino, lightweights, 10 rounds, Wed., Feb. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Feb. 6; and Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 10; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series: Sun., Feb. 6, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

ICE SKATING—Madison Square Garden—The annual Silver Skates Derby, Mon., Feb. 7, at 8 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden—Millrose Games, Sat., Feb. 5, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: scale models by Norman Bel Geddes illustrating land and sea battle formations and tactical operations in the present war. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 5.

DOG SHOW—The annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club; a benefit for Dogs for Defense: Madison Square Garden, Fri. and Sat., Feb. 11-12, from 9 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly by American photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: photographs by André Cauvin, taken in the Belgian Congo during the past year. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 11.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays, except Feb. 12, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

AMERICANA—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., Feb. 5, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., Feb. 5, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

PLANETARIUM—"The Story of the Earth" will be the title of the February lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun.. Feb. 6, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Saul Caston conducting, Sat., Feb. 5; Bruno Walter conducting, Sat., Feb. 12; at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 5 and 12, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Feb. 6, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Feb. 6, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Tannhäuser," with Alexander Kipnis, Marjorie Lawrence and Lauritz Melchior, Sat., Feb. 5; "Norma," with Frederick Jagel and Zinka Milanov, Sat., Feb. 12; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Tippy Larkin vs. Lulu Costantino, Wed., Feb. 9, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs., at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Chinese objects of art, including early-dynasty porcelains, from the collection of the late L. Allen Lewis and others: Thurs., Feb. 3, at 2 P.M. . . . English and French furniture and Kirk silver owned by Mrs. Cameron Tiffany, Mrs. Hester Merwin Ayers, and others: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 4-5, at 2 P.M. . . . Ashendene, Kelmscott, and Doves press publications, autograph letters and manuscripts, and first editions, from the libraries of the late Herbert Ten Broeck Jacquelin, Harry S. Durand, and others: Mon., Feb. 7, at 8:15 P.M., and Tues., Feb. 8, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

A GUY NAMED JOE—Contains some fantasy that gets a little out of hand, but pretty intelligent otherwise. Spencer Tracy as a bomber pilot and Irene Dunne as his girl in the Ferry Command. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Feb. 9.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—An inspired bit of casting puts Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields in this new adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive." (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.)

KINGS OF THE RING—A collection of most of the good fight pictures since Tommy Burns's day, which was 1907. (World, 153 W. 49.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's admirably done film about some Americans and a German in the same boat. With Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and Walter Slezak. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE NORTH STAR—Lillian Hellman has written a movie about the Russians that combines good international thinking with fine cinema art. The cast includes Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—A long one about a couple of lady novelists, notable for the presence of Bette Davis, a capable actress. There's also Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9.)

SAHARA—The adventures of some men and a tank in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, and J. Carrol Naish. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Thurs., Feb. 4-10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 5-8.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A likeable, human account, distinguished by good acting, of the girl who saw visions at Lourdes. The cast includes Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

TRUE TO LIFE—A somewhat erratic but predominantly funny comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, and Victor Moore. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Feb. 3.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney's lively animation of Seversky's theories on long-range bombing. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Feb. 3.)

REVIVALS

ACROSS THE PACIFIC (1942)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet, and a generous portion of espionage. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 6-7.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH (1943)—The latest version of the old reliable story. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 4-6.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE (1942)—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in Bucks County. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Feb. 4.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 3.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 3.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, Cagney, and Rooney. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Fri., Feb. 4.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 4-6.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; starting Sat., Feb. 5.)

THE PIED PIPER (1942)—Monty Woolley escorts a covey of kiddies through invaded France. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 9-10.)

REAP THE WILD WIND (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Mon. through Thurs., Feb. 7-10.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Feb. 9.)

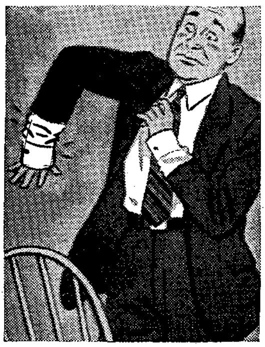
VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 8-10.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.)

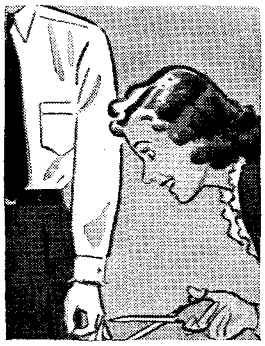
NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 3-4: "Ten

8 foxy ways to make shirts wear longer

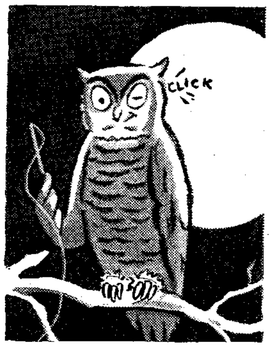
(GOOD STUFF TO KNOW—ESPECIALLY IN WARTIME!)



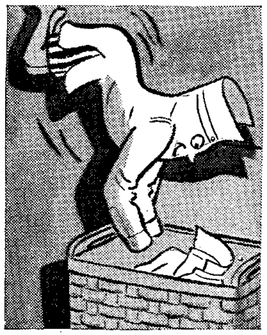
1. When sleeves are too long, cuffs get rubbed to death on chairs and desks. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.



2. If your cuffs *do* fray, ask your Mrs. to snip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and sew it back up. Reverse French cuffs.

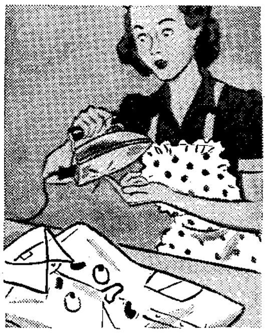


3. If your collar frazzles, have it turned. This is very practical, but requires lots of know-how with the needle.



4. Biggest favor you can do for collars is to turn 'em *up* before laundering. This keeps the top edge from being scrubbed too hard.

5. Shirts die in the flower of their youth if you over-starch or overbleach 'em. Use *no* starch on non-wilt collars, *no* bleaching on colored shirts.



6. If a shirt's extra-dirty, soak it overnight. Shirts like 3 hot rinses, and an iron that's *not* too hot.

7. A shirt that shrinks is hopeless. Always buy "Sanforized"-labeled shirts—they won't shrink even 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

8. When your shirts finally breathe their last, clip off the buttons for spares, and use the fabric for aprons, etc.

☆

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Days That Shook the World" (1927), Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and G. V. Alexandrov. **SAT. AND SUN., FEB. 5-6:** five short films by Georges Mélies (1899-1912). **MON. AND TUES., FEB. 7-8:** "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), with Conrad Veidt, and one sequence from "The Golem" (1920). **WED. AND THURS., FEB. 9-10** (at 4 P.M. only): "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), directed by Mauritz Stiller, and "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), directed by Victor Seastrom. **FRI. AND SAT., FEB. 11-12:** "Destiny" (1921), with Lil Dagover.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

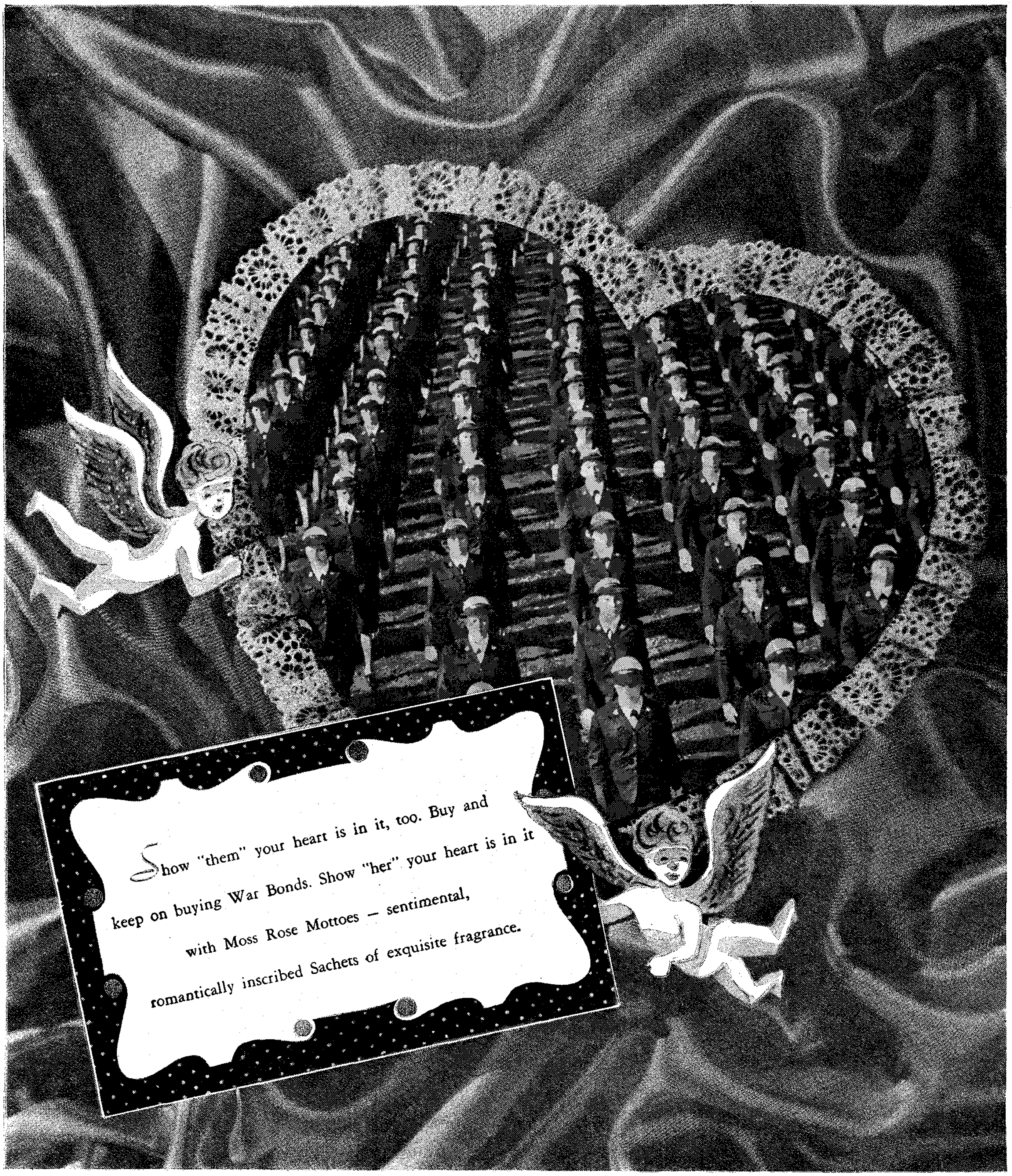
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to take a short course of instruction and then serve at least two half days a week in the new shops which the C.D.V.O. is opening for the barter of hard-to-get consumer goods; men to take an eight-week, part-time course and then serve two four-hour shifts a week in the City Patrol Corps. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen embarking on overseas duty; women to take a seven-week, part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work in an Army cafeteria several days a week from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. (EL 5-1530, Ext. 8). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a thirteen-week, part-time training course in medical social service, and then serve five daytime hours a week as volunteer case aides in hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as aides in wards.

FOURTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. are still recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper of all kinds, from old letters to corrugated boxes, is urgently needed. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of war materials. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration stamps for every pound you turn in. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, books, or games that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses, drums, and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789.)



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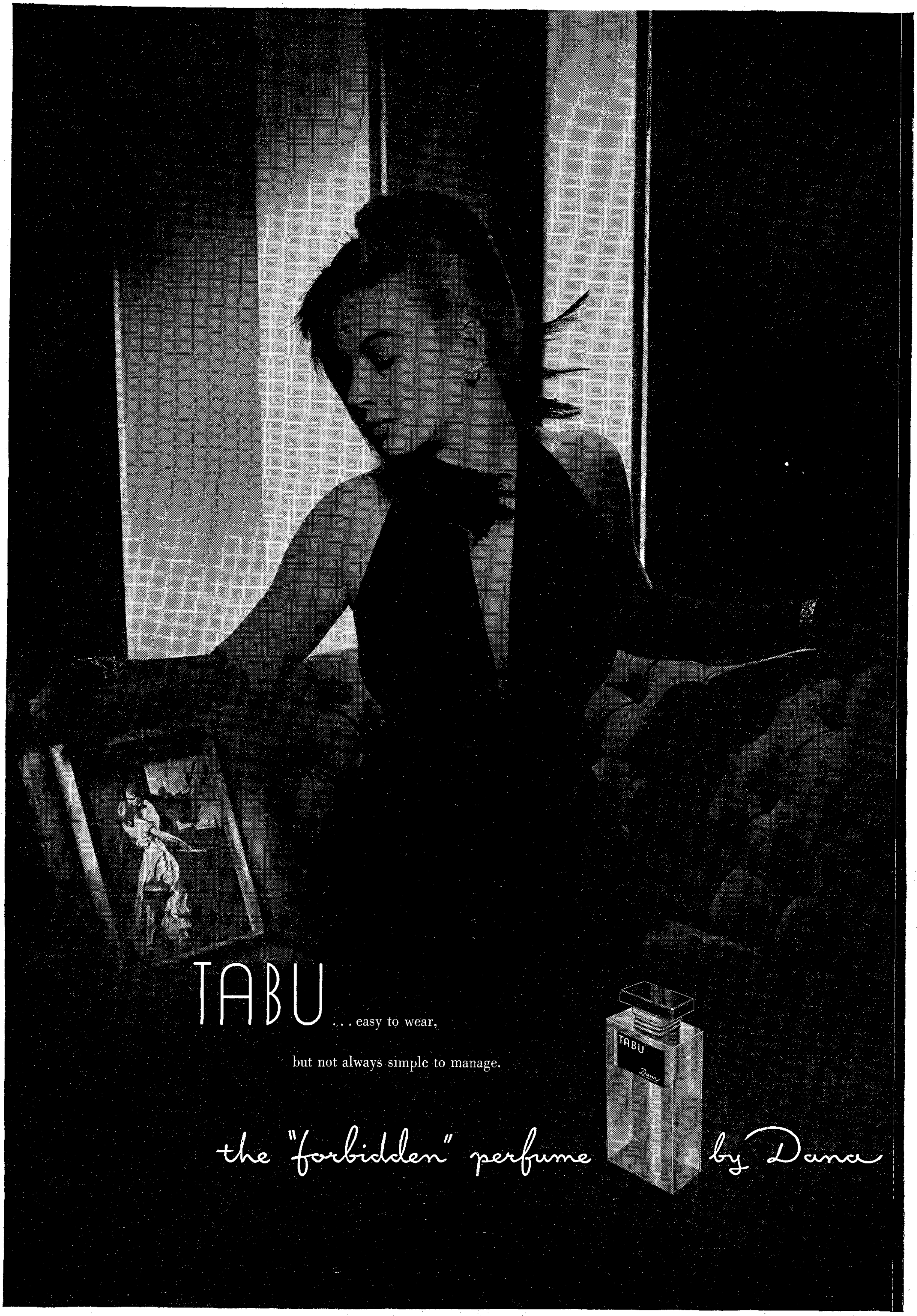
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but not always simple to manage.
TABU
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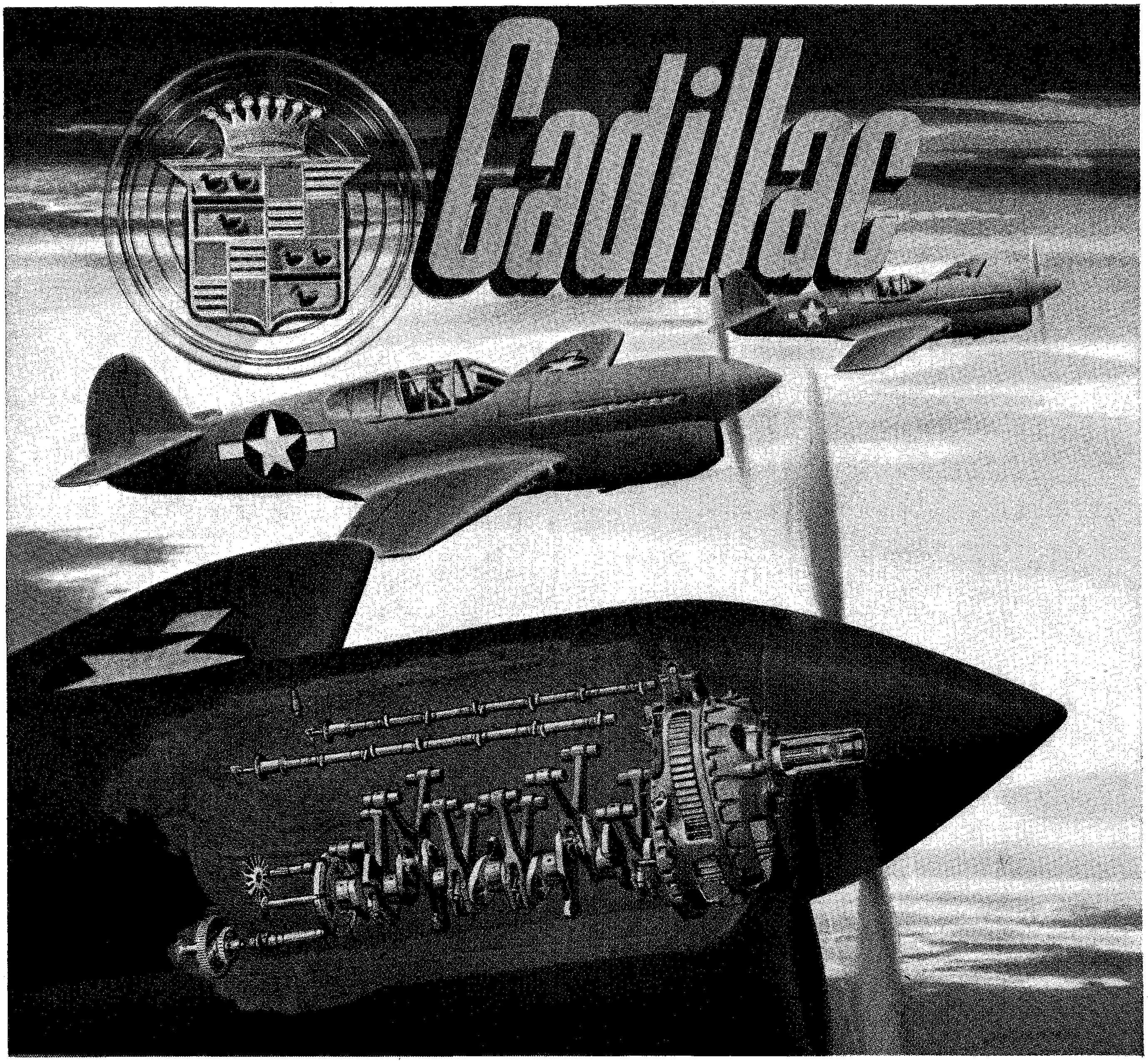

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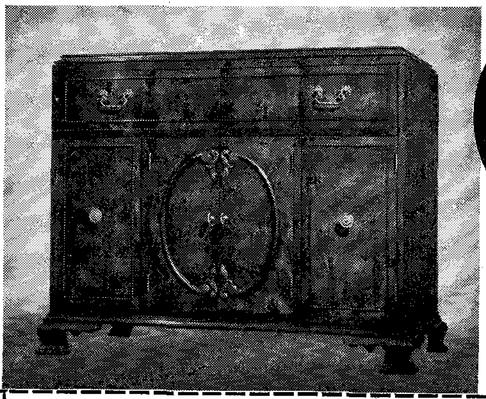

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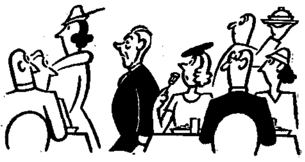
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

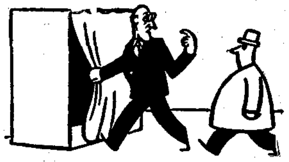
Notes and Comment

JOHN KIERAN, escorting a lady, came into a place where we were having lunch the other day and sat down at the next table. At his entrance a stir went around among the diners and the air became charged with expectancy, as though people felt that they were at last to receive an answer to life's question. Nothing much happened. The only question asked of Kieran during the meal came from a waiter (Victor Turnbelt, 26 Sundown Boulevard, Wantagh, L.I.), who asked, "Did you give your order yet?" Mr. Kieran replied "No," and the dining room relapsed into the darkness of the eternal mysteries and the plat du jour.



R.K.O., we learn, are producing a Pat O'Brien film currently called "Marine Raiders." It is about Marine action in the Pacific, and just before the picture is released the title will be changed to include the name of whatever Marine battle was most recently in the news and scenes and dialogue referring to that exploit will be dubbed in. We note in this the same tendency we saw in the recent London revival of Robert Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night," with the Russians changed to Germans and the Finns to Greeks. We are afraid we are seeing the beginning of an attempt to create a utility, all-purpose, interchangeable kind of art, as magnificently unspecialized as those comic postcards bearing a list of vacation phrases, only the appropriate ones to be checked. We happen to prefer our dramas with one fixed meaning and we'd feel better if they were scrapped when that meaning gets outmoded. If Robert Sherwood takes a shot at the Russians, we don't think he ought to be able to step behind a screen for a moment, switch the whiskers, and then come out and take the same shot at the Germans. And if R.K.O. think South Sea battles are interchangeable one with another, let them take a look at the varying casualty lists. Longer than screen credits, some of them.

WE have given about a year's thought to the withholding principle of taxation (not to be confused with the pay-as-you-go plan) and are now ready with our conclusion. Our belief is that withholding is a bad way to go about collecting tax money, even though the figures may show that it gets results. It is bad because it implies that the individual is incapable of handling his own affairs. The government as much as says: We know that, if left to your own devices, you will fritter away your worldly goods and tax day will catch you without cash. Or it says: We're not sure you'll come clean in your return, so we will just take the money before it reaches you and you will be saved the trouble and fuss of being honest. This implication is an unhealthy thing to spread around, being contrary to the old American theory that the individual is a very competent little guy indeed. The whole setup of our democratic government assumes that the citizen is bright, honest, and at least as fundamentally sound as a common stock. If you start treating him as something less than that, you are going to get into deep water, in our opinion. The device of withholding tax money, which is clearly confiscatory, since the individual is not allowed to see, taste, or touch a certain percentage of his wages, tacitly brands him as negligent or unthrifty or immature or incompetent or dishonest, or all of those things at once. There is, furthermore, a bad psychological effect in earning money which you never get your paws on. We believe this effect to be much stronger than the government realizes. At any rate, if the American individual is in truth incapable of paying his tax all by himself, then he should certainly be regarded as incapable of voting all by himself, and the Secretary of the Treasury should accompany him into the booth to show him where to put the X.



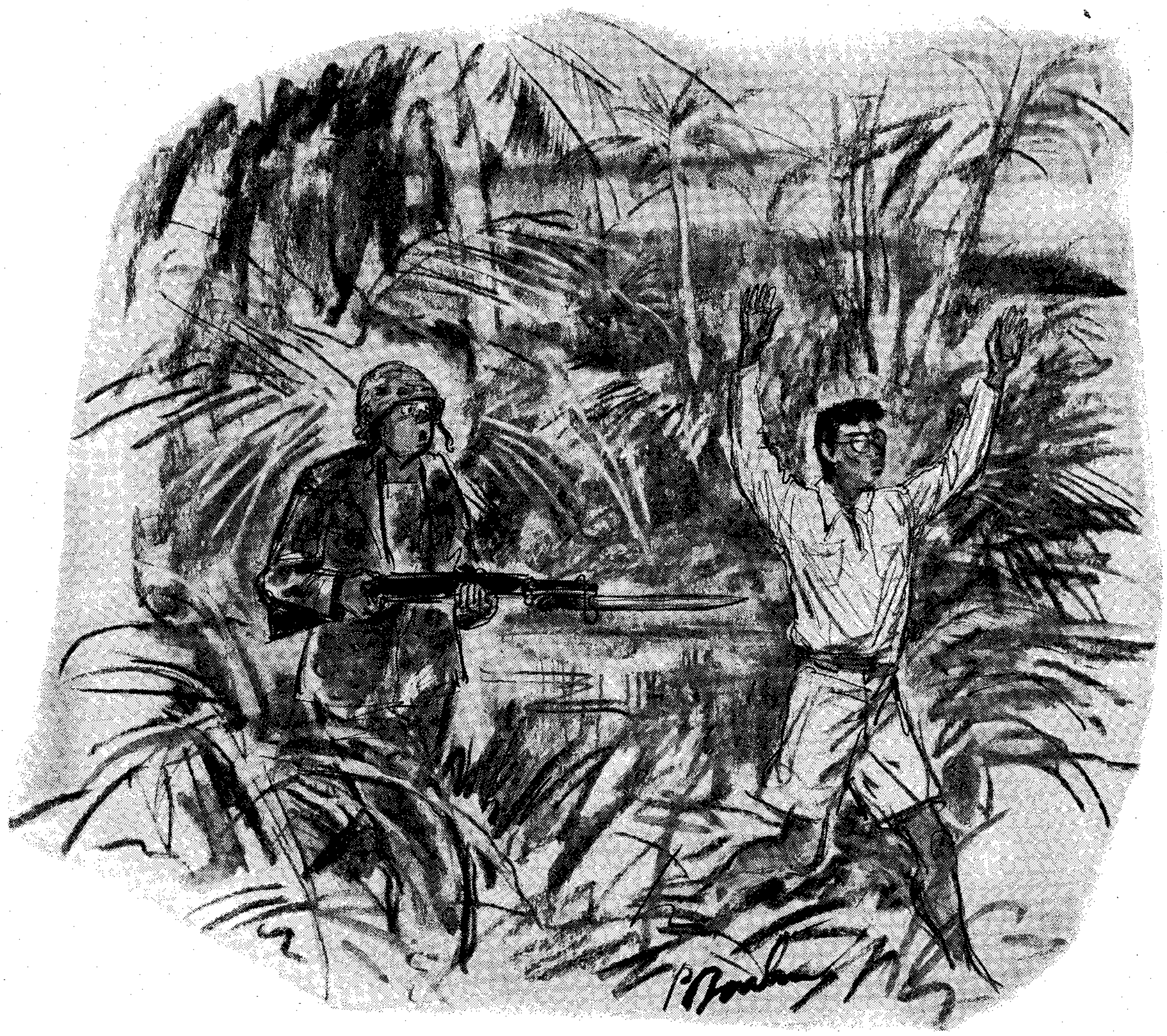
ONE of our favorite diplomats, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., has just been commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the Army. As one of Eisenhower's aides, he will do substantially what he did in civil life, which is deal with the exiled European governments on behalf of the United States. The problem of the man who does, as a soldier, precisely what he did as a civilian is a confusing one, and we might just as well tip Lt. Col. Biddle off to the angles. We know a biologist in New Jersey who was taken into the Army as a captain. He does just what he did in civilian life, which is work in his own laboratory; there he wears, instead of a uniform, his old gray smock, and the routine of his life seems absolutely unaltered. We once asked him whether anything was different. "Well," he said, "I work the same, I live the same, and I even think the same, but now if a guinea pig bites me I get the Purple Heart."

THE thing that gave us pause about Grover Whalen's combination bus terminal, opera house, and fashion centre, with helicopters landing right in the mannequins' hats, was not the gaudiness or the untimeliness of the dream but the fact that it probably will come true; the place probably will be built. This did stop us for a moment. It also reminded us of the mooring mast that was built for dirigibles at the top of the Empire State Building in the days of an earlier culture. There must be a lot of metal in that mast that could go into the Whalen helicopter terminal or into the metallic dresses for the opening style parade.

Pravda

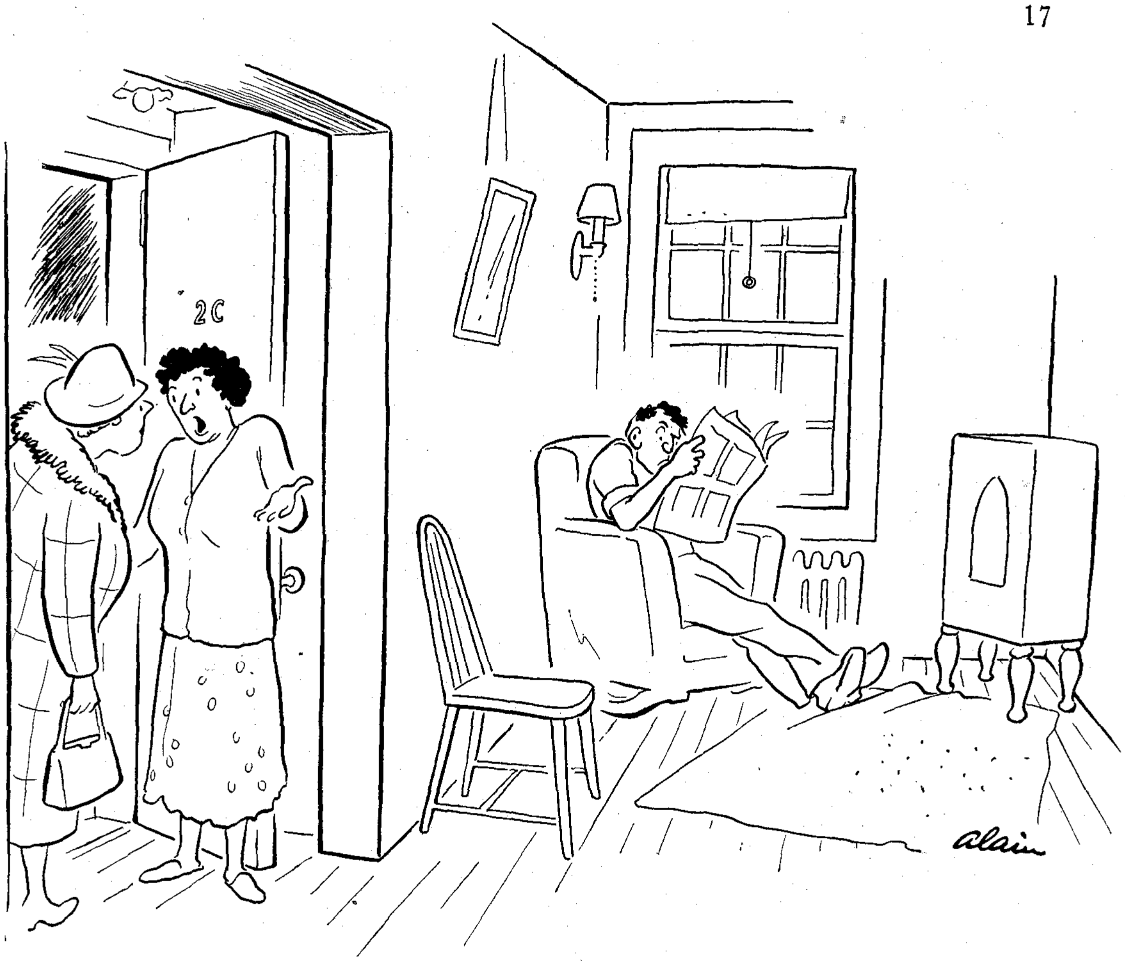
THIS item will set you straight on *Pravda*, the Russian newspaper that precipitated the separate-peace crisis a couple of weeks ago. First of all, it's the biggest newspaper in the world. The *News* and the Chicago *Tribune* have something like two million and one million circulation, respectively, each, but *Pravda* has reached more than three million and would doubtless have climbed much higher but for an apparently permanent newsprint shortage in Russia. *Pravda* is, of course, the official organ of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. and is not to be confused with *Izvestia*, the organ of the Soviet government. "*Pravda*" means "truth" and "*Izvestia*" means "news." There is a pat (but probably not very outspoken) saying in Moscow that there's no news in *Pravda* and no truth in *Izvestia*. *Pravda* was started in 1912, with the encouragement of Stalin and Lenin, its first edition running to sixty thousand copies. Its early editors had, even by the standards of radical European journalists, a pretty tough time: during the first two years of its existence, thirty-six editions were confiscated by the police, it was completely suppressed eight times, and sixteen editors went to jail. The final suppression, in fact, lasted almost three years, from July, 1914, to March, 1917. Since then it has been doing very nicely.

Pravda sells today for twenty kopecks, or about three cents. In format it is far from sensational, running chiefly to small headlines and small, close-set type. There are six wide columns on a page slightly smaller than, say, a *World-Telegram* page. (And of course no Pegler.) The masthead appears on the front page, at the top of the left-hand column, and next to that is an index of the day's news. The front page is reserved for important news about what's going on inside Russia. Foreign news appears on the back page. The distinction is rigidly observed. For instance, the news of England's declaration of war against Germany and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was on the last page. Sometimes, however, *Pravda* will run a foreign-affairs editorial on Page 1. The inner pages are given over to dispatches from correspondents, mostly amateurs who are responding to an early appeal of *Pravda's* editors that went, "Why should we send reporters to the villages to write about you peasants? Write about yourselves. Never mind if you are semi-literate and must use capital letters or chicken tracks. Start that way and you may end up a columnist. But don't send in such items as 'Ivan beat up Mark' or 'A new well has been dug on Petroff's farm.' Write about things that have a social significance." The news sent in is thus confined mostly to industrial and political goings-on—the building of a dam, the completion of a factory, or the progress of a collective farm. The correspondents don't hesitate to send in complaints about administrative officials, and these are handled in a manner that would make our local *Post* decide to give up printing exposés. *Pravda* keeps a flying squad of forty writers and experts hanging around, and whenever a complaint seems to justify investigation, the whole outfit is likely to move into the factory or whatever, set up a newsroom, and stay there until it's got the whole story. For instance, when the Dnieper Dam was under construction, it was announced by the builders that 427,000 cubic metres of concrete would be poured in a year. *Pravda* thought it ought to be 500,000 cubic metres and sent the flying squad to the site to find out what the bottlenecks were. They got results.



"And keep 'em up, do you hear? None of that Mata Hari stuff!"

No matter how tight space is, *Pravda* always finds room to celebrate such events as the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death and the thousandth birthday of the Persian poet Firdausi. There are a few pictures, mostly of factories or prize-winning teams of workmen. Crime news is confined to crimes against the state, and there is no gossip. The advertisements take up about an eighth of a column on the back page. There theatres list their attractions and occasionally a trade school announces a vacancy. Or somebody may buttonhole *Pravda's* three million readers with the news that he is willing to exchange a bicycle in good condition for a phonograph in any condition. *Pravda* comes to its subscribers by mail, and the Muscovites got so irritated at its frequent late arrival that they got a law passed making it a misdemeanor to deliver *Pravda* later than two o'clock in the afternoon. *Pravda* has two thriving offshoots—the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, which is the official organ of the Young Communists' League; and the *Pioneerskaya Pravda*, which is slanted for the very small Soviet fry and is so frivolous that it prints chess problems.



"The war ain't changed him much. He used to get fired from every job, now he just quits."

• •

Noblesse Oblige

PART of an argument overheard on a crosstown bus: "... and in the second place, nobody who sings in a choir ought to hate *anybody*."

A. G.

THE oldest member of Actors' Equity is a stoutish, bald, clerical-looking old party named A. G. Andrews, who is eighty-six. He's working, too—more than lots of younger actors can say. A. G. (that's what his friends call him) is in the Le Gallienne production of "The Cherry Orchard," playing a loyal old family servant named Firs. The program notes say that he has been on the stage for eighty-two years, which is only a mild cheat; A. G. did make his stage début eighty-two years ago, in London, but only for one unpaid performance. His father, a many-faceted man who had been a physician and after that an actor and theatre manager in the United States, was at the time painting in London, sharing a studio with the landscape painter Frère. He had kept up his friendships in the theatre, and many of A. G.'s playmates were stage children. One night he was allowed to "walk on" with three friends who were playing in "Peg Woffington," at the Drury Lane. "When I looked out at the audience from that angle, they looked kind of interesting to me," he told us. "I guess I just decided then and there I'd never be anything but an actor, and I certainly never have been." Not counting this childhood escapade, A. G. has been on the stage for sixty-eight years, which is impressive enough for us.

A. G. received the greater part of his education in New York City, when it was all way downtown. He went to Thomas Hunter's School, the forerunner of Hunter College; then to C.C.N.Y. prep school; and then, for a year, to N.Y.U. He finished his studies in France and got his first theatre job in 1876 with a Dublin repertory company called the Chippendale Players, which was run by a grandson of *the* Chippendale. One of the plays they did was called "New Men and Old Acres," and, as A. G. remembers it, it bore a great resemblance to "The Cherry Orchard" in theme—the decline of an old family. After a couple of years in stock, he joined Sir Henry Irving's company, playing such rôles as Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice" and Osric in "Hamlet." With Irving he toured this country during the 1883-84 season; he remembers that business was so bad that Sir Henry cut everybody's salary five dollars, which brought A. G.'s down to twenty-five—the lowest he has ever received in this country. He went back to London to join Sir Charles Hawtrey's company for a five-year engagement, then came back here and did a seventeen-year stretch with Richard Mansfield, most of it on the road. Among the rôles he has "created" are Ragueneau in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and Major Petkoff in "Arms and the Man." The only star rôle he ever had was in a Shubert thing called "Hobson's Choice," which surprised even the Shuberts by running for two hundred and fifty-six performances. His longest run was a thousand performances in Irving's "Beau Brummel." Except for "Hobson's Choice," A. G. has had sixty-eight years of what are called "supporting rôles"—valets, fathers, uncles, innkeepers, and the like.

Ever since his first engagement as an adult, A. G. has kept, in a notebook, an exact record of all his engagements, with dates, places, and salaries. This, we would say, is one of the great theatrical documents of this (and of course the previous) century. As of the opening night of "The Cherry Orchard," A. G. had made exactly $209,958.84. Of this, $18,711.68 was made in England and $191,247.16 in this country. His lowest salary was the pound a week he got during his first season, his highest three hundred and fifty dollars, which he got over here in 1921. A. G.'s average annual earnings since he was eighteen are $3,300, which he has broken down to an over-all average pay of $13.28 per performance. His plays have averaged sixty-six performances.

A. G. is getting a little deaf, but by good fortune Firs, the character he plays, is deaf, too, and the others all shout at him. He got uniformly good notices, and expected them, the rôle being one of a type he has often played. *PM's* critic Kronenberger baffled him by writing that he performed his rôle "willingly," but it turned out next day that Kronenberger had been the victim of a typographical error and had meant to say "winningly." "I was under the impression I had done both," A. G. told us amiably.

Great Adventure

As the express elevator plummeted earthward from the fifty-third floor of the R.C.A. Building, a pretty, large-eyed girl remarked to the man she was with, "*This* is the way it feels when you die. Down. Down. Down." It was a mighty solemn load of passengers that debarked at the main floor.

Saints' Medals

THE current demand for saints' medals, we learn, is somewhat ahead of the supply. Inexpensive medals used to be sent in quantity to both North and South America from Paris, and nobody on this side ever really got into large-scale production. In war as in peace, St. Christopher, the patron of travellers, is the most popular among the devout. He came into prominence with the development of the internal-combustion engine and is now invoked by sailors, aviators, and drivers of all sorts of mechanized equipment and by non-mechanized members of our various expeditionary forces. His medal shows him crossing a stream with the Christ child on his back. The legend says that, despite the fact that, along with the Christ child, he had to carry the weight of the whole world, he forded the stream; afterward his staff turned into a palm tree and bore fruit. His martyrdom was beheading at the order of a jealous king. He's the patron of bookbinders and gardeners as well as of travellers.

The other saints' medals in demand among soldiers and sailors are those of Sts. Joseph, Elmo, Raphael, Anthony, Rita, Jude, Barbara, and Joseph of Copertino. Joseph of Copertino should not be confused with Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, which Joseph is the patron saint of carpenters and is invoked against a painful death. His medals were greatly in demand during the last century, when several of the reigning popes placed themselves under his protection. St. Joseph of Copertino medals were first struck during this war, for the benefit of the Allied air forces, which profit financially as well as spiritually; the medals are distributed by a committee of which Bishop Manning and Mrs. Roosevelt are members and the proceeds are turned over to the R.A.F. and American Air Forces welfare funds. Joseph of Copertino lived in the seventeenth century and, as the legend on the medal states, "flew by the Grace of God." For thirty-five years he was not allowed in church, because when he entered he would rise into the air and swoop about the pulpit and the high altar; he worshipped in a private chapel, where his flights could not distract other communicants. His detractors claimed that he merely jumped, but it was established that he could fly backward or sideways as well as forward.

St. Raphael was invoked by many aviators in the last war as well as this one, which is why his medal shows an old-fashioned biplane. He is also the patron of all those desiring good health. The special patron of the Medical Corps, however, is St. Jude, the martyred cousin of Jesus and the special protector of doctors and of the desperately ill. His medals are hard to come by these days, never having been turned out in any quantity. St. Anthony and St. Rita have no special connection with wartime activities, but a great many people have always put themselves under the protection of one or the other, and their popularity remains undiminished. St. Rita is said to take something away for everything she gives. Even her miracles took this turn; she prayed that her two sons would never become criminals and her prayer was answered by the death of the boys.

Another saint of special wartime interest is St. Barbara, martyred in the third century by her heathen father. He was enraged because she had embraced the Catholic faith. She became the patron of prisoners of war and of artillerymen, whether free or captive. Fortifications are also under her care, and she is invoked by a rather mixed lot of civilians—architects, gravediggers, and stonemasons. Napoleon used to pray to St. Barbara.

Export

THE Rockefeller Center branch of the Colonial Trust Company, up on Forty-eighth Street, has several window displays devoted to the Good Neighbor Policy. One window is filled with articles typical of what we ship to Latin America. It contains machinery, motion-picture film, various manufactured products, and a nice gilt brick.

Mobile

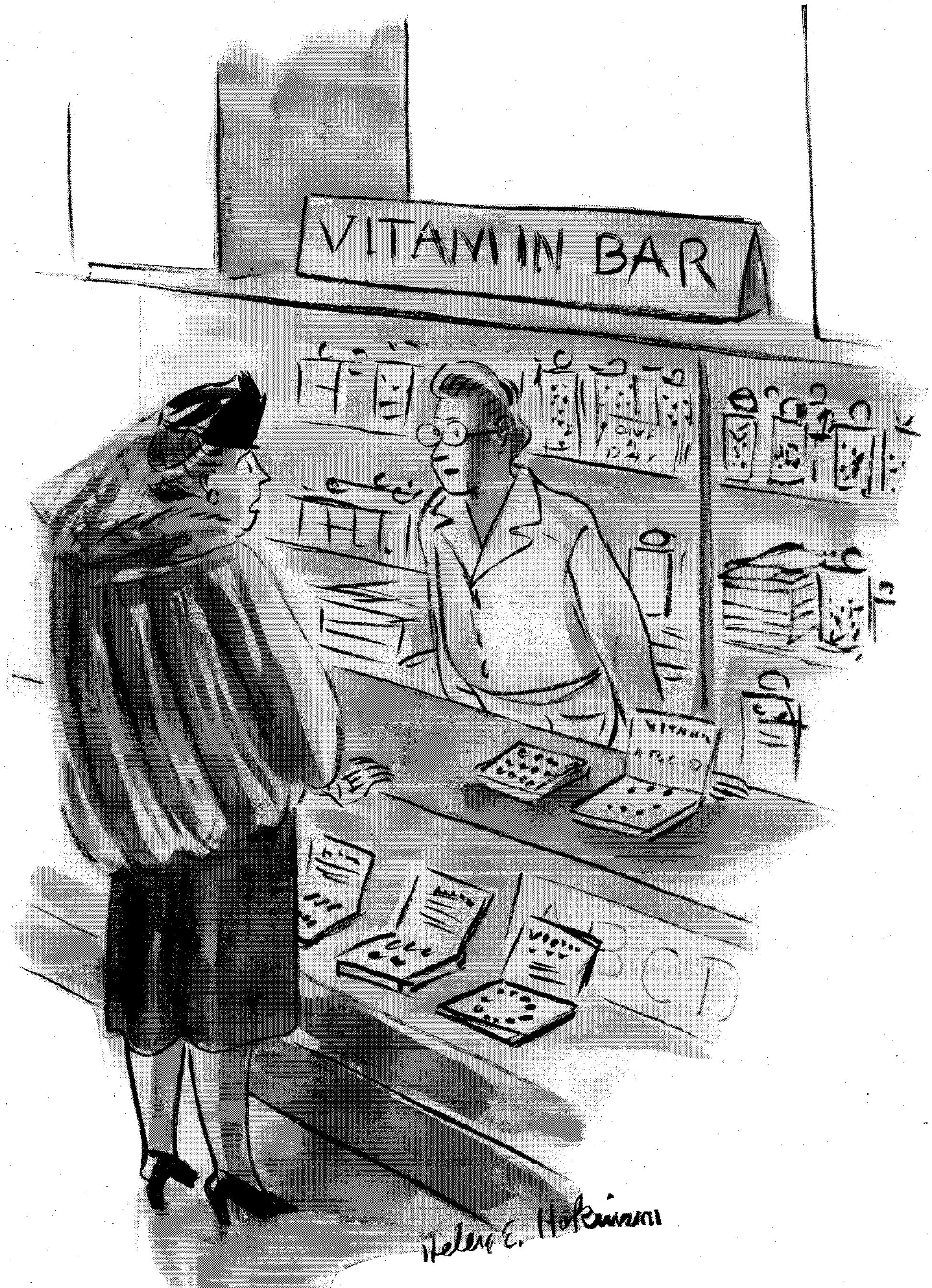
ONE of the more active men of the city is Mr. Artin Black, a patriotic marathoner who devotes at least two hours of each day to running through the streets on his toes, advertising worthy causes on the front and back of his sweatshirt. There's nothing in it for Black; he just loves to run and to be helpful. Today it's for War Bonds, tomorrow it'll be the United Nations, the day after that, the Wacs. Well, last Thursday Black ran right into our office, a short, round-faced, muscular man in his late forties, clad in a pair of shorts and a sweatshirt reading "Loose Talk Can Sink Ships" (front) and "America—Love Her or Leave Her" (back). "What a week for me!" he cried, jogging up and down. "Infantile paralysis, War Bonds, and the waste-paper drive!" We prevailed upon him to break training temporarily, and he sat down and told us that four years ago, while waiting on a woman customer in a shoe store he owned in the Bronx, he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to run somewhere. "You can understand, maybe," he said. "Twenty-eight years a shoe salesman, always looking at ladies' stocking feet." Leaving his current customer with one foot in a brown suède pump, Black ran out to Brighton Beach and then ran up and down the beach for several hours. "It was the most wonderfully bracing feeling in the world," he said. "Made me realize I was the outdoor type." Generally speaking, Black has been outdoors ever since. Mrs. Black runs the shoe store and Black works eight hours a day as a longshoreman for the New York Central and other companies, making practice runs during his lunch hour. At the close of the day, he takes the subway to the Luxor gymnasium, on Forty-sixth Street near Broadway, changes into his running togs, and is off for a five- to seven-mile patriotic spin before supper.

Black owns more than twenty sweatshirts, he informed us, each bearing a different pair of messages—such as "Don't Be a Slack Join the WAC" and "God Bless Our President." He buys the letters for his slogans at the City Emblem Manufacturing Company, on Fulton Street. Each letter costs ten cents. In all, Black has spent two hundred dollars on his equipment. He starts his runs wearing three sweatshirts and arranges his route so that he periodically passes the Luxor. Each time he does, he goes in and sheds a shirt. He figures that this gives variety to his appeal. He always carries two five-pound dumbbells on his journeys and continuously tosses them into the air. He also straps small bells to his wrists with adhesive tape. These, he feels, help him keep a steady rhythm. In his pockets are dried prunes, raisins, and a tangerine. While running, he keeps a prune in one side of his mouth, to maintain a flow of saliva. A prune lasts about two hours. Black generally travels down Broadway to Thirty-fourth and back again. His policy on traffic lights is to ignore them.

Black told us that he was born in Poland and came to this country with his parents when he was ten, settling in the Bronx and entering the shoe business in his teens. In 1929, he married Mrs. Black, who he says feels that his physical exertions are probably all for the good. "She keeps tabs on me," he said. "Friends call her all the time and say, 'Artin just passed Thirty-eighth and Broadway.' " Black weighs a hundred and sixty-seven pounds and stands five feet four inches. He neither smokes nor drinks, except for an occasional beer for friendship's sake. Right after Pearl Harbor, he tried to enlist as a physical-training instructor in the Marines but was turned down because he has only eight natural teeth. The Marines require eighteen. On Sundays, Black relaxes by tossing fifty-pound dumbbells at home and running for fifteen miles or more on the Grand Concourse. Or he may trot down to Coney Island and take a dip in the ocean, winter or summer. Whenever he gets home after a run, he turns a spray with forty pounds of pressure on the muscles of his legs. "My toes I leave alone," he said. "They are like steel."

Eye of the Beholder

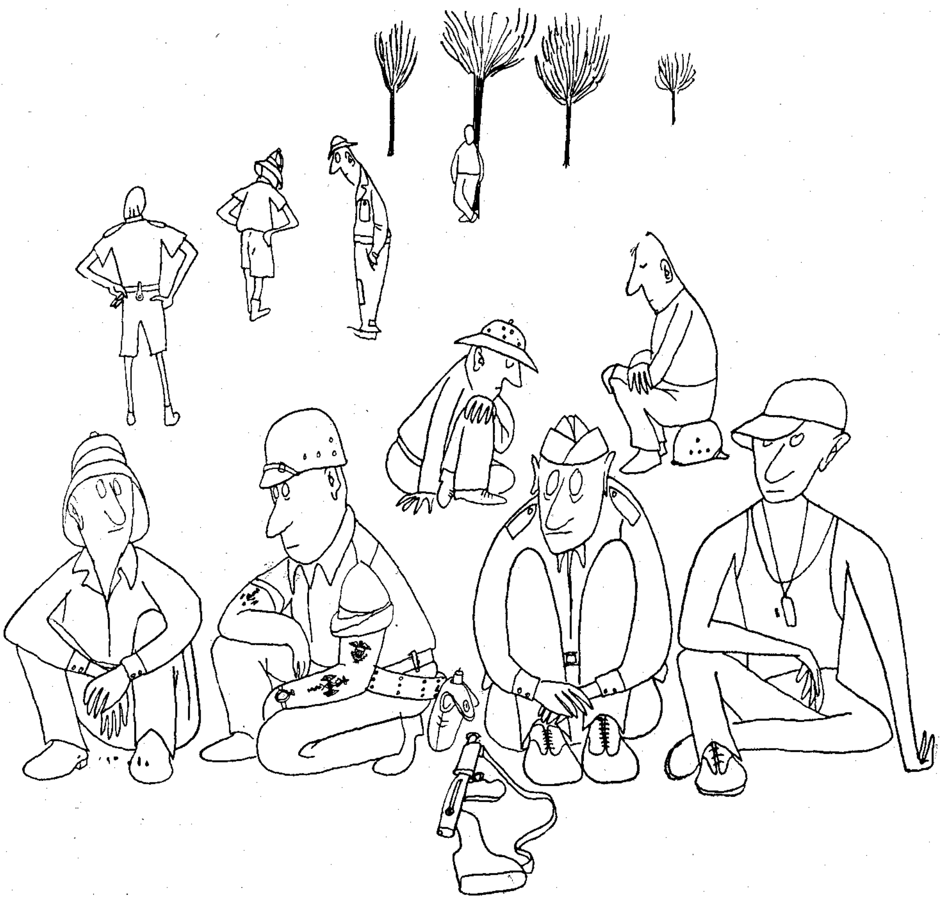
TO our knowledge, the most wistful note struck by a member of our South Pacific forces appeared in a letter written to a friend of ours by his younger brother, who is wintering on an unfashionable atoll. Obviously trying to drum up some news, he wrote, "My laundry is done for me by a beautiful (I keep telling myself) native girl."



"Which is the vitamin that takes the place of Florida?"

FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE

CHINA THEATRE



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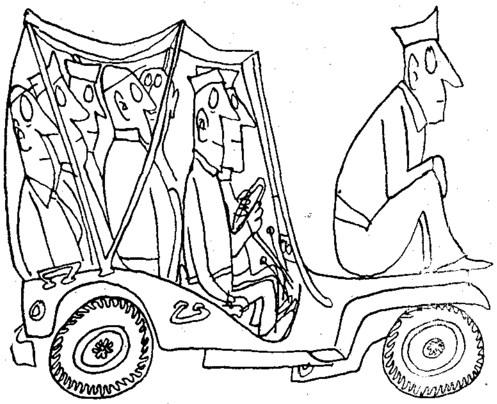

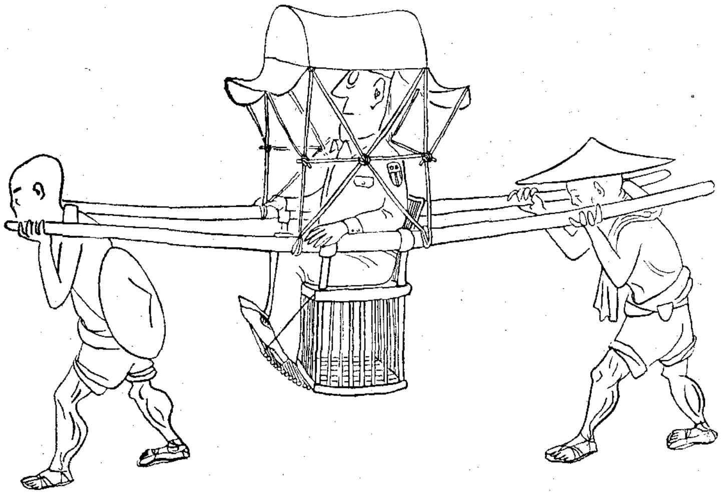

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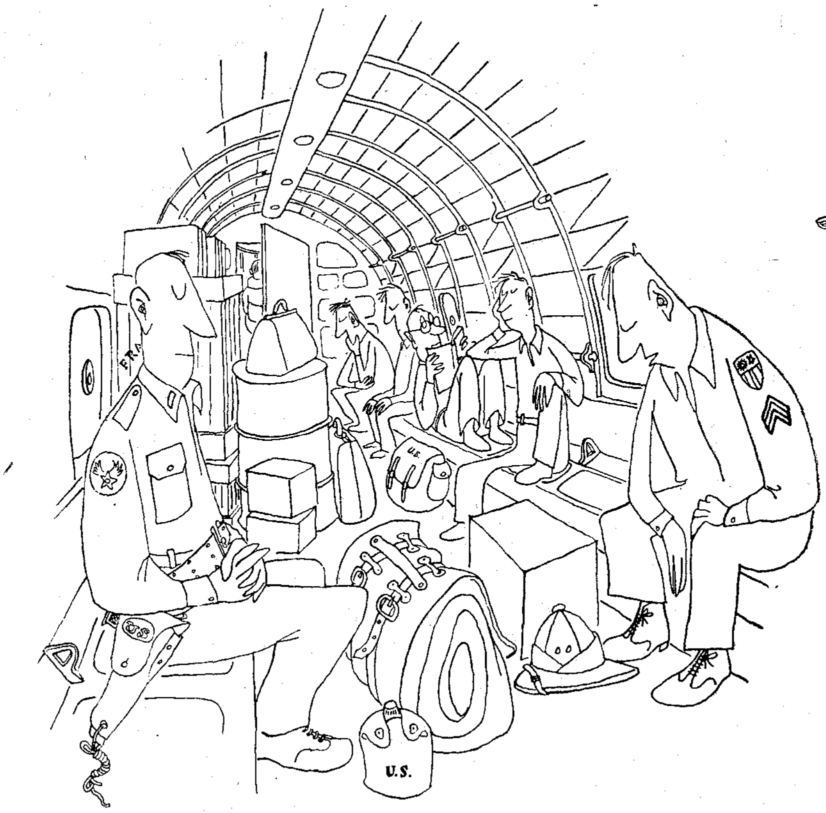
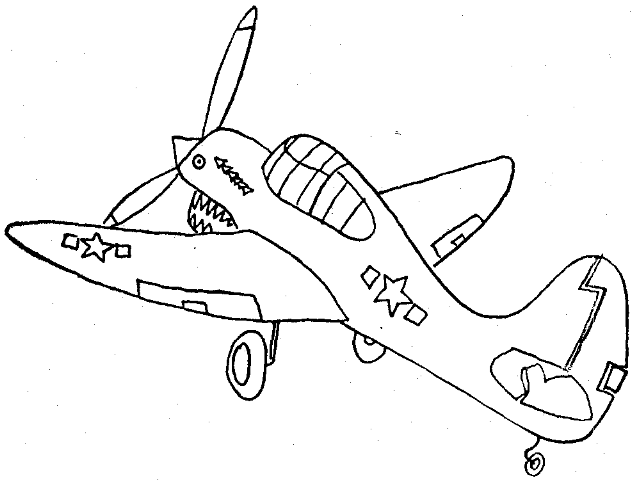
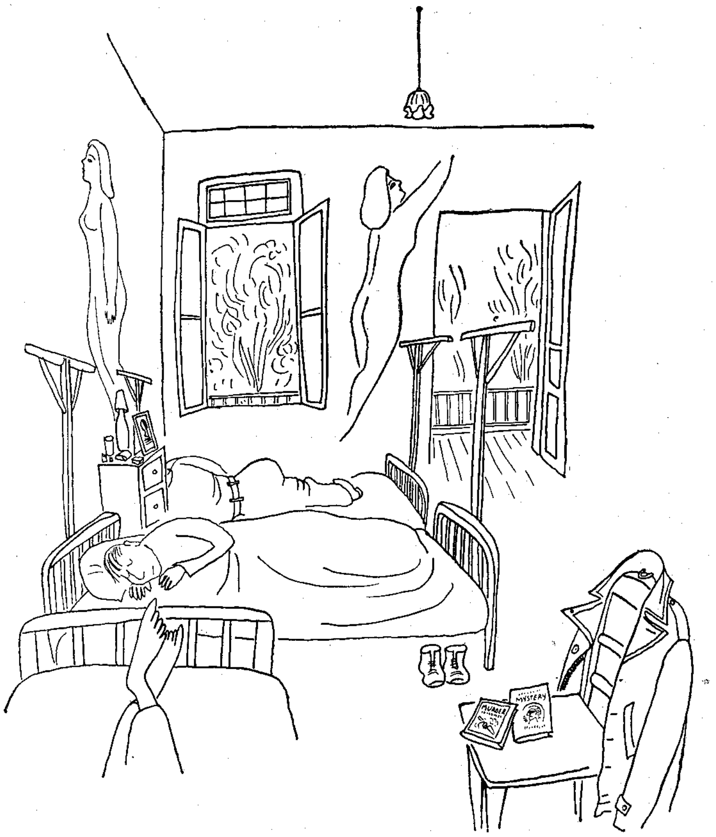


Flying in

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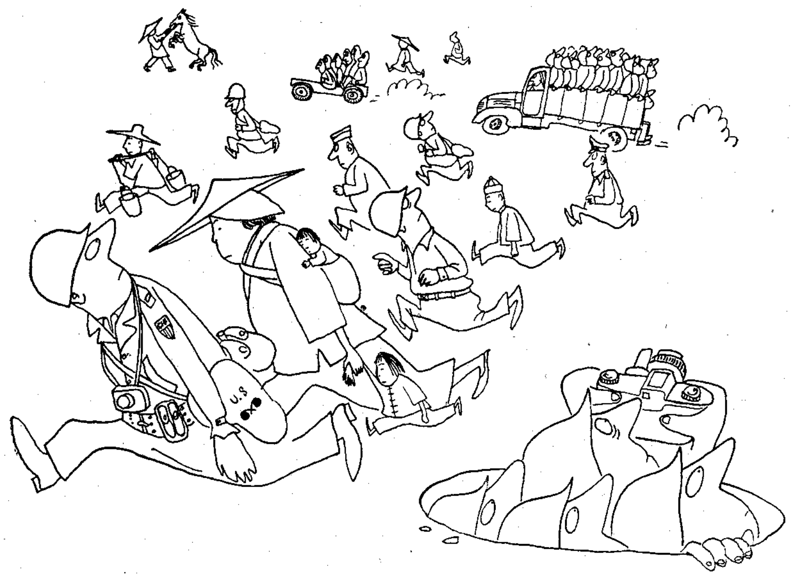
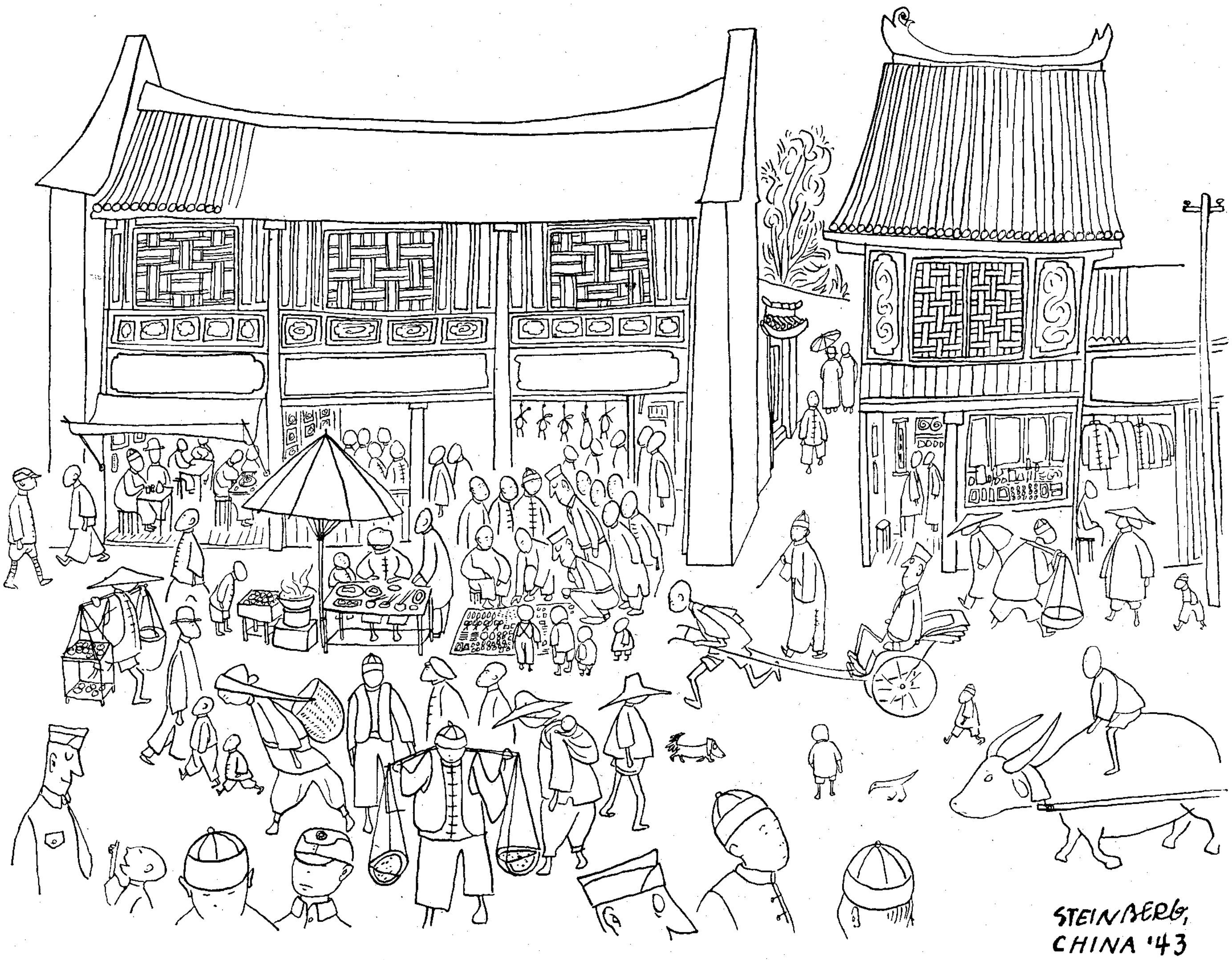


Air raid


STEINBERG,
CHINA '43

Main Street

INSERT FLAP "A" AND THROW AWAY

ONE stifling summer afternoon last August, in the attic of a tiny stone house in Pennsylvania, I made a most interesting discovery: the shortest, cheapest method of inducing a nervous breakdown ever perfected. In this technique (eventually adopted by the psychology department of Duke University, which will adopt anything), the subject is placed in a sharply sloping attic heated to 340°F. and given a moth-proof closet known as the Jiffy-Cloz to assemble. The Jiffy-Cloz, procurable at any department store or neighborhood insane asylum, consists of half a dozen gigantic sheets of red cardboard, two plywood doors, a clothes rack, and a packet of staples. With these is included a set of instructions mimeographed in pale-violet ink, fruity with phrases like "Pass Section F through Slot AA, taking care not to fold tabs behind washers (see Fig. 9)." The cardboard is so processed that as the subject struggles convulsively to force the staple through, it suddenly buckles, plunging the staple deep into his thumb. He thereupon springs up with a dolorous cry and smites his knob (Section K) on the rafters (RR). As a final demonic touch, the Jiffy-Cloz people cunningly omit four of the staples necessary to finish the job, so that after indescribable purgatory, the best the subject can possibly achieve is a sleazy, capricious structure which would reduce any self-respecting moth to helpless laughter. The cumulative frustration, the tropical heat, and the soft, ghostly chuckling of the moths are calculated to unseat the strongest reason.

In a period of rapid technological change, however, it was inevitable that a method as cumbersome as the Jiffy-Cloz would be superseded. It was superseded at exactly nine-thirty Christmas morning by a device called the Self-Running 10-Inch Scale-Model Delivery-Truck Kit Powered by Magic Motor, costing twenty-nine cents. About nine on that particular morning, I was spread-eagled on my bed, indulging in my favorite sport of mouth-breathing, when a cork fired from a child's air gun mysteriously lodged in my throat. The pellet proved awkward for a while, but I finally ejected it by flailing the little marksman (and his sister, for good measure) until their welkins rang, and sauntered in to breakfast. Before I could choke down a healing fruit juice, my consort, a tall, regal creature indistinguishable from Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi, except that her foot was entangled in a roller skate, swept in. She extended a large, unmistakable box covered with diagrams.

"Now don't start making excuses," she whined. "It's just a simple cardboard toy. The directions are on the back—"

"Look, dear," I interrupted, rising hurriedly and pulling on my overcoat, "it clean slipped my mind. I'm supposed to take a lesson in crosshatching at Zim's School of Cartooning today."

"On Christmas?" she asked suspiciously.

"Yes, it's the only time they could fit me in," I countered glibly. "This is the big week for crosshatching, you know, between Christmas and New Year's."

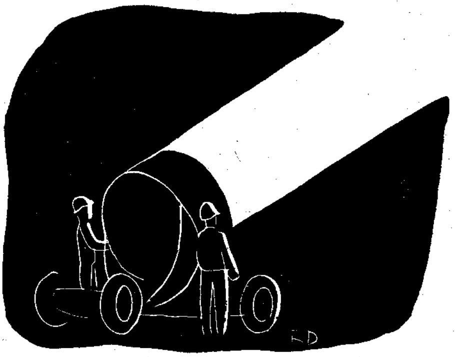
"Do you think you ought to go in your pajamas?" she asked.

"Oh, that's O.K." I smiled. "We often work in our pajamas up at Zim's. Well, goodbye now. If I'm not home by Thursday, you'll find a cold snack in the safe-deposit box." My subterfuge, unluckily, went for naught, and in a jiffy I was sprawled on the nursery floor, surrounded by two lambkins and ninety-eight segments of the Self-Running 10-Inch Scale-Model Delivery-Truck Construction Kit.

THE theory of the kit was simplicity itself, easily intelligible to Kettering of General Motors, Professor Millikan, or any first-rate physicist. Taking as my starting point the only sentence I could comprehend, "Fold down on all lines marked 'fold down;' fold up on all lines marked 'fold up,' " I set the children to work and myself folded up with an album of views of Jane Russell. In a few moments, my skin was suffused with a delightful tingling sensation and I was ready for the second phase, lightly referred to in the directions as "Preparing the Spring Motor Unit." As nearly as I could determine after twenty minutes of mumbling, the Magic Motor ("No Electricity—No Batteries—Nothing to Wind—Motor Never Wears Out") was an accordion-pleated affair operating by torsion, attached to the axles. "It is necessary," said the text, "to cut a slight notch in each of the axles with a knife (see Fig. C.). To find the exact place to cut this notch, lay one of the axles over diagram at bottom of page."

"Well, *now* we're getting someplace!" I boomed, with a false gusto that deceived nobody. "Here, Buster, run in and get Daddy a knife."

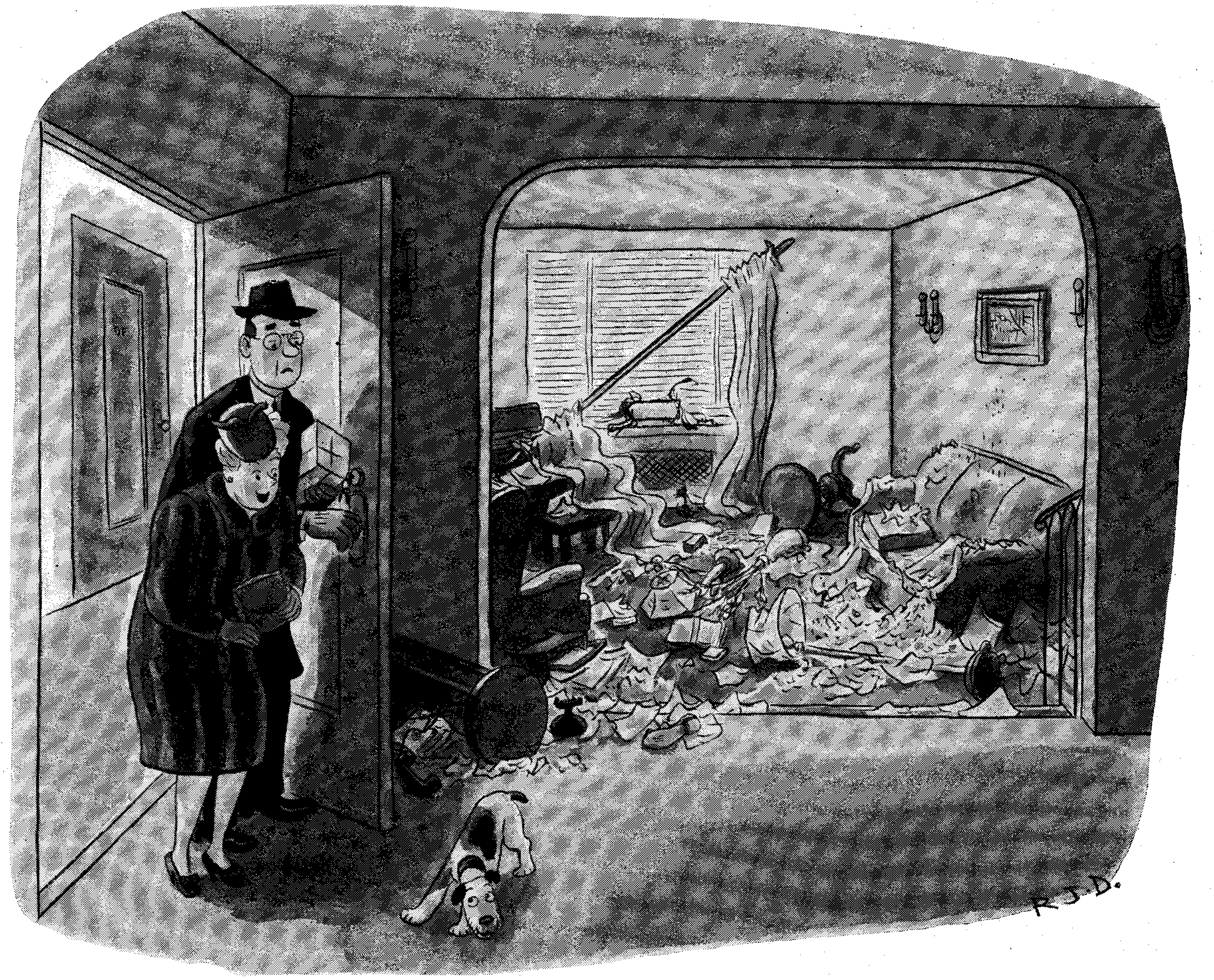
"I dowanna," quavered the boy, backing away. "You always cut yourself at this stage." I gave the wee fellow an indulgent pat on the head that flattened it slightly, to teach him civility, and commandeered a long, serrated bread knife from the kitchen. "Now watch me closely, children," I ordered. "We place the axle on the diagram as in Fig. C, applying a strong downward pressure on the knife handle at all times." The axle must have been a factory second, because an instant later I was in the bathroom grinding my teeth in agony and attempting to staunch the flow of blood. Ultimately, I succeeded in contriving a rough bandage and slipped back into the nursery without awaking the children's suspicions. An agreeable surprise awaited me. Guided by a mechanical bent clearly inherited from their sire, the rascals had put together the chassis of the delivery truck.



"Very good indeed," I complimented (naturally, one has to exaggerate praise to develop a child's self-confidence). "Let's see—what's the next step? Ah, yes. 'Lock into box shape by inserting tabs C, D, E, F, G, H, J, K, and L into slots C, D, E, F, G, H, J, K, and L. Ends of front axle should be pushed through holes A and B.' " While marshalling the indicated parts in their proper order, I emphasized to my rapt listeners the necessity of patience and perseverance. "Haste makes waste, you know," I reminded them. "Rome wasn't built in a day. Remember, your daddy isn't always going to be here to show you."

"Where *are* you going to be?" they demanded.

"In the movies, if I can arrange it," I snarled. Poising tabs C, D, E, F, G, H, J, K, and L in one hand and the corresponding slots in the other, I essayed a union of the two, but in vain. The moment I made one set fast and tackled another, tab and slot would part company, thumbing their noses at me. Although the children were too immature to understand, I saw in a flash



"Isn't he cunning? He feels guilty about something."

• •

where the trouble lay. Some idiotic employee at the factory had punched out the wrong design, probably out of sheer spite. So that was his game, eh? I set my lips in a grim line and, throwing one hundred and fifty-seven pounds of fighting fat into the effort, pounded the component parts into a homogeneous mass.

"There," I said with a gasp, "that's close enough. Now then, who wants candy? One, two, three—everybody off to the candy store!"

"We wanna finish the delivery truck!" they wailed. "Mummy, he won't let us finish the delivery truck!"

"Delivery truck, delivery truck!" I bawled, turning purple. "What do you think life is, one long delivery truck?" Threats, cajolery, bribes were of no avail. In their jungle code, a twenty-nine-cent gewgaw bulked larger than a parent's love. Realizing that I was dealing with a pair of monomaniacs, I determined to show them who was master and wildly began locking the cardboard units helter-skelter, without any regard for the directions. When sections refused to fit, I gouged them with my nails and forced them together, cackling shrilly. The side panels collapsed; with a bestial oath, I drove a safety pin through them and lashed them to the roof. I used paper clips, bobby pins, anything I could lay my hands on. My fingers fairly flew and my breath whistled in my throat. "You want a delivery truck, do you?" I panted. "All right, I'll show you!" As merciful blackness closed in, I was on my hands and knees, bunting the infernal thing along with my nose and whinnying, "Roll, confound you, roll!"

"ABSOLUTE quiet," a carefully modulated voice was saying, "and fifteen of the white tablets every four hours." I opened my eyes carefully in the darkened room. Dimly I picked out a knifelike character actor in a Vandyke beard and pencil-striped pants folding a stethoscope into his bag. "Yes," he added thoughtfully, "if we play our cards right, this ought to be a long, expensive recovery." From far away, I could hear my wife's voice bravely trying to control her anxiety.

"What if he becomes restless, Doctor?"

"Get him a detective story," returned the leech. "Or better still, a nice, soothing picture puzzle—something he can do with his hands."—S. J. PERELMAN

•

Ensign and Mrs. William A. Clark have announced the girth of a son, Kenneth William, Oct. 6, at Neenah, Wis.—*Montclair (N.J.) Times.*

O.K., let's have it.

THE MUD HORSE

WHEN I was twelve years old and my brother was ten, we lived in a brick house near a level crossing of the East Indian Railway, in a place called Aligarh. One of our favorite pastimes was to escape from surveillance and go for long walks or bicycle rides unescorted. It was not much fun when any of our native servants came with us, for they got in our way and, although unable to prevent our doing as we pleased, they were not above carrying tales and getting us into hot water with our parents.

My brother was very fond of drawing and, because I was quite without talent, I admired his greatly and liked to watch him while he made pictures of men and animals or what he called "land-escapes." One day just before the beginning of the hot weather, we gave our household the slip and walked off across the fields which bordered on the compound and on down a dusty white road toward the level crossing. My brother wanted to draw a picture of a train coming, as he described it, "straight at us." I remembered some perfectly awful photographs of people who had been caught by trains which came straight at them. The children of the stationmaster had once shown us the official railway album of horrors, which had made my brother deathly sick. But today he merely shrugged and said, "We can always get out of the way."

"The old woman in the photograph didn't," I reminded him. "Nor did the man whose stomach—"

My brother interrupted. "I want to get that look of a train—you know, the funny feeling it gives you when you see it coming awfully fast down the tracks."

"But," I objected, "you can't do a picture of a *feeling!*"

"You probably couldn't, but I can," he replied.

My brother was an exceedingly stubborn boy and had all his life been frustrated in his attempts to draw pictures of a train coming straight at him. So I said no more and we walked along, dust collecting on our sandals and the sun beating on our white topees. The level crossing was protected by two low white gates which were let down when trains passed, and on our side of it lived the Hindu who tended the gates, and his family, whom we knew by sight. Today the gate tender, wearing the faded-blue coat, broad leather belt, and red turban customary with most government subordinates, squatted in his door, smoking his morning pipe between trains. His wife was inside, preparing their midday meal, and as we walked behind the house and turned left to follow the railway embankment we saw their little son sitting against a whitewashed wall near a refuse heap, playing with mud. We had seen him before, but always at a distance. Now something in his appearance made us pause to look at him. He was about six years old and wore nothing except a yard of white cloth round his loins, and he sat in the wonderful posture which comes naturally to children and to Orientals—one leg folded under him, the other bent at the knee with the foot resting squarely on the ground. What arrested us was his air of concentration, a serene, absolute forgetfulness of the world around him.

"What are you doing?" I asked in Hindustani. He looked up and, instead of running away or retreating into agonized shyness, like many native children, just sat and gazed at us with large, dark, shining eyes. His face was a perfect oval, his mouth a bright coral, his head shaved except for the traditional topknot. He answered my question in a grave little voice: "I am making a palace for my horse."

"Your horse?" we echoed. He picked up a small mud object and set it upright on his palm.

"Why," demanded my brother, "is your horse so fat and why have you made one of its legs longer than the others?"

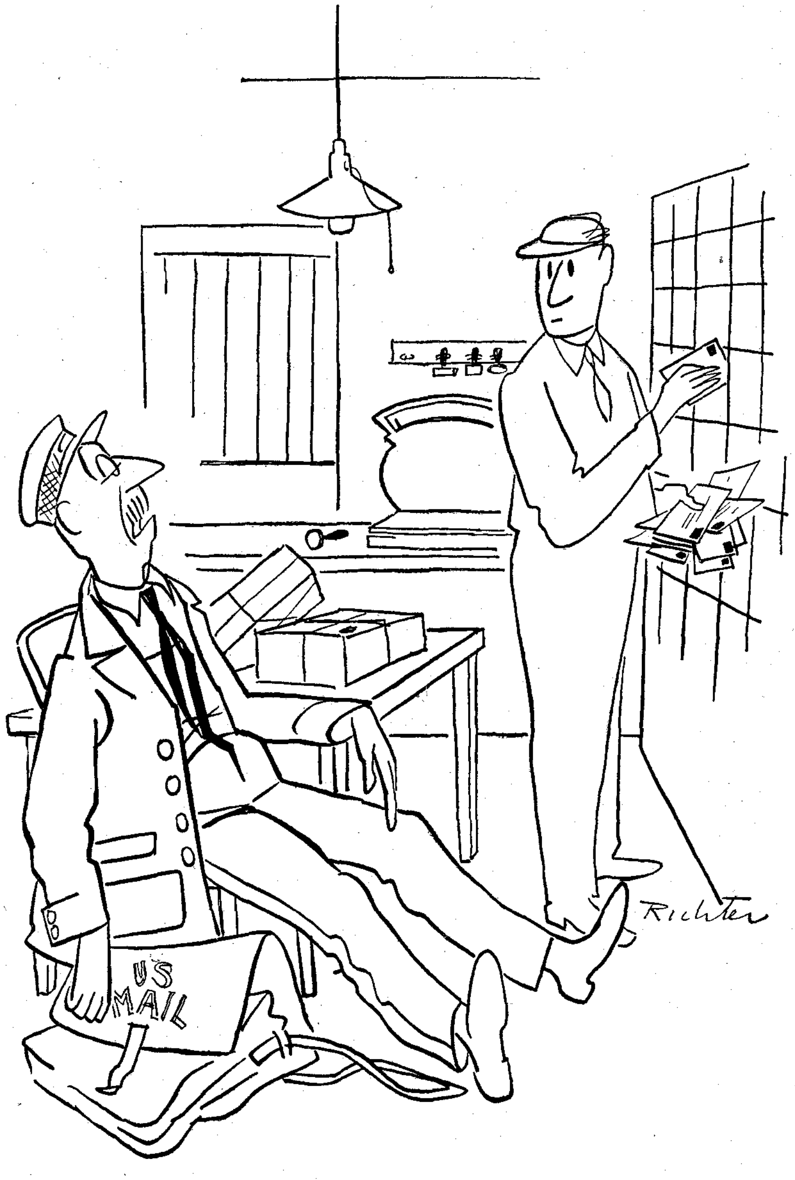
The child answered calmly, "It is fat because it is a she horse and is going to have a little one."

We laughed, and my brother declared that he, for one, would be ashamed to make a horse which looked like that.

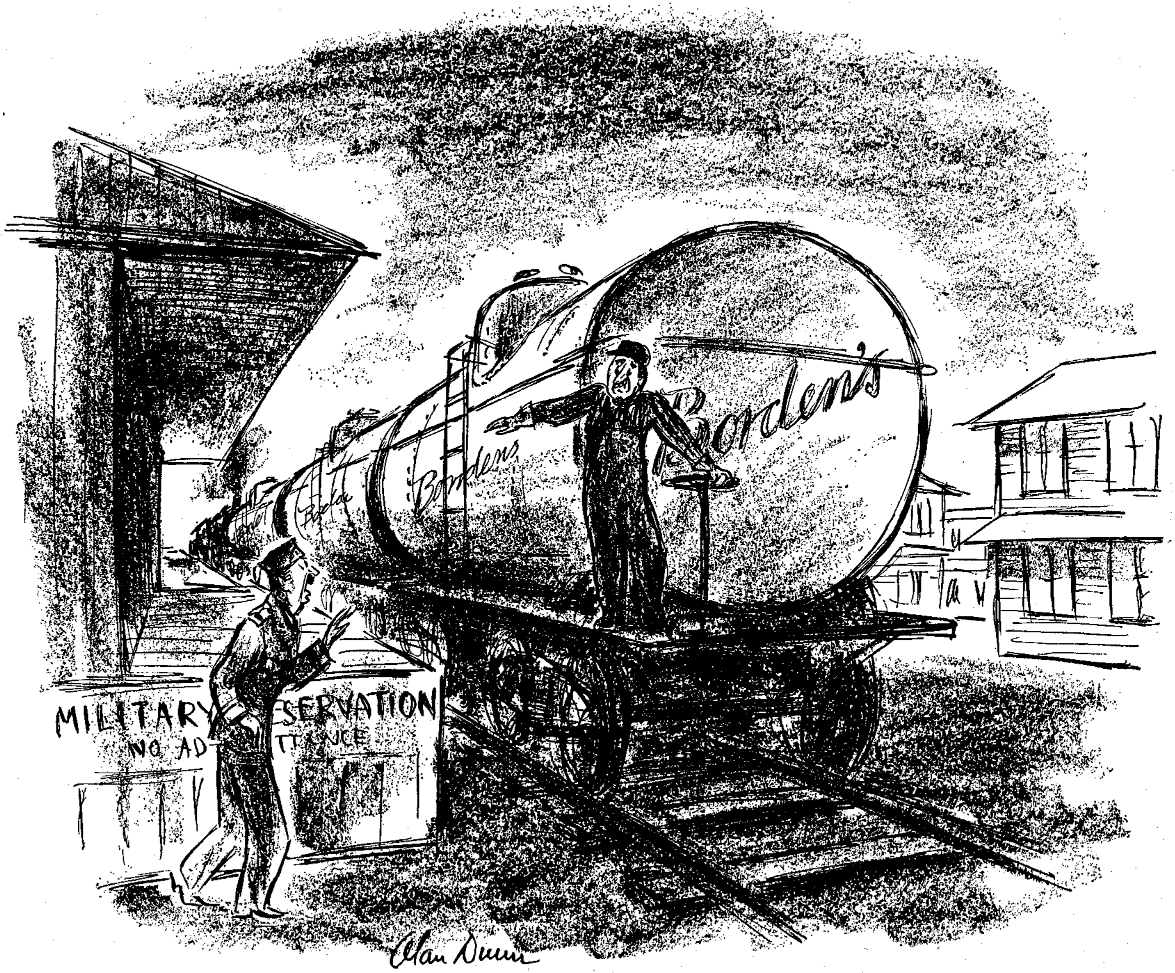
"Would you?" asked the child wonderingly. "Why?"

"*Why?* Have you ever *seen* a horse with one leg longer than the others?"

"Yes," said the gate-tender's son, and went coolly back to his task of kneading dirt and water into a thick paste.



"What a day! Nothing but bills, bills, bills!"



"Why, that division moved out yesterday! Didn't they stop the milk?"

"Well," my brother said after a brief pause, "*when* did you ever see a horse with one leg longer than the others?"

"Here it is, in my hand." He held it up. "And you too have seen it."

"That! And besides, who ever heard of a mud horse having a young one, I'd like to know?"

The child replied, without looking up, "In the fullness of her time she will have a little one."

"Owl!" said my brother disdainfully, and we walked on, following a footpath along the embankment on our side of the tracks. Below ran the two double lines of rail, for this was the broad gauge which connected the cities of the United Provinces with those of Bihar and Orissa. The tracks glittered in the sun and from the embankments stretched fields of pulse and millet. The level expanse was dotted with mango trees and beyond the farther embankment three camels were grazing near an acacia while their owners slept in the shade.

WE had not gone far when, glancing back, I saw the gate-tender's son running after us along the path. When he caught up with us, we saw that he carried his mud horse tenderly in one hand. "What do you want?" we demanded, in the belligerent accents we saved for people younger than ourselves. He gazed at us with shining eyes.

"May I come with you?"

"Certainly not," my brother said. "You're too little."

"Nay, I am old enough."

"About three, I suppose," I suggested condescendingly.

He shook his head and said, "I am thirty-four."

This made us laugh and we decided that if everything else failed we might amuse ourselves by teasing him for a while. "Very well," I said, "you may stay and watch the Chota Sahib draw a picture of the train. But you're not to interrupt or we'll beat you."

He smiled and nodded toward the tracks. "Here is a good place to wait for the train. You can see it coming from a long way off."

He had, strangely, taken us under his diminutive wing and we allowed ourselves to be advised by him. A stunted acacia grew out of the embankment and we sat under it to wait for the train, while our new friend explained to us that his name was Kulloo and that he was his parents' only child.

"They must have been surprised," I said, "when you were born and they found that you were thirty-four years old!"

He shrugged his small brown shoulders. "Oh, no, they were not in the least surprised."

There was no reasoning with him. He settled down beside my brother, who had begun to make a drawing of the tracks, the telegraph poles, and the horizon. "Why," demanded Kulloo at last, "why do you make all those thin and crooked lines?"

"Because, silly, they are the outlines of things."

"But when I make something of mud it hath a middle also. See, for instance, my horse. And at home I have cows, goats, and men which I have made. All have middles."

We preserved an exasperated silence and presently Kulloo left us and wandered down the embankment toward the tracks, saying, "I am going to give my poor horse a drink from that river."

"There is no river and your horse is only a mud horse and can't drink anyway, and you'll get run over," I called after him.

But he ignored me and continued down the embankment. We watched him squat down on a sleeper, setting his mud horse beside him. Above us the telegraph wires hummed and great painted grasshoppers fed on the poison milkweeds near our feet. The smell of acacia flowers hovered in the air. Then we heard a sound and saw a train far, far

WHITHER, IF ANYWHERE, ARE WE DRIFTING?

(SOME MOODY REFLECTIONS ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT BY MR. JAMES R. MCLAUCHLEN, AS HEAD OF THE BUREAU OF ADVERTISING OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION, THAT SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT MORE MEN AND FIFTY PER CENT MORE WOMEN ARE READING EDITORIALS SINCE THE UNITED STATES ENTERED THE WAR)

Arise, hosts of oblivion, they're reading your stuff!
You editorial writers, lift up your tired eyes
And rejoice that you are not entirely extinct.
Mr. McLauchlen says you've found a great new public,
And he should know, for he's a man who makes surveys.

"How long will this community tolerate a situation which every fair-minded man must recognize as a stench in the face of decency?"

So you feared the People were forgetting you?
Well, it seemed they were, and cruel gibes were made.
No influence, some said; no sense, said others.
But gentlemen, on the eve of Armageddon,
You've come into your own, and gloriously.

"This evil cannot be cured by laws or ukases or rash talk but only by the slow, reasonable, and patient processes of education."

Some of you are old—senescent, the bitter critics said.
Through the dismal years you bent over ill-kept desks,
Thinking, mulling, wondering about the Public, the Great Beast,
Which may be beyond saving and which doesn't give a damn.
But, old boys, the Great Beast does care. McLauchlen says so.

"Whatever one may think of the political philosophy of Grover Cleveland, he was eternally right when he said that public office is a public trust."

And some of you walk on aged, uncertain legs,
And you peer at sheets of paper through thick glasses.
You have watched the preachers and the statesmen
As their names flared up like rockets, and then died.
You lived on, but it didn't seem to matter much.

"It has occurred to more than one student of the subject that the art of swearing has progressed very little since the days of Chaucer and Rabelais—a strange commentary upon our vaunted powers of invention."

True, a few of you have known a sort of fame:
There was Henry Watterson, and old Bill White,
And Charles A. Dana and E. P. Mitchell,
And Francis Pharcellus Church ("Is There a Santa Claus?"),
But mostly you were unnamed, unhonored wraiths.

"It may be true, as his friends aver, that this gentleman's personal integrity is above question, but in his responsible position it may be doubted whether integrity alone is enough."

You have been called timorous, and so you were at times.
You would whip straw men and belabor harmless spectres.
And sometimes it seemed that Ed Howe was eternally right
When he said it was safe to attack only man-eating sharks.
Some of you were brave enough; mostly you took the easy way.

"When the first snows blanket the uplands, and the familiar birds have flown south, and the countryman settles down to the long winter, then, it may be, is the perfect time to contemplate the essential soundness and beauty of the American way of life."

Did war change you? Do long-banked fires blaze up again?
Have you really laid aside quibbling and obfuscation?
You have, perhaps, fashioned some strong fresh cudgels,
But it's easier to believe you're much the same as yesterday—
Quiet, brooding, wondering, nameless guide and philosopher.

"In principle we are not enthusiastic about this measure, for the experience of history and the weight of logic are against it, but these are not ordinary times and we are faced with a condition, not a theory."

Does Mr. McLauchlen now mean that the people need you?
It sounds that way, aged counsellors, so do your stuff.
Be as wise as you can, unterrified in season and out.
Fight on, with facts and bitter invective and high eloquence,
And let the people hear the thunders of your new-found voice:

"For all we have, for all we ever had, for all we may dream of having on all the tomorrows on this earth, let us see this thing through without flinching. Get on with the war!"

—STANLEY WALKER

• •

away, up the glittering railway tracks.

"Kulloo!" I cried. "Kulloo, here comes the train."

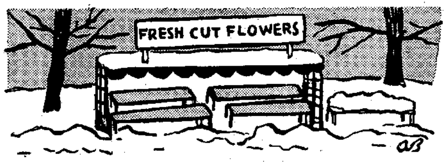
"There's heaps of time," said my brother, drawing like mad.

The train grew before my eyes; a plume of smoke lay in the sky behind it. I shouted again, "Kulloo! Come away, you little owl!"

He answered without moving, "Fear not. There is time."

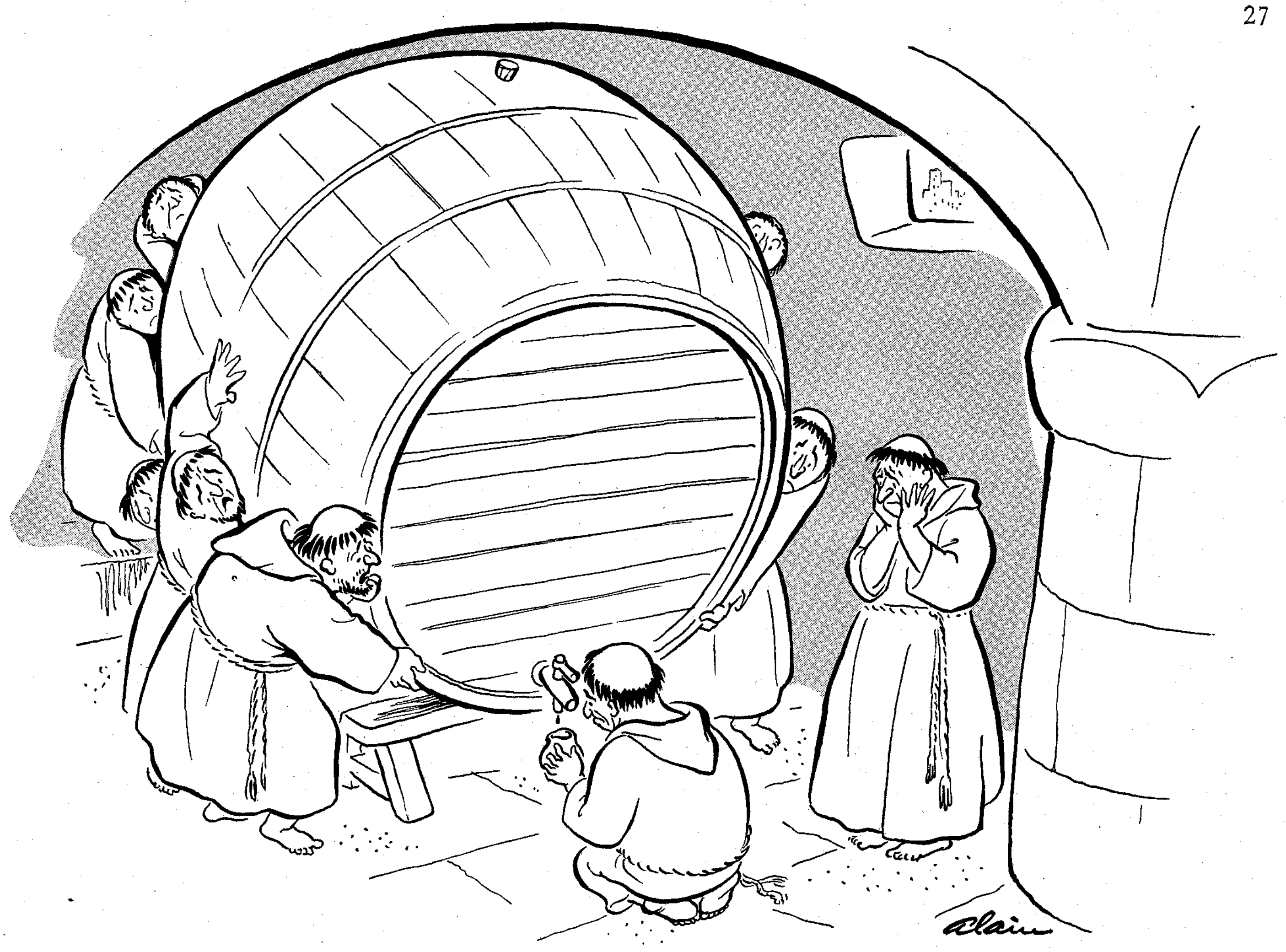
But this was the Calcutta mail, advancing at a fearful speed. The sun flashed on its metal body. It bellowed, and the sound boomed out across the sunlit plain. "Kulloo!" I shouted, jumping to my feet.

He rose and stood, shading his eyes, staring up the track. There was an enormous rushing sensation in the air, a sensation which obliterated everything else. A moment before, the train had seemed many miles away, but the next second it loomed as a monster which bore down upon us—glittering, black, fantastic, its ferocious throat emitting bellows which made us flinch.



"Kulloo!" I screamed. He turned and came scrambling up the bank toward us. Then, like a fool, I added, "Your horse! You've forgotten your horse!"

Kulloo turned and plunged back down the bank, and we saw him stoop to pick up the mud horse. Then the train was there; we smelled its frightful breath and recoiled before the crashing force of its passage. Our eyes were convulsed by a vision of gleaming pistons and sparkling convolutions and



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the sound of its voice almost beat us to the ground, but not before we heard a thin, high scream and lost sight of Kulloo under the savage wheels.

Rooted, we stood glaring at a long regiment of carriages which rocked past. People leaned from the windows and some of them waved to us, but we made no response. I felt the ground swaying and the sky pressing upon my head. I dared not look, for I knew what I would see. I had seen such things before, in pictures and in my imagination. But this, this was my fault, all my fault.

WITH the disappearance of the train, a great silence had fallen, and upon this silence I opened my eyes at last. My brother crouched beside me, his face quite colorless. Across the tracks stood Kulloo, laughing at us. "Ayee!" he cried jubilantly. "Ayee! Did you make a picture of the train?" He came scampering down the farther embankment, across the hot rails, up the near bank, and stood before us, shining with merriment. "Show me the picture!"

My brother had risen, his face twitching. "We thought you'd been run over."

"Run over?" Kulloo looked astonished.

"I heard you scream."

"But I didn't scream."

"You did!" My brother's voice was charged with hysteria. "You did scream! We both heard you."

"Nay, that was not I. That was my horse. She was frightened by the train." He looked from one to the other of us and his eyes filled with a grave and tender concern. "Were you frightened? So was my poor horse. Only I was not."

This was too much for my brother. He snatched the mud horse from Kulloo's hand and flung it on the ground, where it broke in four pieces. We stood for a moment, motionless, silent. Kulloo made no protest. Quietly he pointed to the fragments which lay at our feet. "See," he murmured. "The little one."

Reclining among the fragments was another, much smaller horse, made of mud, like the one which had contained it, but perfect, each of its legs uniform in length and shape. Kulloo picked it up and set it on his palm. "I told you," said he in his serene voice, "I told you that my horse was going to have a little one."

SHORTLY after this adventure the hot weather shut down and our family went away to live in the hills, so we did not see Kulloo again. There are almost four hundred million people in India, but I often wonder what became of him. —CHRISTINE WESTON

•

Kinsmen held their first meeting of the year at the Marlborough hotel Tuesday night with Jack Reid, newly elected president, in the chair.

Reports were heard on club progress during 1943, submitted by Past President P. J. O'Brien and Past Secretary Herb McLeod. It was noted that the club completed 1943 with the same membership, of 109, as it began, in spite of the drain on membership.

The net profit of the Kin Karnival was $11,000, Pat Head reported.

Ernie James, chairman of the Milk for Britain fund, reported that from August until Dec. 3, $18,000 had been submitted to national headquarters at Toronto.

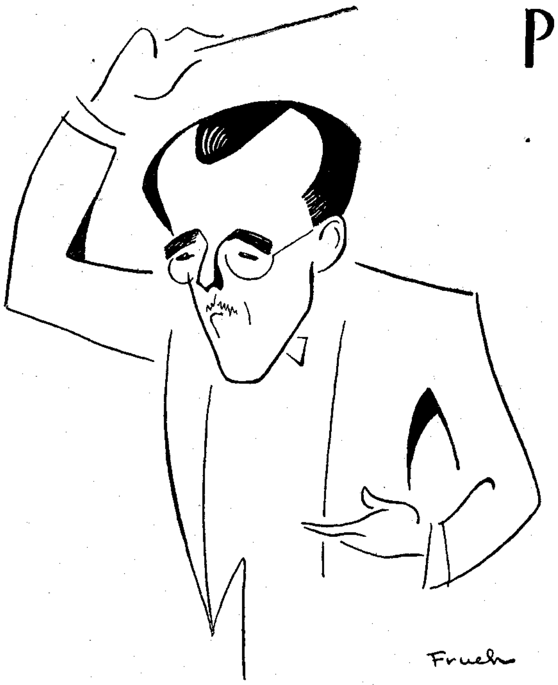
A film was shown of the tobacco industry.
slept all the way home.—Elsie.

—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Hit you all of a sudden?

PROFILES

IDEA FLOURISHER



Erno Rapee

AT the Radio City Music Hall, Erno Rapee, who conducts the orchestra, is recognized as a genius. His musicians feel that for all-around speed, both musical and personal, he is without equal. Rapee devotes four hours a week to rehearsing his orchestra, an amount of time that the Philharmonic would consider about adequate for calling the roll and setting out the music. The brevity of Rapee's practice sessions does not mean that he is slighting his work; it simply indicates that he is masterly at organization. To begin with, he always arrives at his rehearsals on time. Rapee in transit is formidable despite his minute size. When the people who produce or appear in the Music Hall stage shows see him approaching the pit, they disperse and flatten out against the walls to keep from being trampled. Though he is only five feet five and a half and weighs only a hundred and thirty, he is so dynamic that he gives the impression of being enormous. Crying instructions in a high, Hungarian-accented voice, darting fierce looks from side to side through his rimless glasses, and easily outpacing the secretaries and assistants in his train, he comes to rehearsal at a brisk lope, leaving sheet music scattered in his wake. He loves his musicians, but he often feels that they do not share his zest for punctuality and discipline, so he contrives various methods to keep them from getting sluggish. One of his favorite methods is to call an entire section, perhaps the French horns, into his office unexpectedly. He lines them up in front of his desk and says, "Gentleman, geev out. Number fourteen, tenth bar. Ready? One, two, three, four, *toot!*" "Klauber!" he may cry after listening a moment or two. "I regret to say that you have struck a cleenker—bar number thirteen. Practice, my friend, makes perfect. Zo—we do it over, alone. One, two, three . . . " and so on. Such surprise auditions fill most musicians with a horror not unlike that of a Hollywood actor who is called on for an impromptu speech.

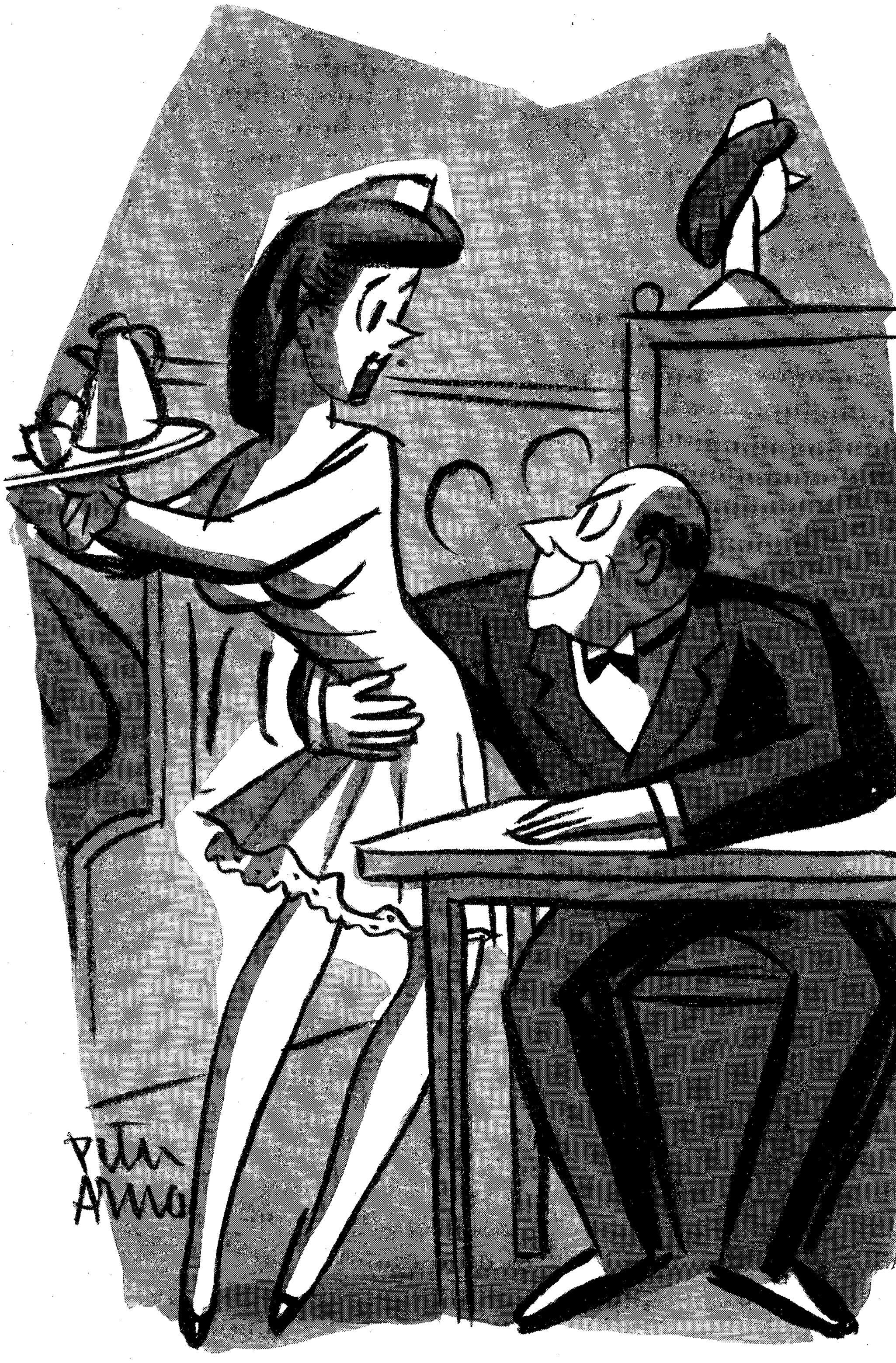
Musically, Rapee is a great believer not only in speed but in volume. His men must be able to play both fast and loud, and often the two together. Since the Music Hall orchestra works in accompaniment to stage acts and in a roomy theatre, it understandably requires these qualities of its personnel, and Rapee has developed them to an admirable degree. It has not been easy. In fact, it has taken a great deal of exhorting, at which Rapee is now a master. At any time during a performance, the customers in the front seats are likely to hear the maestro haranguing his men. "Mariano!" he may yell during a lively passage in the "Nutcracker Suite." "Peek it up, peek it up! Three more shows today!" Lack of volume annoys him even more than a laggard tempo. "Louder in the woodweends!" he was recently heard to scream. "Dear God, I can make more noise with wheestling!" His accent becomes more pronounced in direct proportion to his excitement. Rapee expects his musicians to sight-read at a full gallop and to recognize and correct errors in the scoring as they go. The slightest misstep can make him explode. "I have here a school orchestra, is it zo?" he will yell. "Musicians in short trousers!" In a more mellow humor, he may use the term "high-school orchestra" and the men may not feel so bad. By and large, the Music Hall musicians have great reverence for their conductor. Among other things, they are proud that three men he once borrowed from the Philharmonic for a special program burned out on the job. Rapee had been lent three strings from the Philharmonic and a cornet from Goldman's Band for the occasion. Things went well for a space, while Rapee was warming up, but when the going got really vigorous the Philharmonic strings dropped out, unable to stand the pace. The man from Goldman's, the Music Hall musicians agree with some chagrin, finished up in good shape and right on the beat.

It would be difficult to find an artist more devoted to the tradition of "on with the show" than Rapee. The Music Hall directors are convinced that if the worst comes, he will play right through a bombing and possibly even after the Music Hall roof has been blown in. Half a dozen years ago, one of his horn players had a heart attack in the midst of a particularly energetic reading of the "Italian Caprice." Two men near him arose to lend a hand, but then promptly slid back into their seats when the conductor screamed, "Sit down, you damn fools, and play!" Then Rapee pressed the button for the orchestra's platform to descend and, still swinging his baton like a man possessed, disappeared with his musicians into the gloom. Once out of sight of the audience, he signalled two stagehands to carry the stricken man off the platform; then he brought up his musicians, still playing at full tilt, and finished the overture. Some uninformed people have called this performance of Rapee's heartless. They are mistaken. The maestro was much concerned over the horn-player's collapse. "The poor fellow," he says, "he was in bad shape. We didn't lose a bar."

THE orchestra's main rehearsal begins at nine-thirty every Wednesday morning and lasts until noon. Rapee's chief function, as explained by Leon Leonidoff, senior producer of the stage shows, is to select the appropriate music for each show and "to help flourish the idea." The idea itself usually germinates in the head of Mr. Leonidoff, and once it is out in the open, Rapee flourishes it with great dispatch. Many musicians think there is no one else like the maestro for selecting the exact music to fit a mood or an act. Since, through the years, the Music Hall has presented quite a few moods and acts, this ability is extremely important. For the most part, the maestro takes only a minute to make a choice. A number by the glee club, say, is to be followed by a man with double joints. Rapee will watch the performer's anatomical convolutions for a few moments. Then suddenly he will cry, "Slavonsky—Opus 38—viola!" This lightning selection will, in all likelihood, prove ideally suited to the performer's double joints and will also fit neatly into the over-all pattern of the show.

Rapee's small stature, his thinning black pompadour, his wispy mustache, and his fierce, darting manner somehow give him the appearance of a successful but slightly harried crow. At rehearsal, he is always in shirtsleeves and without a tie. Because a cigarette constantly dangles from his lips, his eyes, behind their glasses, often bat rapidly to keep from being filled with smoke. When he is conducting a reasonably quiet number, his bearing is military and his motions are curt and precise, like those of the late John Philip Sousa. When the music becomes heated, he occasionally slips out of his tight stance and begins to vibrate like an early Ford. His thin hair flying and his face contorted, he flaps his arms in birdlike gestures or clutches the air as if climbing an invisible rope. All his men acknowledge that these muscular responses to the music instill in them the kind of headlong dash that made the going so tough for the Philharmonic men. "What he has got," said one of the piccolos recently, "is that certain tempo which stops you from thinking, 'Oh, Lord, another hour to go.' " Rapee once used batons that had a bulb in one end, but in his enthusiasm he banged up so many of them on music stands and, less frequently, on musicians' heads that he started looking around for something less fragile. He now uses an electrified Lucite stick, like the wands signalmen use on aircraft carriers when guiding planes in at night. The drummer of the orchestra, a Rumanian with an inventive turn of mind, devised the stick, and Rapee likes it better than any other he has ever used. It has one minor flaw, however; when swished through the air rapidly, it whistles like a whip and startles the customers in the front rows.

After running through the morning rehearsal with the orchestra, Rapee devotes part of Wednesday afternoon to coordinating the numbers which involve both the orchestra and the glee club. As a rule, the other departments—the stars, the Rockettes, the ballet, and so on—work out independently until the dress rehearsal, which is held Thursday morning. This is usually a wild session. The various department heads get along with remarkable harmony, although Rapee is inclined to regard his orchestra as the hub around which the whole structure revolves and his manner is therefore superior. It is only natural that, with so many highly charged artists laboring in a comparatively small space, things sometimes get tense. The tenor may not be *intonato*, the glee club may have mass laryngitis, the Rockettes may be stumbling over a new step, or the



"Please, sir! This isn't my table."

Russian ballet girls may be homesick. Then the air of the Music Hall is filled not with music but with solid profanity in several languages and accents. Rapee has been heard to remark, to nobody in particular, "I wonder why it is not that the other departments can be like the music department." There is some justification for this inquiry, since the orchestra, after its one regular rehearsal, is generally in fairly smooth shape and ready for any situation, no matter how much speed or volume it may call for. In spite of the seeming hopelessness of conditions onstage Thursday morning, the new show, when it opens at noon, goes off with complete precision, a feat which Rapee views as largely a personal triumph. He feels that the music has overcome all obstacles and fused the performers into a workable unit.

OCCASIONALLY Rapee's lofty and godlike manner leads a co-worker to remark that he is almost insufferably cocksure and is steadily becoming more so. The maestro's inner calm has not been progressive, however; he was born self-confident, in Budapest, in 1891. His parents were natives of Vienna, but they moved, shortly before his birth, to Budapest, where the father, who had formerly worked for an Austrian version of the American Express Company, established a Hungarian version. This gave him a position of considerably more prominence than he had enjoyed in Vienna, which rather went to his head. He bought a country house and rented a town apartment whose soirees became a neighborhood sensation. Erno was reared in an atmosphere of music and gaiety. The apartment gushed with champagne, the hospitality was lavish, and the family achieved a social prestige that was highly satisfactory to Mr. Rapee. From the start, all this devotion to high life seems to have been distasteful to Erno. His parents' manner of living struck him as noisy. Having an inordinate amount of aplomb, even in early childhood, he frequently expressed annoyance with the way things were going and said that he planned to get away as soon as he could. However, he was eighteen and already an accomplished musician before he got around to it.

Erno's musical education can be traced to his sister's piano lessons. In addition to this sister, he had an older brother and a younger one. All four children were moderately musical, but the mother had chosen her daughter as the logical one to equip artistically. This arbitrary choice irked Erno. To show his contempt, he took to hanging around the music room while the piano lessons were in progress and sneering whenever he could catch anybody's eye. Every time his sister and the instructor finished going over a piece, the boy would sit down and play it by ear in an obviously superior fashion. This finally became so intolerable that the mother lost interest in her daughter's musical education and concentrated on Erno instead. Entered at the Budapest Conservatory, he did not disappoint her. By the time he was eighteen, he had earned his degree and was clearly ready for the world.

Erno's departure from the family circle was abrupt. He walked into his father's office and said he would like to borrow a considerable sum of money, because he was leaving home for good. When his father hesitated, Erno threatened to borrow it from somebody else, so the elder Rapee came around. Within an hour, Erno was on a train bound for Dresden. His first job was as the assistant conductor for a season at the Dresden Opera, and then he wrote a piano concerto and performed it with the Vienna Philharmonic, without causing any particular stir. Shortly after that, however, he got the post of conductor, librarian, chorus master, and light-extinguisher of the Opernhaus at Kattowitz, a German mining town of a hundred thousand population. In several ways this was a worthwhile job. For one thing, the leading music critic of the town was also the town's wine merchant and was generally in

HOME SONG

Home is the place where the queer things are:
Hope and compassion and objets d'art.
Home is the centre of mind and of liver,
Under the hill and beside the river.
Home is the strangest of common places,
Drenched with the light of familiar faces.
Here are the leavings of last night's table,
Gloom and gaiety, stoop and gable.

Home is the proving ground of sanity,
Brick and ember, love and vanity,
Paper and string and the carpet sweeper,
And the still form of the late sleeper.
Book and clock, and a plant to water,
Mother of Jesus, son and daughter.
Home is the ink and the dream and the well;
Home is the incompatibles' hell.

Home is the depot of coming and going,
The last kiss, the first snowing.
Home is the soldier's destination,
The sick man's ward, the wife's plantation.
Home is the place where the queer things are:
Hope and compassion and objets d'art.
Home is the pattern and shell of slumber,
Home is a gleam and a telephone number.

Ever at home are the mice in hiding,
Dust and trash, and the truth abiding.
Dark is the secret of home's hall closet—
Home's a disorderly safe deposit.
Home is the part of our life that's arable,
Home is a pledge, a plan, and a parable.
Ever before us is home's immensity,
Always within us its sheer intensity.

—E. B. W.

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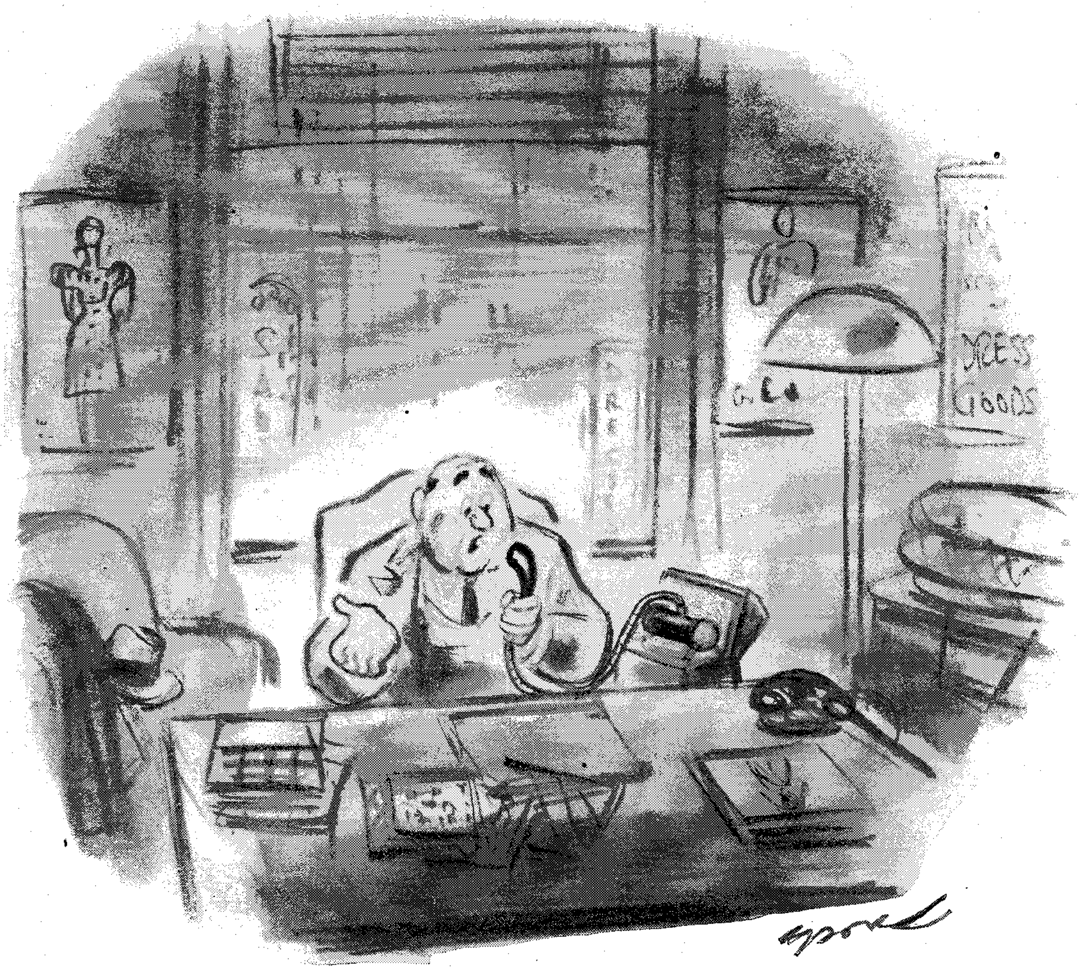


"But what have we done to lose this spring order of yours, Mr. Grossman? I ask you, what have we done?"

a pleasantly complimentary stupor. Also, the repertoire of the Opernhaus was extensive, which gave the young musician a lot of valuable practice. In an average week, he ran through "Lohengrin," "The Chocolate Soldier," "Faust," "Aïda," "A Waltz Dream," and "Tosca," and on Sunday he gave a concert of wonderful variety, usually featuring anything of his own that he had lying around.

Although life in Kattowitz was stimulating, Rapee soon became restive. In 1912, he booked passage for New York, spending everything he had on a second-class ticket rather than mingle with the herd in steerage. Approaching the Statue of Liberty, he suddenly realized that he might need some pocket money on shore, so he struck up a brief friendship with an immigrant Hungarian priest and borrowed twenty-five dollars from him. Ashore, the young musician was delighted with what he saw. He boarded the Ninth Avenue "L" and spent several hours on it sightseeing. Then, by some sort of homing instinct, he found his way to the Hungarian Café Monopole, at Second Avenue and Ninth Street, and dropped in for a platter of goulash and kraut. A four-piece string orchestra was sawing away at a Viennese waltz. After listening in critical agony for three or four minutes, Erno rushed to the dais, unhorsed the piano player, and swung into "Artists' Life." Instead of being annoyed, the manager bounced his pianist and hired Rapee at twenty-five dollars a week and all the goulash he could eat. The maestro is fond of saying that he has never been without a job since that day.

THERE are not many success stories in the history of music to rival that of Rapee's steady rise from the moment he took on the job at the Monopole. Before the month was out, he not only had repaid the twenty-five to the Hungarian priest but had also assumed the conductorship of the Hungarian Opera Company, which performed every Sunday in Webster Hall, and within a year or two he had taken to the road as a one-man piano-playing vaudeville act. Before he left, he married the Hungarian ingénue of the opera company, who had arrived in America only a few weeks before him and was working by day as a Teddy-bear stuffer. Today Mrs. Rapee is articulate on the subject of her capitulation to the young conductor's wooing. "He had such tremendous hair," she says. "Such lots of it. And when he come up to me, I say to myself, 'Who is thees long-haired musicians?' But when I see how he put down his watch on the piano, so, and how he say ten minutes for thees, fifteen minutes for that, I say to myself, 'Ha, ha, here is somebody who will do somesings!' " Rapee's act was considered one of the most unusual on the vaudeville stage. Wearing a black hood, a black shirtfront, and no cuffs, he sat before an elevated piano keyboard lit by forty-eight small bulbs concealed beneath the music rack. Thus, when the stage darkened, the audience got the illusion of a pair of spectral hands. While they were mulling this over, Rapee banged out such popular evergreens as "Dixie" and "The Old Folks at Home."

In 1917, the maestro read in the *Times* that Felix Kahn, Otto's brother, who owned the spectacular new Rialto Theatre, was building another theatre, to be called the Rivoli, and was looking for an orchestra director. Rapee got a haircut, bought a pair of striped trousers and a top hat, and called on Kahn at his home. He brushed by the butler, walked into the library, and, luckily finding Kahn there, introduced himself as an eminent European conductor, just off the ship. Kahn, impressed, sent the visitor around to his producer, S. L. Rothafel, who was generally known as Roxy. The coming together of these two gifted men was musically as important as the meeting between Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum. Roxy had tremendous ideas and Rapee was the man to flourish them. Rapee was put to work at the Rialto, pending the opening, several months later, of the Rivoli. Five minutes of Rapee conducting the Rialto orchestra through the overture to "Rienzi" convinced Roxy that he had discovered a master. The alliance of these two minds resulted in an instantaneous improvement in the Rialto's musical offerings. Although Roxy's background was, in the main, unaesthetic—for some time he had been a bouncer in a Pennsylvania saloon—he had developed a taste for classical music. He and Rapee decided that the American public was culturally starved and they determined to clear up the situation.

The campaign to bring high-class music to America started in a cagey way one evening shortly after the Rivoli opened. Rapee played a speedy rendition of "Old Black Joe," then immediately followed it up with the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust." The audience was startled but not unreceptive. The resulting applause, though tentative and scattered, emboldened Rapee to try the Toreador March from "Carmen" the next week. Soon Rapee was experimenting with "March Slav" and the "1812 Overture," in which the Rivoli orchestra came out strong with the bells and made a big hit. Rapee leaned heavily on Tchaikovsky for some time. The musical awakening of the pioneer country was slow, but it was refreshingly steady. Before long, he had got by with one or two of the noisier Wagner numbers. The audiences seemed to take particular pleasure in instruments like the big drums and the gongs. As a consequence, Rapee worked doggedly to devise special effects of one kind and another. He threw in whistles, pans, rattles, animal cries, and bird calls. Eventually, at Radio City, he scored a tremendous hit with Respighi's "The Pines of Rome," which has a strong part for an artificial nightingale in the closing section.

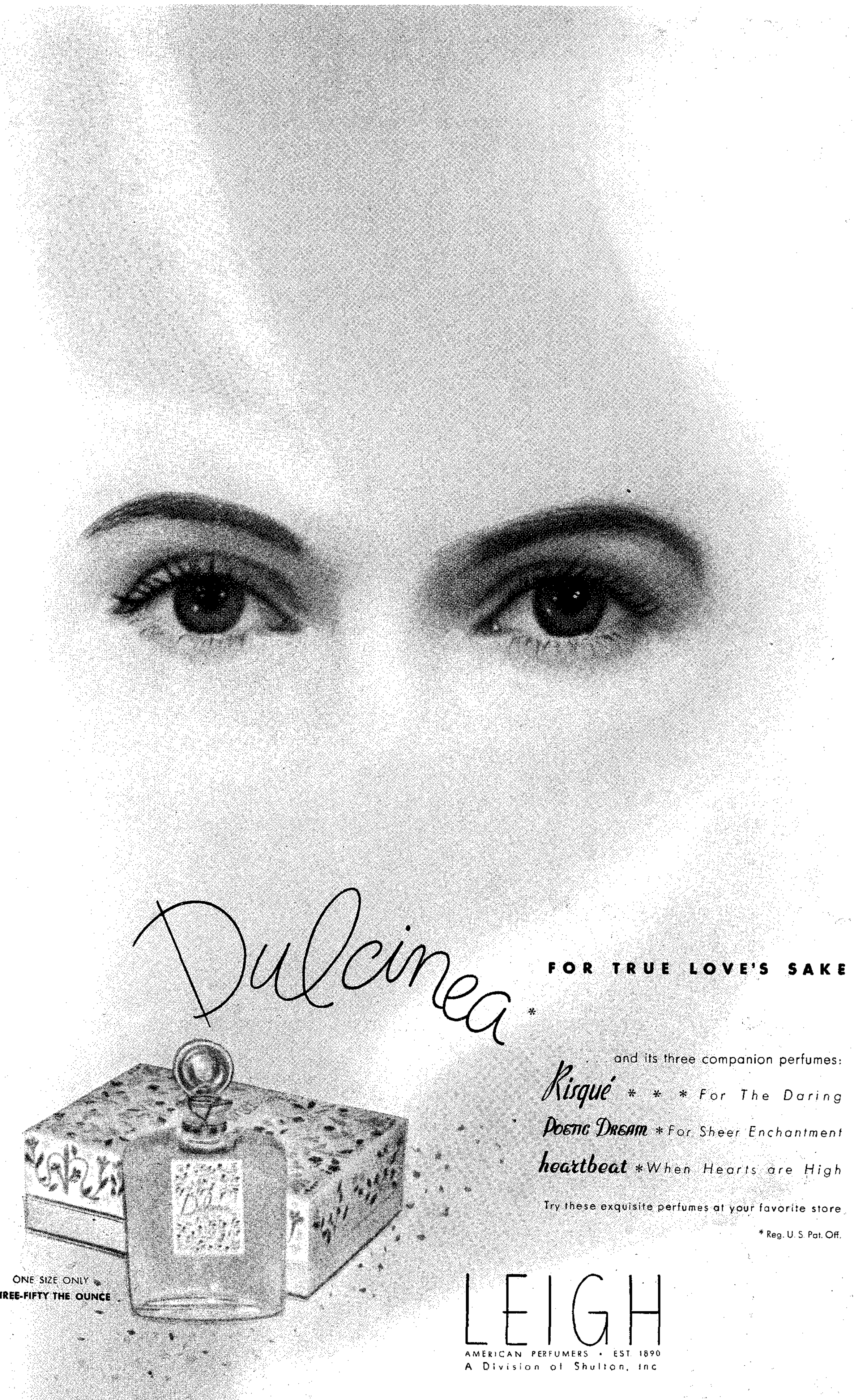
Roxy was delighted with these successes. He took to attending the rehearsals in order to soak up as much music as possible. His own conversion to culture was practically complete. On rare occasions he reverted to the habits of his bouncer days, but it was never for very long. Once he broke the jaw of a porter who hissed while Rapee was rehearsing the orchestra, but he regretted it right away and sent the man to a first-class hospital, all expenses paid. Roxy's enthusiasm for what was going on reached such proportions that he became convinced that they needed a bigger theatre. They moved to the Capitol in 1920, picking up in the migration enough additional musicians to maintain a nice balance between the size of the orchestra and the lavishness of the lobby.

ALTHOUGH Rapee struggled to keep his mind on musical crusading, he suffered a cultural setback in 1924. William Fox, then one of the big men in the moving-picture industry, asked him to become the manager and musical director of the Fox Theatre, his new three-million-dollar cinema palace in Philadelphia. Rapee knuckled under for six hundred and fifty a week, but shortly found that the palace played Westerns almost exclusively and that the Western-movie public was not quite ready for the classics. Out of pure boredom, he began to dabble in jazz. He was not prepared, however, to go the whole hog. Instead, he eased his conscience by taking several semi-classical numbers and hopping them up. The result, according to Fox, was even more horrible than jazz. Fox started to complain about the way Rapee was running the new theatre, and relations between the two men got progressively worse. The break came when, learning that a seventh of Philadelphia's population was Jewish, Rapee essayed a religious coup shortly before Passover by hiring Cantor Rosenblatt, the well-known synagogue singer, for the rather princely sum of twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Fox exhibited his annoyance by buying up Rapee's contract. Crowds queued up for several blocks to hear Rosenblatt, but Fox stuck to his decision and Rapee went.

Rapee's next move took him to Berlin and a great success. UFA, the big German film company, hired him as a specialist in American-style entertainment, to administer first aid to its chain of ailing movie houses. Full of confidence after his American triumphs, he went to work with no inhibitions. He ripped out the whole interior of Berlin's largest theatre, the Palast am Zoo, and installed a gaudy Broadway décor of red plush. Then he pulled the orchestra out of a hole in the floor, put it on the stage, and built it up to eighty-five men, featuring six French saxophone players and an American drummer he had found in a Paris honky-tonk. On opening night, the crowds fought for tickets. Rapee became famous in Berlin. Soon he organized a string of bands he called Rapee Jazz Symphonicas and had them playing all over Germany. During a year's stay there his income was about a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Many of Rapee's friends have since asked him why, in the face of this acclaim and profit, he elected to leave. His answer reflects his devotion to the new world: he remembered his duty to the musically undernourished. Before he left, however, he made a triumphant appearance as a guest conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic and tossed off a waltz called "Ach Du," which had a sensational run in the beer gardens.

Back in America, Rapee began a large-scale marketing of his talent for choosing music to fit a mood. At the Rialto, he had idled away the time between stage shows by sitting in the audience and writing down the titles of compositions that various sequences of the films suggested to him. When he felt particularly in the

DREAMS OF GLORY



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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF groove, he had a secretary sit beside him and dictated loudly to her, a practice which often cleared the patrons out of several adjoining rows. He assembled and published an album that proved invaluable to movie orchestras all over the country. It listed music for practically every known mood. Some of his headings were: Aeroplane, Gruesome, Misterioso, Orgies, Pulsating, Chatter, Fire-Fighting, and Religioso. In 1928, the year talkies came in, Rapee, working in New York, arranged the musical background for forty features, a hundred and four newsreels, and two dozen shorts. Occasionally he found that the film producers had created a mood which the composers had overlooked. He met these emergencies by sitting down and knocking out something appropriate himself. Four such compositions were "Charmaine," "Diane," "Angela Mia," and "Little Mother." Their sheet-music sales by now are over five million copies and they still bring him in about thirty-five hundred dollars a year in royalties.

It was while Rapee was still deep in mood music that Roxy prevailed upon him to take over the musical directorship of the enormous new Roxy Theatre. Rapee was happy there for three years. During that time he had an orchestra of a hundred and ten, a record for a movie house, and started a series of Sunday-afternoon radio broadcasts which later, when Rapee got to Radio City, became known as the Music Hall of the Air. In addition, he made many more classics available to the man in the street—often literally, if the orchestra was in good fettle. Bach and Stravinsky were among the masters who mingled with Clara Bow and Douglas Fairbanks at the Roxy, and the maestro again felt that he was fulfilling his destiny. He recently said that the two factors he considers responsible for America's present musically awakened condition are Rapee and radio, in that order. However, he reluctantly succumbed to the blandishments of capital again in 1930 and went to Hollywood, as musical director for Warner Brothers and First National, which were then one company, at a salary of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars a week. Almost as soon as he arrived, the public's craze for musical pictures suffered a temporary collapse, and Rapee had little to do but drive back and forth to the studio in a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. He stayed on for eight months, which he spent mostly in throwing manuscript paper on his office floor to give the charwomen something to do, and then astounded Hollywood by persuading his employers to let him out of his contract and coming back to New York. Soon after his return, the Music Hall called him to its podium.

RAPEE is eminently satisfied with his place in music. Although he recognizes that there are certain orchestras, such as the Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony, that have a musical edge on his group, he can point out that he is the only conductor in the world who rises forty feet in the air on a platform weighing sixteen tons. Indeed, the position of musical director at Radio City is mechanically ahead of any other conductorship on earth. During many imaginative stage-show episodes, the orchestra is conveyed from place to place on a small railroad. Musically, the job is also gratifying. Rapee has two main duties: providing the proper music for the stage show and conducting the orchestra. Although he has on mental tap several thousand compositions, covering about the same number of moods, at times he also commissions composers to fill in the gaps. One of his regulars is a distinguished German-in-exile named Richard Mohaupt, who often complains that he has bitten off more than he can chew. The conductor, it seems, is likely to call on him for stupendous musical feats at a minute's notice. "Turn me out a gloomy ballet by noon—something like 'Swan Lake,' only better, will you, Dick?" Rapee may shout, and Mohaupt will wince and turn pale. Once Rapee asked Mohaupt to write a piece that would portray events in wartime Europe from the invasion of Poland to the invasion of Russia. Mohaupt suggested that perhaps this was taking in a little too much territory in one composition, but Rapee persuaded him to give it a try and Mohaupt came up with a composition he called "Prelude to Glory." It was a huge success at the Music Hall and bits of it are used now by most of the newsreels whenever they have a military item about the Soviet Union.

Rapee enjoys flourishing the ideas for the stage shows, but the enterprise nearest his heart is conducting the orchestra in the overture. It is then that his genius is most manifest. Although he tries to arrange overtures that will please a vast mixed audience like the Music Hall's, he still puts in a cultural lick now and then. For the most part, he is content to rock along with old standbys like Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody and the "Poet and Peasant" overture. His audiences generally react cheerfully to them, the intensity of their

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in the Margaret Webster Production of
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Production designed and lighted by
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present
LOVERS AND FRIENDS
by DODIE SMITH
with
KATHARINE **CORNELL** RAYMOND **MASSEY**
HENRY DANIELL, CAROL GOODNER, ANNE BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 22

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES CHRISTINE AYRES SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE Tommy WONDER Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way (No Perf. Mon.)
TWICE SATURDAY & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

applause varying in accordance with the volume of the music. As has already been said, the maestro has accomplished wonders in volume; man for man, his group undoubtedly produces more decibels annually than any other musical organization of which there is a record. His need for volume is apparent when one realizes that the Music Hall, filled, holds sixty-two hundred people and that some of them are a good distance from the pit. He worries a lot about whether the vibrations are reaching the remote corners of the house. Sometimes, during a stage show, he turns over the baton to an assistant and scurries around to listen here and there. Romantic couples who have sought out a secluded nook near the eaves are often surprised, and nettled, to find the maestro crouching in the aisle beside them, his head tilted and one hand to an ear.

It is difficult to appraise Rapee musically. The critics, of course, are inclined to take a condescending view of all movie-house conductors, no matter how large their theatres. The late Pitts Sanborn, however, flatly stated that when it came to conducting Viennese waltzes, Rapee was probably the best man alive for style, speed, and lilt, and *Radio Guide* once described him as "the little Napoleon of modern symphony and song." On the other hand, a critic on a Newark paper once complained that his repertoire was too "syrupy." In 1937, Rapee agreed to help out the Essex County Symphony Orchestra, in Newark. Performances were held in the Newark School Stadium during the summer months. He was conductor for two seasons, but so many people complained that he was obsessed by Tchaikovsky and Johann Strauss that he refused to return for a third season. All in all, he now takes a sour view of Newark. "The inhabitants of Newark," he says, "are all moronic. Have you ever dreeven through Newark? Have you ever smelt Newark?" The maestro's handling of the Sunday radio program, Music Hall of the Air, has been extremely successful. He plays a nice blend of popular and little-known classics and arouses nothing but favorable comment, even in Newark. Whether or not Rapee could take over the Philharmonic with his customary musical ease is debatable. However, he has a distinct financial jump on most of his colleagues, with a salary said to be around fifty thousand a year.

THE Rapees maintain a fairly elaborate apartment at the Century, on Central Park West, a summer home at

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—*BARNES, Herald Trib.*
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
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Margaret **SULLAVAN** & *Elliott* **NUGENT**
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
The Voice of the Turtle
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AUDREY CHRISTIE
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"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
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THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Thurs., Sat. & Feb. 22

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Northport, Long Island, a Cadillac sedan, a thirty-four-foot power boat named Mariska, a Hungarian cook, and a police dog named Flirty. They enjoy a mild celebrity for their midnight suppers, which feature Hungarian dishes like stuffed cabbage and chicken paprika. Rapee seldom invites famous musicians to his gatherings; he seems to fear that they will talk down their noses about movie-house conducting. His notion of the perfect guest is a lovable eccentric who is completely tone-deaf. The maestro is by now demonstratively American, but Mrs. Rapee, who is small and chic, longs for her native Budapest. "Thees country of America, eet is somesings wonderful," she says, "but Budapest—ah, eet is Budapest!" Rapee likes to play bridge, occasionally for fairly interesting stakes, and is often seen in games at the Lotus Club and at the Whist Club, in the Pierre. For a while he belonged to the Cavendish Club, along with such players as Ely Culbertson and Hal Sims. With the utmost confidence, he entered into sessions with these experts for five cents a point, but his losses finally became so oppressive that he resigned from the club. Rapee has played less bridge lately because of his war work. Shortly before Pearl Harbor he became restless, feeling that his baton was an inadequate weapon in a global war. He enrolled in a navigation course and then enlisted in the Coast Guard Auxiliary as a petty officer. Now, on fine mornings, he takes his boat out in the Sound and looks for submarines. So far he hasn't seen any, but he has become so proficient in celestial navigation that he gives a night course in the subject at New York University. His course, which consists of a weekly two-hour lecture and takes fifteen weeks, is patterned after the one taught at Annapolis. Right now he has eighteen pupils, among them some Coast Guardsmen. He works at a blackboard and spends at least ten minutes of each session hunting for a piece of chalk.

The Rapees have two sons. George, the younger, was the holder of several Eastern bridge titles before he joined the Army some months ago. The older son, Robert, plays the saxophone at the Center Theatre. Rapee is not altogether pleased with Robert's occupation. He thinks the boy has done well to start off in the theatre, but he is dubious about the saxophone. "The saxophone coos like a pigeon," he said recently. "Sometimes it cannot be heard past the mezzanine."

—BARBARA HEGGIE and ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

LISTEN: FEBRUARY 5, 1944

Last autumn CBS asked readers to send in suggestions for an epithet which could be used to identify and to condemn the particular gremlins who infest radio operation. We hoped there might be a printable and peculiarly expressive and apposite slang-coinage which would slip right into the language as gremlin had. We backed our hope with a reward of a $100 War Bond for the name the jury of CBS engineers decided was best. Some 500 words were submitted. Not one seemed to the jury exactly right. The jury is to be congratulated for stoutly refusing to clutter up the language with an insufficient word. The contestants are to be congratulated for trying. End of contest; game called; no race. We're buying, however, a lot of extra $100 War Bonds, and we hope every reader of *The New Yorker* buys at least one, because this will add over 20 million dollars to the result of the current drive.

★

A plane landing at New York on January 21 set down Mr. Bill Downs, CBS correspondent for 13 months in Moscow. Gripped in Mr. D's hand was The Paper, the paper being, of course, the first and authentic and true copy of Dmitri Shostakovich's *Eighth Symphony*, which CBS had obtained from Mr. S for a handsome package of rubles and its first performance in the Western Hemisphere. Downs, who likes his music schmaltzy, was a little vexed about his job as escort for the symphony: the composer and the copyists caused him to miss two planes out of Moscow, and he was then grounded by weather for two weeks...The *Eighth* is nicknamed "the Attack music," as the *Seventh* was called "the Retreat music;" the *Ninth*, now going into production, is to be "the Victory music." Downs (though he is no kin to Olin Downes of the *New York Times*) believes that the piece will be highly controversial. So far neither *Pravda*, *Izvestia* nor *Red Star* (the big three of Moscow papers) has reviewed its premiere, and the musicians over yonder are brawling about it pro and con. So the American people are cordially invited by CBS to wade into the controversy just as soon as (1) Am-Russ can have the necessary playing copies made here; (2) Dr. Artur Rodzinski can size it up and (3) the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra can play it on the United States Rubber Company program some springtime Sunday afternoon. By that time it is CBS' devout hope that the indomitable Red Army and the undeniable British and Red-White-and-Blue armies will be reaching, reaching toward their final handclasp across a shrinking strip of the so-called Axis. Somehow that would make the music sound even better.

★

You recall Edward R. Murrow's bombing flight over Berlin the night of last Dec. 2, and his unforgettable broadcast about it the next afternoon by shortwave to all America.

In that broadcast you recall that Murrow said: "...there were two reporter friends of mine on this operation who didn't come back...Norman Stockton of Australian Associated Newspapers and Lowell Bennett, an American representing INS. There is something of a tradition amongst reporters that those who are prevented by circumstances from filing their stories will be covered by their colleagues. This has been my effort to do so."

CBS

Sequel: U.S. newspapers the morning of January 25 carried Bennett's own story—written by Bennett—filed "Inside Nazi Europe, Dec. 23 (Delayed) INS". The plane he rode was hit by flak, he bailed out and fell 4 miles into an icy swamp in a Berlin suburb, where he was captured and imprisoned. Not long thereafter the 23-year-old Mr. Bennett of South Orange, New Jersey, up and escaped.

Now all we most want is a story from Mr. Norman Stockton, filed by himself, and we are going to go on hoping for it no matter what anybody says.

★

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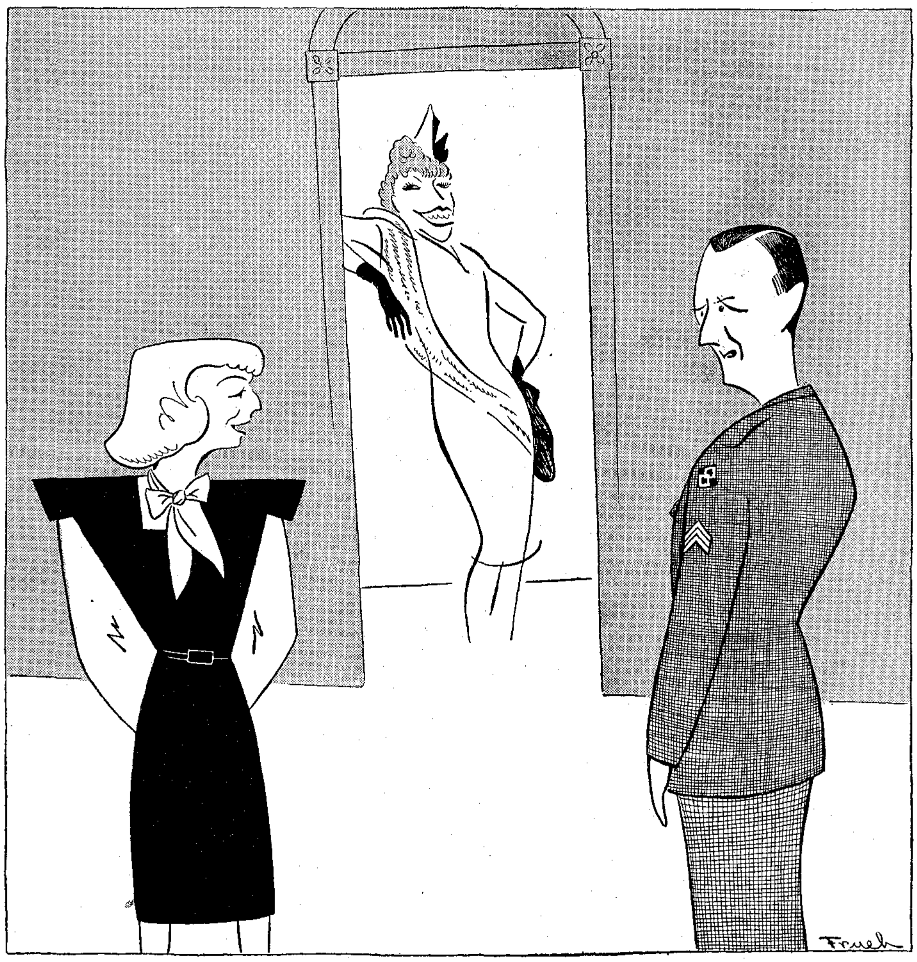
THE THEATRE

THE WAYWARD CRITICS

LAST week offered the boys on the aisle a very sensibly balanced diet in the theatre. On Monday night, at the Playhouse, there was a sixteenth-century bouillabaisse, with Philip Merivale, called "The Duke in Darkness;" on Tuesday, we had Margaret Webster's revival of "The Cherry Orchard," at the National, with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut; on Wednesday, "Wallflower," at the Cort, a farce very much like "Three Is a Family" and "Kiss and Tell," only more so; and on Friday, "Mexican Hayride," a big, flossy musical, at the Winter Garden. As you can see, there was a little bit of everything, except a drawing-room comedy and a war play. It was, in a way, a challenge to critical versatility, and perhaps there is some interest in how it was met. It is not, of course, the function of this department to criticize criticism, but now and then a slight change is good for everybody, and some useful conclusions may even be drawn from the records.

"The Duke in Darkness" presented no special problem. Out of nine papers voting, there were five emphatic noes, three qualified noes, and a wavering yes, from Miss Wilella Waldorf on the *Post*. Of the negative votes, that registered by Louis Kronenberger on *PM* had an irrelevant charm in that it seemed to incorporate some of the policies of the Marshall Field organization. Mr. Hamilton, he wrote, "is not the first writer whose wits have been addled by high society." The others who meant no just said so, rather vehemently. The borderline dissents were qualified by tributes to Mr. Hamilton's prose, and these came to a slow boil in the *World-Telegram*, where Burton Rascoe was reminded of Dryden and Rostand. Miss Waldorf had some reservations, but she said, "It is the best play to reach Broadway from England in some time," which I take to mean yes. Just to get this magazine on record, I will borrow a couple of words from Howard Barnes' review in the *Herald Tribune*. For my dough, "The Duke in Darkness" is lugubrious balderdash.



"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE"

Both the girls in this picture want Sergeant Elliott Nugent. Margaret Sullavan, on the left, has high ideals about it but Audrey Christie is just thinking in terms of practical sex. These three are the whole cast in John van Druten's comedy at the Morosco.

ON Tuesday, confronted with Chekhov, the boys pulled in their belts and took a deep breath. The vote was overwhelmingly yes—seven altogether in favor, one (*PM*) doubtfully so, and one (again Miss Waldorf) crossly opposed. Those who liked "The Cherry Orchard" did so wholeheartedly, with a minimum of critical or comparative discussion and a good deal of wariness about any secondary political meanings old Chekhov may have had in mind. To a certain extent the whole thing turned into an old-fashioned adjective hunt, with "brilliant" this time coming in a couple of lengths ahead of "luminous," "brooding," "vibrant," "profound," and all those. Everybody, in any case, got his share, from Chekhov himself right down to the man who made the wigs. Miss Waldorf's dissent was forthright. "At the National Theatre," she wrote, "some good actors are playing 'The Cherry Orchard' for laughs, and the result is the saddest spectacle we have encountered in years of Broadway playgoing." Miss Waldorf also accused Miss Le Gallienne and Miss Webster of turning out a "dismal travesty on a beautiful play" and a "display of clumsy slapstick." Mr. Kronenberger also thought there was too much funny business, but he was a good deal more temperate about it. "Among other things," he said, "the comedy and pathos should interpenetrate. Last night they often did not. Too much of the comedy was pointed up; too many of the rôles were turned into mere character parts." Unlike George Jean Nathan, who says he has been exposed to "The Cherry Orchard" no less than twenty-two times, I am not equipped to compare it with the interminable past, but on this

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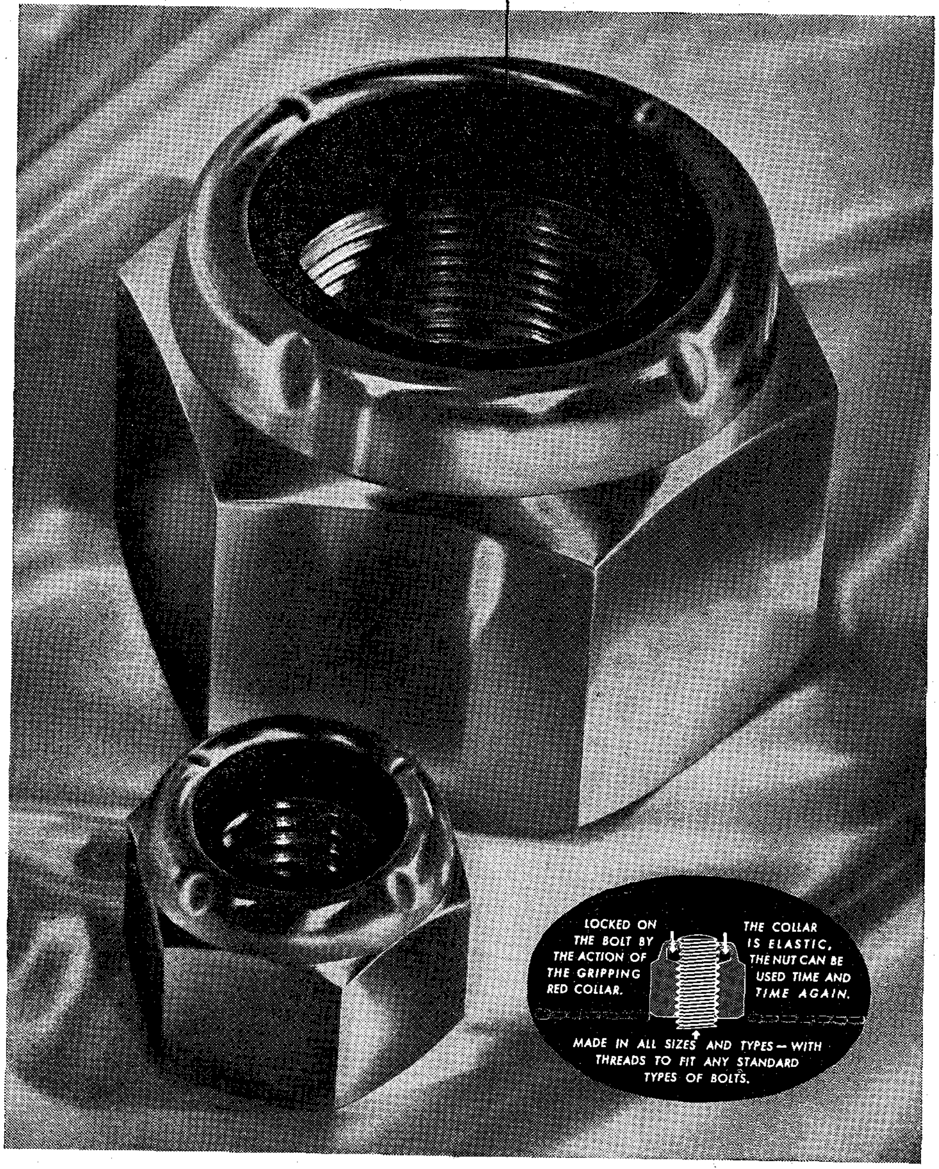
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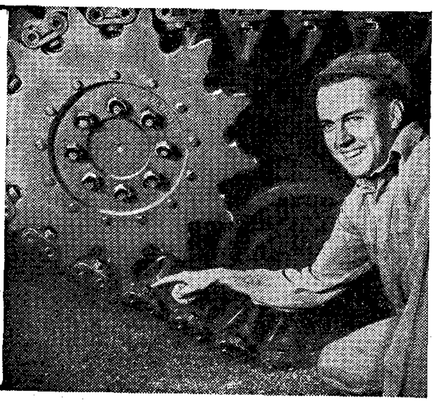

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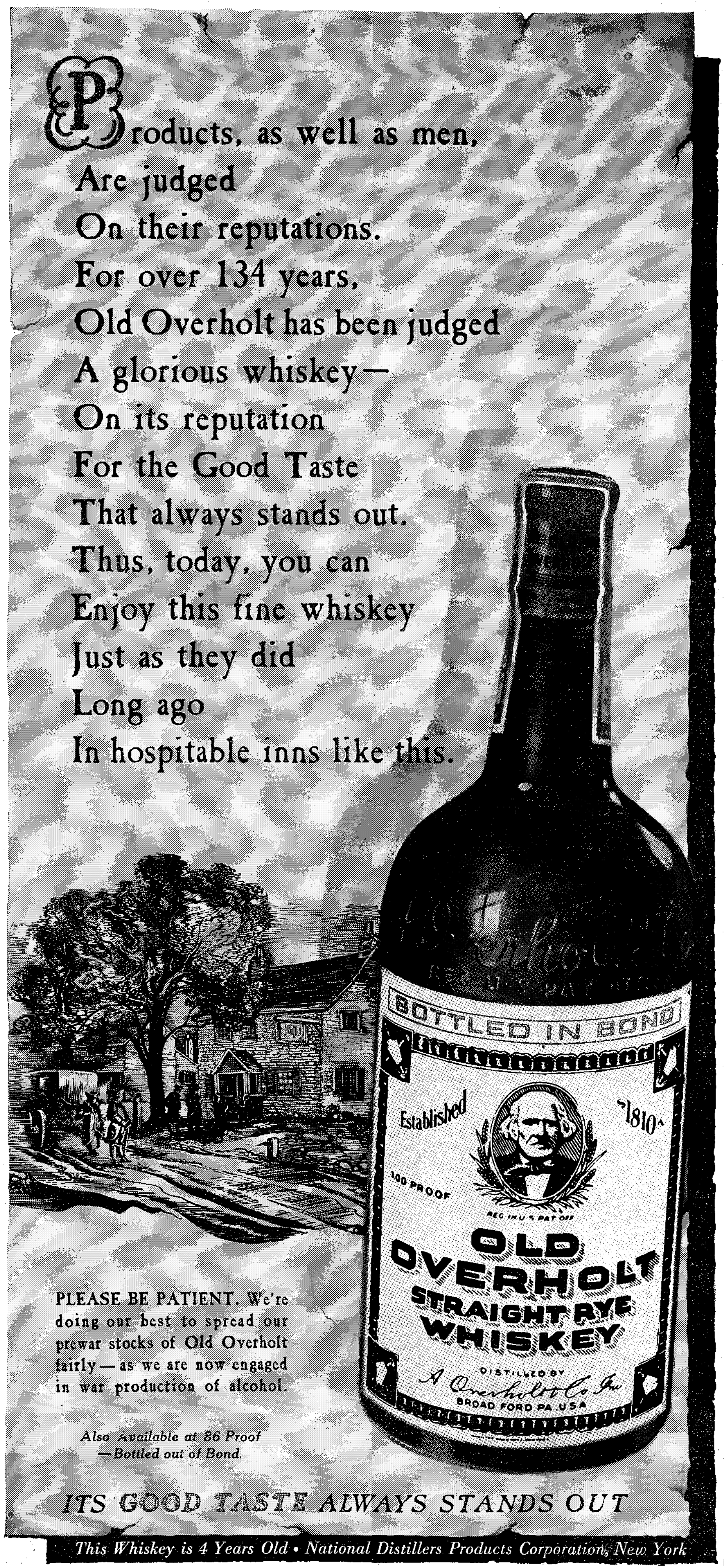

Products, as well as men,
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For over 134 years,
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A glorious whiskey—
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That always stands out.
Thus, today, you can
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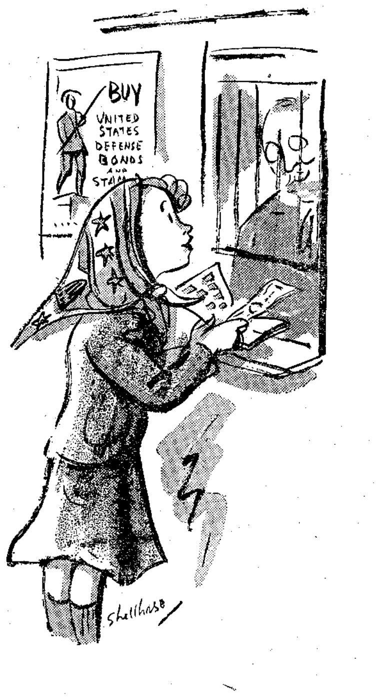
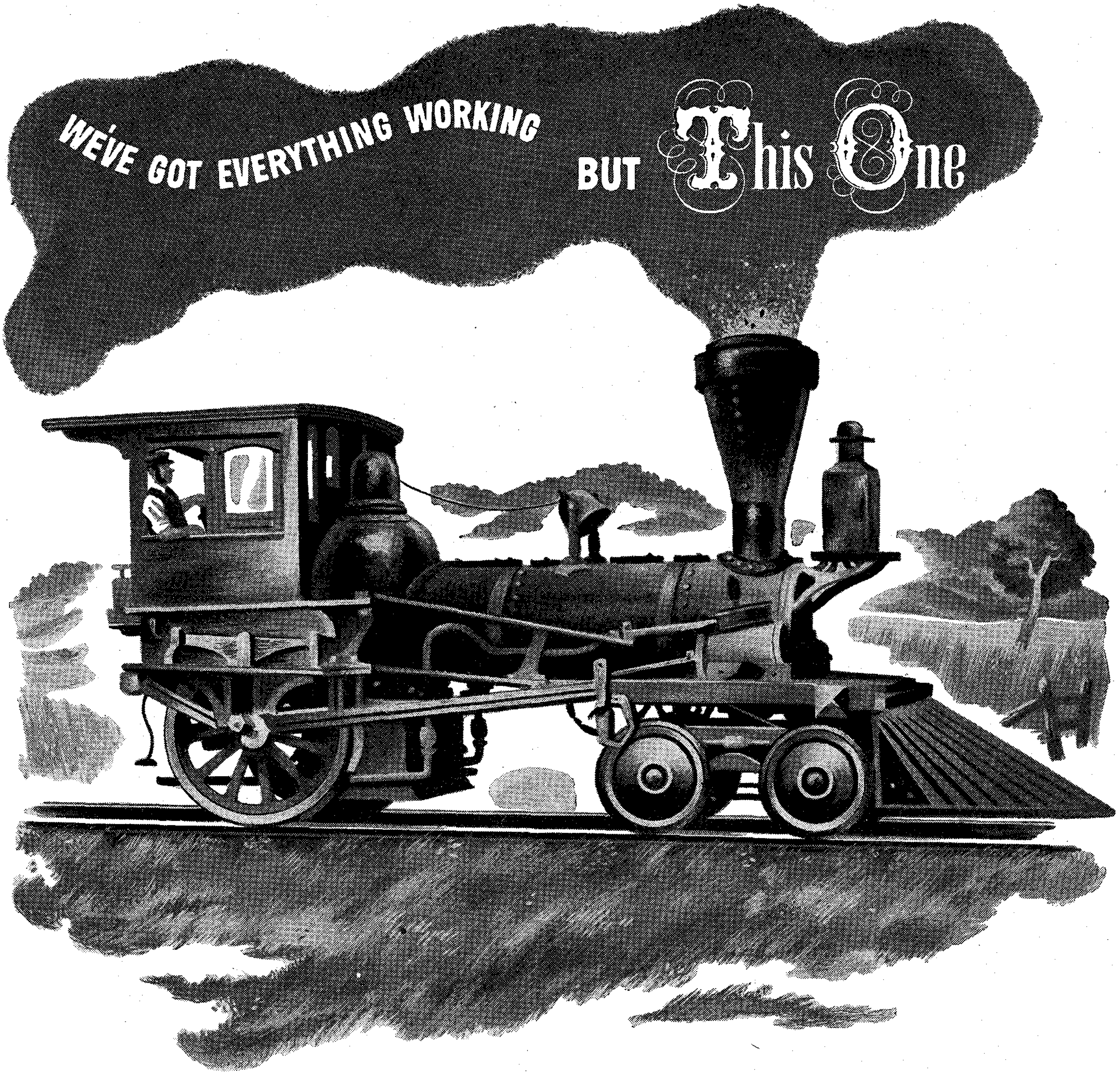
production I am with *PM.* I'm sure the Russians are a volatile people, but I doubt if even they are capable of the queer transitions from hilarity to despair that Miss Webster has directed into the play. Miss Le Gallienne and Mr. Schildkraut both looked very much like split personalities to me, and the minor players often seemed to be right out of vaudeville. However, it is a very handsome performance, in spite of its eccentricities, and on the whole I'm for it. Since I would cheerfully go to see this play done by amateurs in a barn, the value of my opinion may be questionable.

"WALLFLOWER" split critical opinion in New York right down the middle. The *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, *PM*, the *News*, and the *Sun* were opposed, the first three at least partly on the ground that it was dirty. The *Mirror*, the *Journal American*, the *World-Telegram*, and the *Post* were for it, and none of their critics appear to have been shocked. When press agents cleverly extract quotations from a review to use in advertising, there is always a natural temptation to wonder what the critic really thought. The following are perhaps the key phrases from the notices on "Wallflower," even though they may not necessarily turn up in the advertisements: "Thoroughly offensive," *PM*; "vulgar and unpleasant," *Times*; "tasteless," *Herald Tribune*; "thinly stretched, too long," *News*; "noisy and frantic," *Sun*; "prescribed for those requiring a chuckle-tonic," *Mirror*; "sophisticated, . . . a laugh-provoker," *Post*; "Rabelaisian . . . very, very funny," *Journal American*; "refreshing, bright, clean, charm-





It has taken some doing to handle the war load thrust upon the railroads — more than twice as much freight and nearly four times as much passenger traffic as in ordinary times.

And, because of other war needs for materials, it has had to be done with very little additional equipment.

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Doing it, though, demands that the railroads use every piece of serviceable equipment or equipment which can be made serviceable. And so they've got everything working now to do the job that must be done now.

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That's why the railroads are not only working but are studying so as to keep ahead of their appointed tasks — to meet the nation's war needs now, and later to provide for peacetime America the finest transportation that experience, plus modern materials and science, can devise.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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ing," *World-Telegram*. There is really a tie here, since Mr. Morehouse, on the *Sun*, qualified the opinion given above to say that "In these gold-rush times . . . there well may be a public for 'Wallflower,' which has good intentions and is built for laughter." If a man on a magazine can throw this balance one way or the other, I would like to say that I thought "Wallflower" an embarrassing, dirty little play, and, except for four or five lines in the last act, as dreary as the month of February.

"MEXICAN HAYRIDE" got all nine votes. The dissents were mild and for the most part technical. Miss Waldorf, a relentless minority all week, said that the first act threatened to be a "beautiful bore" and Mr. Barnes complained gently about the book, but on the whole it was agreed that here was a show to compare with any great one in the past. The truth about Mike Todd's latest enterprise is that it is a large, handsome, competent musical, with a bad book and an indifferent score, saved from being a real nuisance only by Bobby Clark's inspired comedy in the second act. The great disappointment about it, I think, is Cole Porter's music, which is not only derivative but at the moment as nonmemorable to me as the sounds that go with a hurdy-gurdy. June Havoc, Paul Haakon, George Givot, and a lot of other gifted people worked their little hearts out, and the scenery and costumes were as lovely as anything I've seen for a long time, but I'm afraid I have to cast the only completely negative vote on "Mexican Hayride." Like Miss Waldorf, I suspect it very strongly of being a beautiful bore. Both acts. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

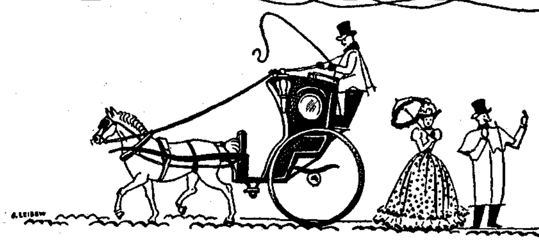
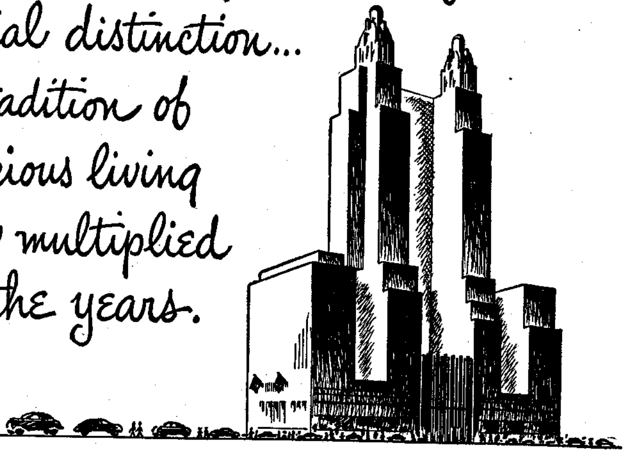
•

EVEN FUNNIER COINCIDENCE DEPT.

"I wear corsets and drawers," a lady of Boston family is reported to have explained to an unintuitive saleswoman, "and I want a hat to match."—From "A Sense of Humus," by Bertha Damon, published June 10, 1943.

An elderly woman was shopping for a hat and the salesgirl kept showing her new types of headgear which didn't suit the old lady at all. Finally she said, "Listen, I wear a corset and I wear drawers, and I want a hat to match."—Cedric Adams in the Minneapolis Tribune, June 20, 1943. *—Funny Coincidence Department in The New Yorker.*

Ric went shopping with her once. He swears she went into a store and told the clerk, "I'm a woman who wears drawers and a corset cover and I want a hat to match."—*From "We Accept with Pleasure," by Bernard DeVoto, published in 1934.*

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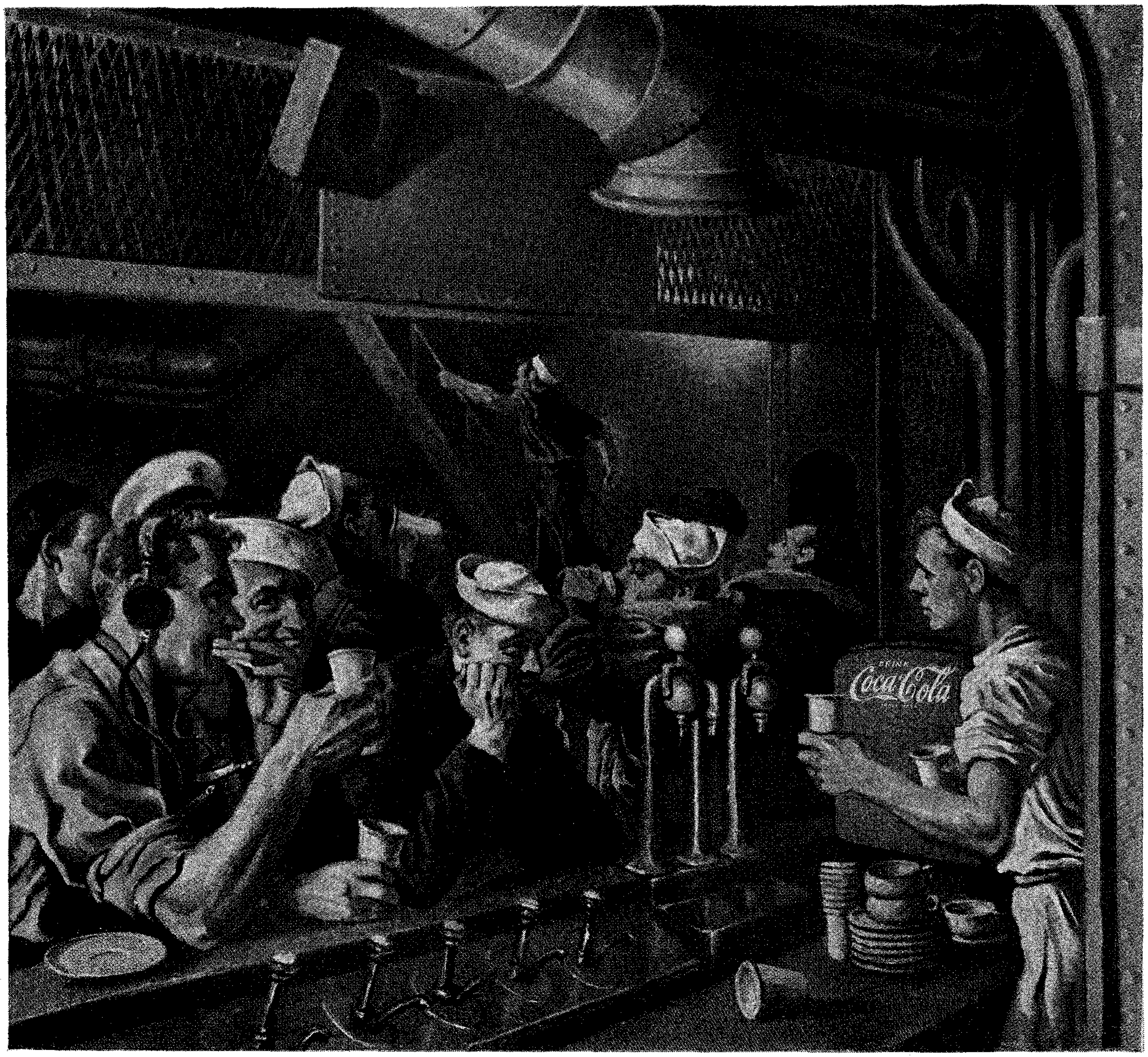

. . . a way to relax on a battleship

Wherever a U. S. battleship may be, the American way of life goes along . . . in sports, humor, customs and refreshment. So, naturally, Coca-Cola is there, too, met with frequently at the ship's soda fountain. *Have a "Coke"* is a phrase as common aboard a battle-wagon as it is ashore. It's a signal that spells out *We're pals.* From Atlanta to the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become the symbol of happy comradeship.

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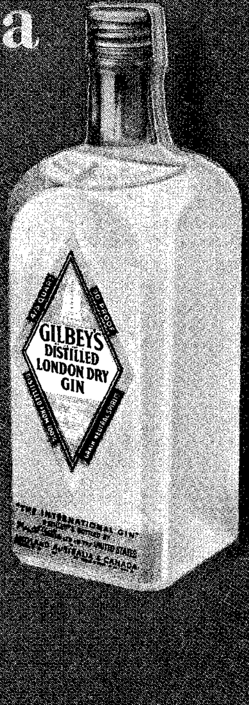
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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's demand that congressmen record their votes on the soldier-ballot bill has created a considerable disturbance on Capitol Hill. Our modest lawmakers had hoped that the controversy could be settled in decent privacy.

•

It is obvious that the Allied landing near Rome has caused acute embarrassment to the German High Command. The absent-minded supermen forgot to lock the front door and a lot of those military incompetents Hitler used to talk about simply walked in.

•

The indictment of George N. Briggs on a charge of forging the Harry Hopkins letter would seem to put C. Nelson Sparks in an embarrassing situation. Sparks' book, though, might make a valuable contribution to the wastepaper campaign.

•

Willkie announces that he will not enter the California primaries because of a gentlemen's agreement with Governor Warren. Just the same, he undoubtedly hopes the Governor will not forget his statement that he is running just for the exercise.

•

The Berlin radio declares that "only boobs have been buying bonds" in the United States. What the Nazi propagandists haven't told their public about is the vast number of boobs we have among us.

•

The automobile manufacturers have warned us not to expect the car of our dreams immediately after the coming of peace. All they can promise us, at least right away, is good old prewar stuff.

•

A federal judge in Cincinnati has ruled that newspaper reporters are not members of a learned profession. On the contrary, he says, they are merely workers and entitled to earn a fair living.

•

Critics are speaking well of the "Dictionary of American English," just issued by the University of Chicago. Unfortunately, the edition will set you back a hundred bucks, and that, as the publishers of a work with such a title should know, ain't hay.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

To suit the mood and the man!

3 shower-cool, flower-fresh

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Dry, winey sparkle of Suzy's world-famous Écarlate de Suzy, in *Eau de Parfum, $4.50*

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TABLES FOR TWO

Uptown and Downstairs

THE theory in back of dressing for the evening used to be a sound one—it took up so much time that you got to the theatre after Harry Richman had finished his big first-act number and, later on, it practically assured you of a floorside table for Beatrice Lillie's supper show at the Mirador. Now there's a war on, Harry Richman has accepted a pastorate in Palm Beach, and in most of the places in town anyone arriving in a dinner jacket is apt to be asked by some frustrated patron why his whiskey sour is so long in coming. At the Copacabana, where the captains are ambiguously fitted out in dark-blue jackets with gold braid at the cuffs, you're not altogether safe in a Navy uniform. Even the places where once upon a time you couldn't get a table if you weren't dressed have given in, and at the Iridium Room of the St. Regis and the Oval Room of the Ritz, say, you sometimes can't find a black tie in the house. It is perhaps the end of an era of grandeur which had become faintly comic. There was, for example, the case of the establishment in the East Fifties which was so anxious to keep itself looking regal that it began making concessions to its more elaborate customers, such as waiving cover charges and sending complimentary bottles of champagne around to their tables. This worked so well that before long the only people to be seen in mufti were the two haunted representatives of the backer, sent there to find out how in hell a place so full of expensive-looking ladies and gentlemen could be running so deep in the red. But the forces of reaction are not knuckling under forever. On the little cards you find on your table in several of the more austere places, there is printed only this grudging concession: "Informal for the Duration." So, if you like things as they are, fill in the petition on the front page of tonight's *PM* and mail it to your congressman at once.

THIS department's heart belongs, at the moment at least, to Jimmy Savo. Savo has been around for some time this season, but until lately he was mired to his neck in a dismal little musical called "What's Up." Then Café Society Uptown rescued him and placed him in the sort of setting in which he belongs—what is left of the Café Society dance floor after the management has put in all the extra tables available. Savo's props (his burlesque-comedian clothes and derby, a sheet of music, a piece of string, a dinner plate, the cigarettes and the drinks he snaffles from the ringside guests) and his humor (explaining how two rabbits can outwit fifty wolves, horsing his way through "As Time Goes By," or kidding a platinum blonde who has made a rather too spectacular entrance while he is working) are so simple that it could be embarrassing if you had to sit down and explain, cold, why he is so funny. Fortunately, it isn't really necessary.

The rest of the show there is all right, too. There is John Sebastian, who performs one or two minor miracles on a mouth organ, and there is Kenneth Spencer, who sings in a big, deep, solid baritone. There is Teddy Wilson's band, offering its special variety of hot, bouncy dance music and the spectacle of Sidney Catlett sleepily evoking even more special sounds from his drums. Finally, there is Hazel Scott, doing wonderful things with a grand piano. Somewhere in her travels between here and Hollywood, though, Miss Scott has picked up what is known as temperament, which is as out of tune with the crowded but cheery informality of Café Society as the piano she was using the other night.

SPEAKING of crowded informality, which I'm glad I did, brings us around to the Copacabana, or—rather—downstairs to the Copacabana, which nestles in the depths of 10 East Sixtieth. What goes on there these evenings shows the terrible consequences of suddenly confronting a couple of old-time barefoot comedians with anything as modern as a microphone. Jimmy Durante and Eddie Jackson were always able to make themselves heard in the Palace, a theatre whose ceiling is immeasurably higher than the Copacabana's, without the aid of any mechanical contrivance. At the Copacabana, where you're apt to find a loudspeaker sitting just above your left ear and the strangest people sitting in your lap, Durante's time-honored gags about the rapaciousness of night-club operators and the shortcomings of theatrical unions and his stream-of-consciousness songs about practically anything take on the stentorian quality of commencement exercises on Doomsday, and Jackson's singing of "Melody Man," with gestures and cake-walking, is perhaps even noisier. Not that I'm not fond of the boys; it's just that I'd like to hear them without their echoes. I didn't have anything to eat at the Copacabana—I fell asleep during a preliminary bout between a tenor and a soprano, called "Manhattan Is My Lover"—but I know what I will eat the next time I'm there. It's the Swiss-cheese sandwich which comes to the table with an American flag planted in the middle.

THE comedy in the Persian Room, up at the Plaza, is as soft-spoken as anyone could wish. Its purveyor, John Hoysradt, is an old hand from the legitimate stage who knows what to do with his voice. Among other things, he makes it sound like Hildegarde, like Churchill, and like Gabriel Heatter and other popular prophets of disaster. He does, in fact, a fairly complete job of Hildegarde, including a hilarious backward swoon over his piano. Along with Hoysradt you have Gomez and Beatrice, ballroom dancers who will certainly not make you yawn, and Bob Grant's orchestra, as up to snuff as ever and dispensing the very best grade of straight, sweet music.

THE quietest cellar in New York is still, I guess, the one at the St. Regis, generally known as the Maisonette. Dinner in one of the niches that line one side of the room is a comfortable and relaxing affair, and any gaps in your conversation are filled in by the continuous but not insistent dance music of one of the two small bands which alternate on the stand. Especially good on one of these rainy, taxiless evenings, for after dinner you can go upstairs to the cocktail lounge for a drink or two while you listen to the music from the Iridium Room, and then move into the Iridium Room itself at midnight for the ice show. —R. E. M. W.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

IT'S ABOUT TIME

to use your colorless nail polish on the gold braid on the uniforms belonging to that officer in your family. Covering the metallic braid with this polish will retard tarnishing. Don't forget the braid on caps.—

DOLORES BOLAND.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DUMPLINGS IN OUR SOUP

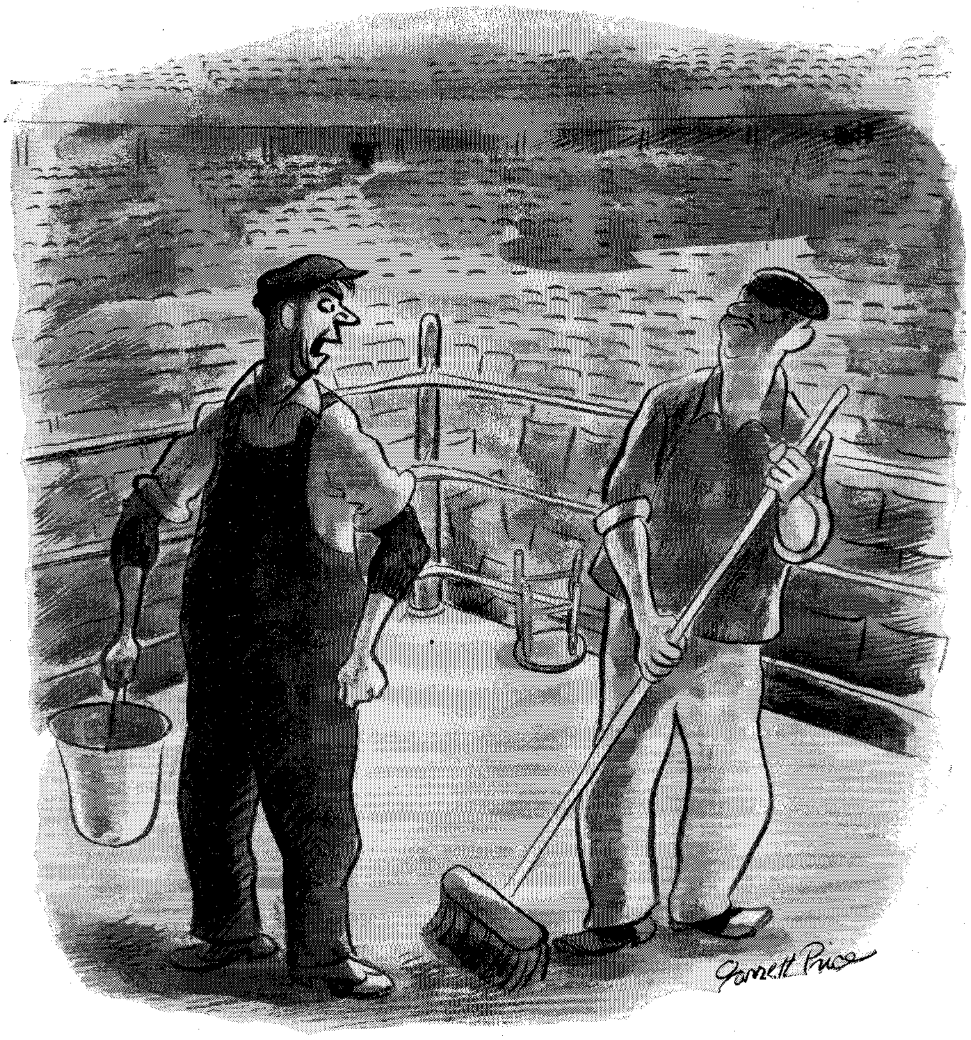
OF the five thousand British children who were brought to this country for safekeeping soon after the outbreak of war in 1939, about a thousand have already gone back home. A large number of those who have returned are boys who, upon reaching the age of seventeen, became liable for service in the British armed forces. The fact is that the war has gone on so long that many youngsters who were hurried out of England to escape the heavy bombings of 1940 are now engaged, as members of the R. A. F., in a fifty-times-heavier bombing of Germany. In recent months a few boys have been given the privilege of sailing home aboard British warships. There is, of course, a severe shortage of passenger space to England, but the remainder of the children here look forward with increasing excitement to rejoining their families by midsummer or fall of this year. By then they will have been separated from their fathers and mothers for four years, a period which is, in some cases, more than half their remembered lifetimes.

I had lunch a while ago with a group of young British refugees who have been living in Tuxedo Park since late in 1940. Their stay in that well-groomed and exclusive wilderness has been made possible by residents of the Park, under the leadership of Mrs. H. C. Sonne, who has not only provided the house in which the children, their two supervisors, and two servants live, but has raised the funds necessary to supply them with food, clothing, and schooling. While Mrs. Sonne, who had met me at the Tuxedo station, drove me over the suicidally winding roads of the Park to the mansion known as Children's House, she gave me a brief outline of the undertaking.

"Like almost everyone else in that summer of 1940," she said, "we in Tuxedo were anxious to do what we could for refugee children. We formed a committee in June and offered to take a total of forty children into our various homes. On October fifth, with almost no advance notice, eighteen children arrived. Seven of these had already arranged to stay with relatives or close friends of their families. We brought the rest of them to Children's House." Mrs. Sonne hesitated. "Perhaps you don't know the history of this place," she said. "The house formerly belonged to—*you* know—Charles E. Mitchell, and my husband had picked it up at auction a short while before. There were no furnishings in the house, but I called on all the neighbors to contribute what they could find in their attics, and, as you will see, we got together a strange but fairly serviceable collection of odds and ends. We had barely installed beds and chairs when the children descended on us."

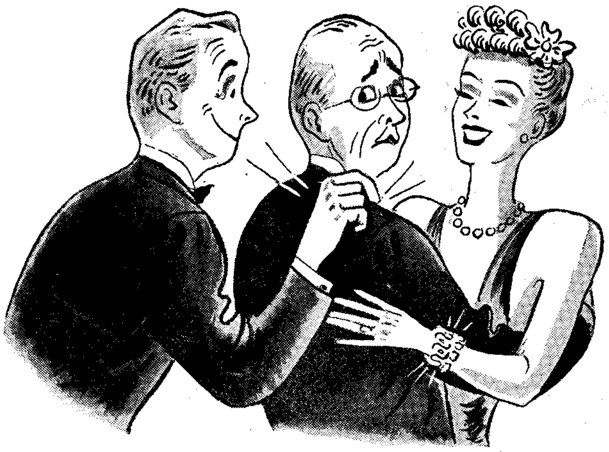
While I clung to the side of the car, Mrs. Sonne rounded a terrifying curve between a cliff and a pond. Perched on every bluff and towering out of every valley were immense nineteenth-century castles of brick, stucco, and faded cedar shingles. One of them, identified by Mrs. Sonne as the Stillman place, was falling into ruin, with a gaping roof, broken windows, and soiled white draperies blowing in the wind. A few boys and girls were skating on the pond beside the road. "The committee was faced," Mrs. Sonne went on, "with a choice of placing the children in foster homes or of leaving them together at Children's House, which we had meant at first to use as a sort of dispatching centre. A number of people had already agreed to pay a minimum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year for the duration to care for a child in a foster home, and we realized that if we could persuade them to let the committee do so, it would be possible to keep all the children right there in Children's House. Though this was bound to be more expensive than putting them in foster homes, there were, it seemed to us, several reasons it might be better to do it. In the first place, ideal foster homes are pretty hard to find. Secondly, if we closed Children's House, we would be shutting off a refuge for any children who found life uncongenial in their foster homes or whose foster homes were being broken up for one reason or another. Furthermore, we felt that these children deserved as good schooling as our own children were getting and we knew that we could arrange to send them to the private school here in Tuxedo.

"The people who had pledged the



"Would you care to step outside and repeat that?"

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

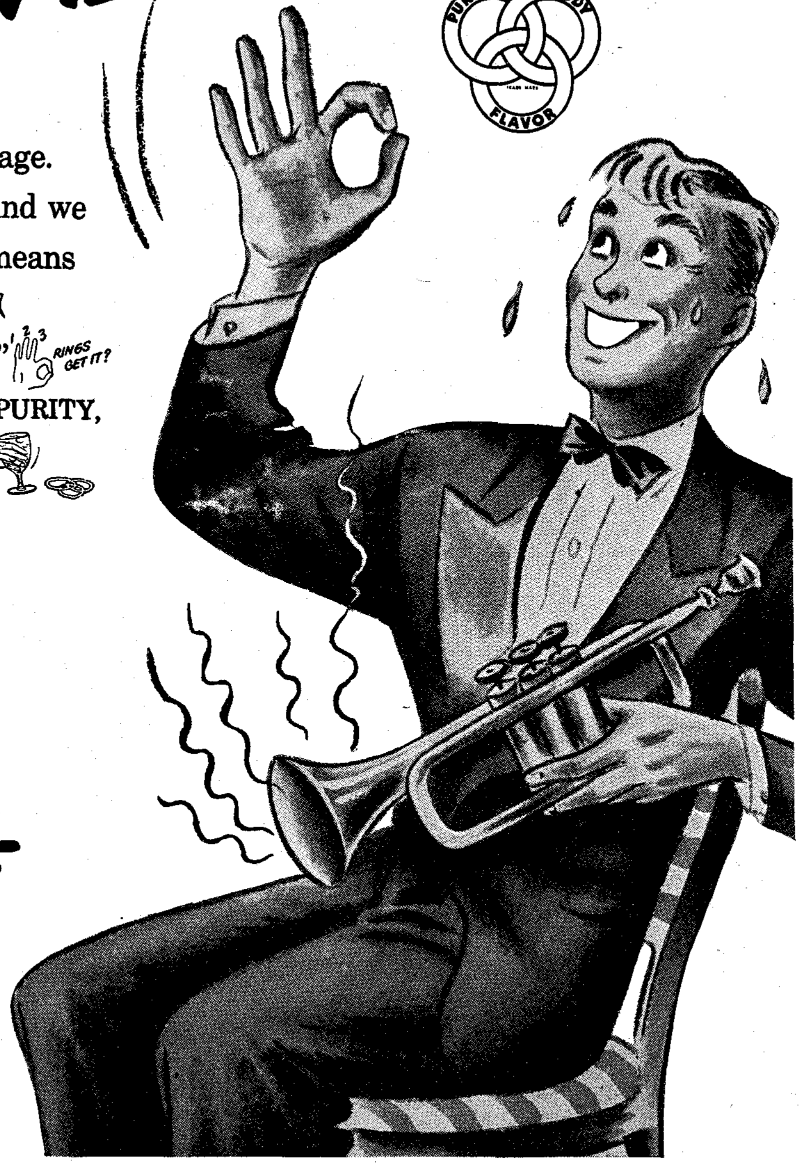


Stagline "handy" means...

"Cutting in!"

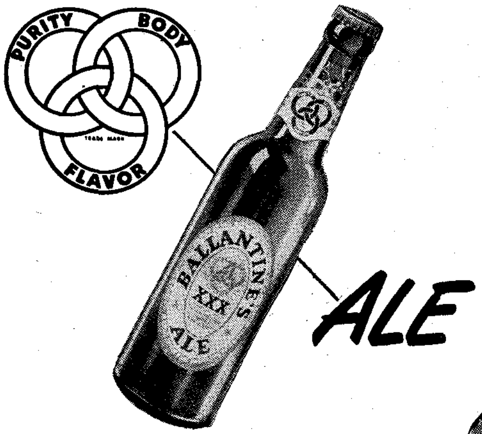
3-Ring "handy" means...

"I'll have BALLANTINE!"



Sign language was the first language. Early man talked with his hands. And we still do! Big-shot "handy" means "Am I good!" Atta-boy "handy" means "Nice going!" 3-Ring "handy" 1 2 3 RINGS GET IT? means "I'll have Ballantine Ale"... PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR in every glass

America's finest since 1840.



It takes two to make a black market. Don't pay more than ceiling prices for rationed goods, don't buy without ration stamps. Play fair. Share and share alike.

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Clear toned, big barred, bold plaids . . . as young, as brave as the lilting swift figures that wear them. And nothing but the best for them too—pure wool, 100% of it, in wonderful yellow and grey (as here) or beige and blue combinations. Sizes 12 to 18; jacket 17.95; skirt 10.95.

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money agreed that it would be best to keep the children together, and they have since fulfilled their annual pledges one hundred per cent. Though the cost of feeding a child has risen from about forty-five cents a day to nearly sixty-five, by carefully cutting corners here and there we've kept costs steady at just under a thousand dollars a year a child. The neighborhood stores have given us a large discount on everything we buy, and doctors and dentists have contributed their services free of charge. Up to now, the committee has cared for a total of thirty children. Six of these have been lucky enough to be picked up by their parents here and to return with them to England, while several of the older boys have recently gone home to enter the services. At the moment, therefore, we have only ten children. They seem to us like a very small family indeed."

As we swung up the driveway to a rambling, stucco-covered house, Mrs. Sonne pointed out, over the doorway, a graceful "V" made of evergreen, and explained that this had been put there by the children. A minute later she led me into a stone-paved and rather baronial-looking hall. I noted that a stuffed turtle, undoubtedly a contribution from some sober Tuxedo attic, was a part of the hall's furnishings. We were met at the head of a flight of steps by Mrs. Suffern, who, with an assistant, supervises the running of the house. Mrs. Sonne left me with Mrs. Suffern. After all, she said, it was lunchtime and she had four children of her own to look after.

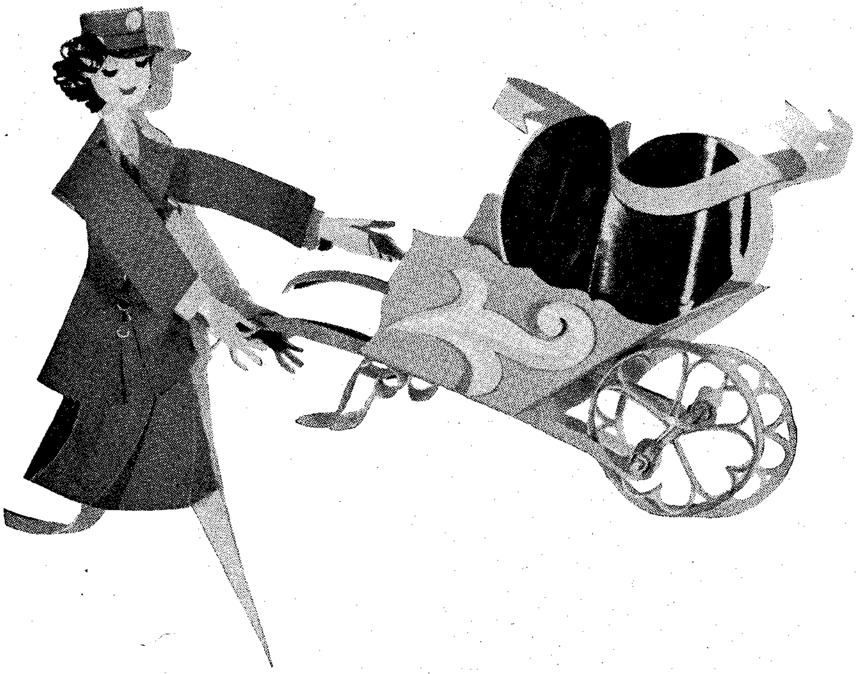
MRS. SUFFERN, a short, middle-aged woman with bright eyes and an agreeable presence, invited me into her office, just off the hall. The unnatural silence in the house, Mrs. Suffern said, was due to the fact that the children were all upstairs washing their hands before lunch. I asked Mrs. Suffern how they had reacted to the shock of their removal from England, and she said that I might be able to get an idea of their feelings by reading one or two of the letters which she and the children's parents have exchanged. Opening a small filing cabinet and selecting at random, Mrs. Suffern picked out a letter written by the mother of eight children, the four youngest of whom—ranging in age from eight to twelve—had been among the first arrivals at Children's House. The letter, dated October 30, 1940, read:

"Thank you very much indeed for your very kind letter this morning. We *were* so glad to have it and to hear about the children from you. Their own dear little letters cannot tell us very much and we do miss them so much, bless their hearts! We are indeed grateful to you and the committee for all that you are doing for our family. It is simply wonderful to feel that they are safe and away from this horrible war and in such lovely surroundings. The air raids have been getting worse around here recently, but I have not told the children anything about them. We are so thankful they are not here to know anything about them. . . .

"Now, about the children. Faith is a dear child, but *very* sensitive, and has always been a good little elder sister to the little ones and a child one can trust absolutely. *Quite* in confidence, I had a very 'homesick' letter from her this morning, but as it was written a fortnight ago I hope by now she will be feeling more settled and less strange. She seemed to think that we had not sent her and the other children with as many clothes or as much money as the other children in her group, and I *do* feel so horribly unhappy about it. We thought we had given them enough clothes, but I will try to send them some more in a few days when I can find out what we may send. We did not give them very much money, as they have never been used to very much, and I did not think they would need a lot. But I feel so distressed to think that they are suffering from an 'inferiority complex,' poor darlings! They have always *loved* their own home and it has always been such a happy one (in spite of our not being a bit well off—one *can't* be with eight children!).

"Philip is the most sunny-tempered and helpful of all our children. I love his nice wide grin, don't you? I *think* the way Phil holds things close to his eyes is more habit than anything else,

One heart . . . received in good order



"In reply to yours of the 20th instant, informing you are safe and well. Your love, properly noted. One heart, received in good order . . ."

In these days of separation, *letters* have to speak our love for us. The words we write are today more important somehow. Important, too, is the paper we write them on. *For stationery is to the written word what the expression of your face is to the spoken word.*

So when you're looking for the right "expression" in stationery — look for Kellogg. There's a Kellogg style — in superb texture — to portray your every mood. . . . Write to him today. He'll prize a letter from *you* on expressive stationery

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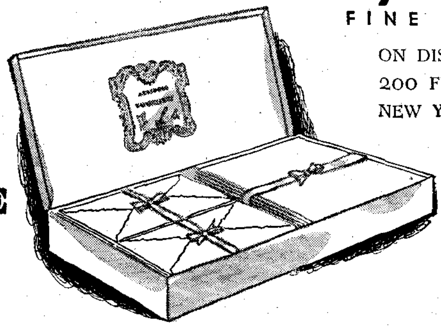

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Our clever little country-girl is still serving MEAT . . . and doing a beautiful budget-balancing of her coupons! Old Virginny's famous AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM is her "secret" . . . a meaty spread which adds the smoked goodness of this ham to dozens of meals every week. Tomatoes, eggs, croquettes, salads . . . *a la Smithfield!*

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CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

but he started reading at an early age and may need watching. Tony's eyes are much better than when he first had to wear glasses two years ago. Our oculist hopes the squint may disappear completely by the time he is nine, if he does not do too much reading. He is a sharp little fellow, and I think his occasional fits of temper are probably partly due to his eyes. I do hope he is not being troublesome; he can be very naughty!

"Little Peggy is easily managed, as she is so very loving and affectionate. She was rather a delicate baby, as she had scarlet fever so badly at two years old and it left her with ear trouble for some time afterwards. Thank you for writing so charmingly about the children. I hope you won't mind such a long letter in return! My husband has been on sick leave from the Army for a year, but has been pronounced fit, so I think I shall be losing him before very long now, and I shall feel more solitary than ever. Thank you again a thousand times for all your kindness."

A note from Mrs. Suffern's assistant reassured Faith's mother:

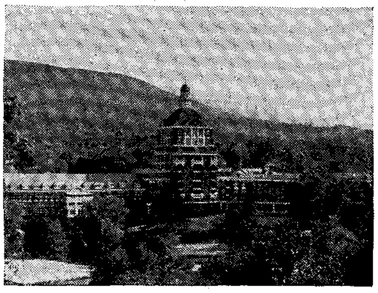
". . . Faith seems to be over her homesickness to a large extent. She cried a bit one night, but I think she was more tired than anything else, and an extra hug seemed to pretty well set her straight. She talks about home a great deal, and quite happily of the places you went and the adventures you had. She is very proud that her father is with the Army now, and when other children say to her that they do not understand how she can be so glad because his work is dangerous, she says simply, 'I know. But it is what he wanted, and I am happy for him.' I get the impression that Fay is very close to her father.

"She has grown so that some of her clothes were better fitted to Peggy, and so Fay has several new frocks. She is utterly delighted with herself, and you should certainly feel at ease about her needs. Both she and Peggy are amply outfitted, and have more things than they can very well wear out. Faith must have told you about her 'fancy skates' and how she is practicing different jumps and turns. Your two boys skate without any attention to form, since both are more interested in playing ice hockey. Peggy on skates looks like an old man bent over with a perpetual crook in his back, but her speed is remarkable. She can outrace almost anyone on the lake.

"Philip and Tony had dinner at Mrs. Parker's on Sunday, and reported a fine time. Philip knows a good deal about the

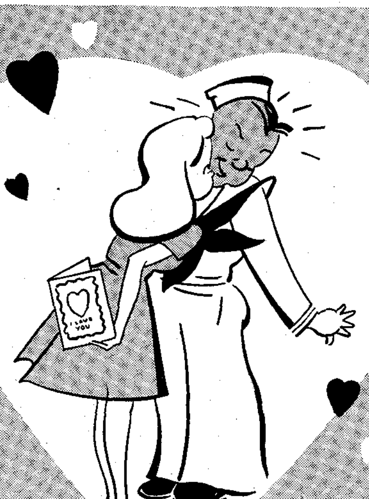
REST and HEALTH at The HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS


MINERAL BATHS, ETC. AT THE HOMESTEAD SPA

OVERNIGHT FROM EASTERN POINTS

Ask for new booklet, "Winter Time at The Homestead." Address THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Va. or our New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria.


He sent a Paramount Valentine!

There are a few of these super valentines available this year at the better dealers.

The Paramount Line, Inc.
EST. 1906
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

progress of the war and the legislation that is under discussion in this country for increased aid to England. He is at present contenting himself with composing imaginary insulting cables to Hitler! . . . Tony is a thoroughly lovable little boy, and we do not find him at all naughty. It is generally Tony who plays the elaborate host when we have visitors, making great efforts to entertain them and set them at ease. Peggy is very sweet and even-tempered, with none of Fay's moodiness. She has written some really nice poetry; her ideas are highly imaginative, and the words seem to tumble out and into place almost without her volition. She is experimenting with different rhythms and shows real talent. Philip has that poetic streak in him, too. One day we lay resting on our sleds looking at the clouds. He asked the direction of one great fast sailing cloud and we decided that it might have come from England. Philip said, 'Lovely cloud! I wish you would open and pour some English rain on me.' "

As I finished reading this note, Mrs. Suffern said, "You can see, I think, that we've kept in close touch with one another. We write at least once every two weeks, and the children write every Sunday. They haven't lost the sense of having parents, the sense of what their parents are like, and we, for our part, try to keep the parents aware of the fact that their children are bound to change as they grow. Four years is an awfully long time, but letters and snapshots help to bridge the gap. You'll find that the children are still English children. Even their accents, which they think they've lost, have remained intact."

MRS. SUFFERN stood up as a bell rang at the other end of the hall and what sounded like a regiment began charging down the stairs. "Lunch," she explained. "The children are always absolutely starved." She led me into a large, sunny dining room. From the long French windows, facing east and south, there was a fine view of the pond and the bare, cold hills beyond. There were two maple tables, one presided over by Mrs. Suffern, the other by her assistant. The children at Mrs. Suffern's table were standing at their places, waiting to be introduced to me. They all smiled and said "How'd you do?" The group at the other table were already seated and eating, and we soon set to work ourselves. Mrs. Suffern served what struck me as gigantic portions of roast lamb and gravy, carrots, potatoes, and peas. As we ate, we spoke casually of Tuxedo, school, the

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Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

weather, and then, more and more, of England.

Faith sat at my right, and, knowing about her only what I had read in her mother's letter, I was interested to see that she was by now a strikingly good-looking girl of fifteen, with ash-blond hair and blue eyes. Two sisters, Fiona and Maggie, aged thirteen and eleven, and a sister and brother, Penelope and Nicky, aged fourteen and ten, made up the rest of our group. I asked Faith if she had been skating, and she said, "Oh, yes! It was super! We've been having the most super time on the pond."

"I've been skating, too," Nicky said. "No wonder I'm a bit hungry." By some miracle of application, he had already finished everything on his plate, which he now passed soberly to Mrs. Suffern for a second helping.

"We don't have much skating in England, you know," Fiona said, to help me along with making conversation. "Sometimes a shallow pond will freeze over for a few days, but nothing like here at Tuxedo."

"Once, I remember," Penelope said, "we went skating in a flooded meadow at home, and the grass stuck right up through the ice, and it caught in our skates. How we laughed, Mother and Daddy and me!"

"I couldn't skate at all when I came over," Nicky said. "That was ages ago, of course. I was only a child."

"You consider yourself an old man now, do you?" Faith asked. She too passed her plate to Mrs. Suffern, who filled it again with lamb, carrots, and peas. Maggie, a bright-faced little girl, likewise held out her plate for a second helping. "The food here," she said to me, "isn't a bit like the food we used to have in England." I figured that Maggie had been under eight when she left England and that Nicky had been six and a half; it at first seemed unlikely that they could remember things so accurately, but apparently they did. Maggie said, "For instance, at home we used to have porridge all the time. It was icky stuff. Cook here tried to give it to us once or twice, but we—we discouraged her. We haven't had porridge for ages."

"But we had nice things at home, too. We used to have dumplings in our soup," Fiona said.

"Oh, they *were* wonderful!" Nicky said. "I remember having dumplings in our soup."

"Nobody in America ever has dumplings in his soup," Maggie said, while Penelope and Fiona passed their plates for a second helping. "And there was

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something else we always ate in England that we don't eat here—something we called dripping toast."

"Really, Maggie!" Faith said, shaking her head in disapproval. I gathered that dripping toast had been a plebeian pleasure at best, and one not mentioned among the better families. "*I* never ate dripping toast," Faith said.

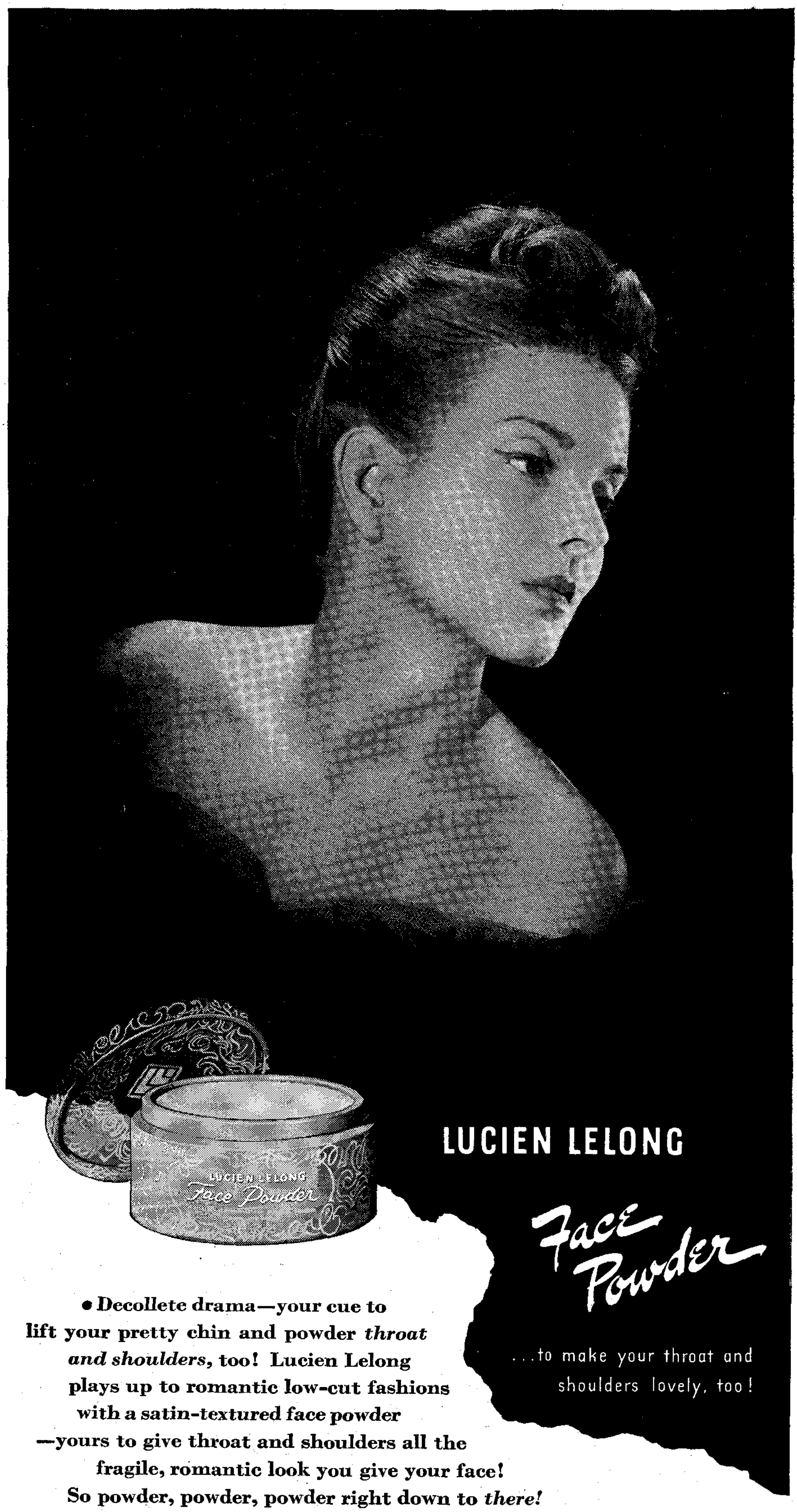
"It was toast dipped in hot fat, and it was simply delicious," Maggie said, determined to have her way. "I used to eat it and eat it and eat it."

Fiona looked up from her plate. "And spotted-dog pudding," she said. "Don't forget spotted-dog pudding."

Penelope said, "*We* used to call it schoolgirl pudding, but I expect it was the same thing."

IT wasn't long before Nicky cleared his throat, apparently preparing to ask for a third helping. Mrs. Suffern anticipated him. "Would anyone like a little more?" she asked, and everyone promptly said, "Yes, please." The third helping emptied the platter of meat and the serving dishes of carrots, peas, and potatoes. While the plates were being taken away by Fiona and Nicky, Faith brought from her pocket a letter she had just received from her brother Tony. Both Tony and Faith's other brother, Philip, who had come with her and her sister Peggy to Children's House in the fall of 1940, went back home a few weeks ago. Mrs. Suffern suggested that Faith read Tony's letter aloud so that everyone would be able to hear about the boys' journey home. Faith began to read it in a clear, serious voice, looking up now and then and smiling at one of Tony's lighter remarks.

"Darling Fay," the letter said, "here we are back again at home. Mookie is very well; in fact, if he stands up on his hind legs he would probably be taller than Hugh! By the way, Hugh has a new way of sliding down the stairs. He goes much faster than one would ordinarily go. We came across on an aircraft carrier, a new one, American-made, that was being lent to the British Navy for the duration. One of the boys called it a 'tub made of tin cans and stuck together with waterproofed chewing gum,' but I thought it was quite a decent ship. It rocked and pitched as though it were a destroyer, though, and that was pretty bad. We had quite rough weather, but Phil and I were lucky and we didn't get sick at all during the trip. The trip took ten days. In that time I learnt an awful lot about recognizing airplanes and also I learned how to work a five-inch gun. The ship



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had a shop canteen and I bought a lot of truck (sugar, lemons, tobacco, razor blades, also candy) for the family. Well, after we got off the ship we stayed at a rest home for a day. Then we trained down to Birm. We found Ted on the platform there. Gosh, he looked so different there—six feet tall and all! Ted took us to where we had lunch and afterwards we all had our hair cut. We travelled to Droitwich, where everyone except Chris was. When I first looked at the house, it seemed so different."

Faith hesitated, then went on reading in a strangely grown-up voice. "Next day Phil, Ted, and I went to Worcester to meet Chris. We had quite a time finding him, but we 'dood' it. Chris is almost six feet now. Phil is going to play Grampa in chess sometimes. We are all looking forward to going to church together tomorrow."

Faith began to crumple the letter into a ball. Then she smoothed it out and read, "P. S. You might tell the other children at Children's House that I know how to work a five-inch gun." She stood up and said, "Excuse me, please," and walked out of the dining room. No one else said anything. At that moment, luckily, Nicky brought in a bowlful of ice cream for our dessert. Maggie grinned across the table at me and said, "We have ice cream in England, too, but not like this. It's ice cream, but it doesn't taste like ice cream, but it tastes good, do you see what I mean?" I told Maggie that I saw what she meant.

—Brendan Gill

•

Garnett, unable to get at Shafter any other way, hired a bully to beat him up—a fact Shafter discovered.—*From "Bugles in the Afternoon," by Ernest Haycox, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Along about the third round?

•

The squadron issued a combination towel, wash cloth, comb, pack of cigarets and candy bars to each member of the student and permanent personnel on Christmas day.—*Keesler Field (Miss.) News.*

Once you've had one, you never want to be without one.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

SOON FINDS WHY VISION IS POOR

Twin Falls, Idaho (AP)—Sheriff Warren Lowery rubbed his eyes and readjusted his spectacles, but he still could not see clearly.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Another County Heard From

RELUCTANTLY, I will add about six hundred and fifty words to the many already written on the subject of "Lifeboat," a good picture which a lot of people, some of them pretty respectable, have attacked on political grounds. I do it reluctantly because I have already reviewed the picture, and a reviewer likes to think that a picture, once reviewed, will lie down.

WESTERN THRILLER

The main controversy has to do with the existence or non-existence in the film of a sympathetic treatment of the enemy. A few film critics and at least one political columnist, Dorothy Thompson, have said that this sympathy exists. Miss Thompson said last week that she had given "Lifeboat" ten days to get out of town and was losing her patience. As I understand the argument for the prosecution, it is that the Nazi in the picture, played by Walter Slezak, is painted as a more likable figure than any of the Americans; that he has skill and initiative, whereas they don't; and that after he is killed, the Americans are helpless and it is only by pure luck that they are rescued from thirst and starvation in their open boat.

REBUTTAL: First, the Nazi's personality did not appeal to me and I don't see how it could have appealed to anybody but another German. He is painfully smug and arrogant. Second, I would have been surprised and incredulous if he hadn't turned out to be more competent than the particular Americans he is thrown in with. He is the captain of a U-boat, while the most highly trained and responsible man on our side is a radio operator. Third, it is not true that the Americans are helpless when he is gone. They manage to catch a sizable fish by their own devices, and it would be well to remember that Captain Rickenbacker, in the same circumstances, owed his life simply and entirely to the fact that a bird flew up and *lit* on his shoulder. It is the exception rather than the rule when people adrift at sea are able to provide for themselves. Finally, it is true that the rescue at the end of the film comes by pure luck, but if it had happened any other way, it would have been an exceptional rescue.

Miss Thompson says, "When he [the German] is finally killed . . . it is not because he has been winning his war, and making fools of all. . . . No, they kill him when they discover that he alone has water and vitamin pills, which he has refused to give to one of their members who is dying of thirst." The difference between these two motives is, to me, indiscernible. It's time somebody pointed out, too, that several of the Americans are in favor of killing the Nazi the minute he climbs into their boat. They are dissuaded by two others who are not represented at the time as being particularly admirable types. One is a mink-coated lady journalist who admits to being absorbed in herself. The other is a millionaire with international interests and leanings toward appeasement. These two are ultimately brought to see the light.

ALTHOUGH they have not clearly expressed it, I think I know what is bothering the opponents of this film. They would like to see the case against the Nazis not merely stated but overstated. They would like to see more of the same exaggerated super-salesmanship which the movies have often used during this war and which, I think, may well be a perilous thing. It's my belief that many people in this country have actually met Germans and are aware that they do not tip their mitt by walking right up and biting you in the ankle. The American movie public, which is a big one, may be tired of being told whoppers. There could even be a reaction, after the war if not now, in favor of an enemy which is described as ignorant and blundering when it patently is not. The people we are fighting should be consistently represented as smart, resourceful, lovely to look at, and complete heels. —DAVID LARDNER

•

The annual Christmas party of the Stitch and Chatter Club was held Wednesday, Dec. 15, at the home of Mrs. P. O. Kirsch, Carlysle St.

A covered dish dinner was served and twin sisters were revealed.—*Newcomerstown (Ohio) News & Index.*

You mean *Not*-a-Stitch and Chatter Club, don't you?

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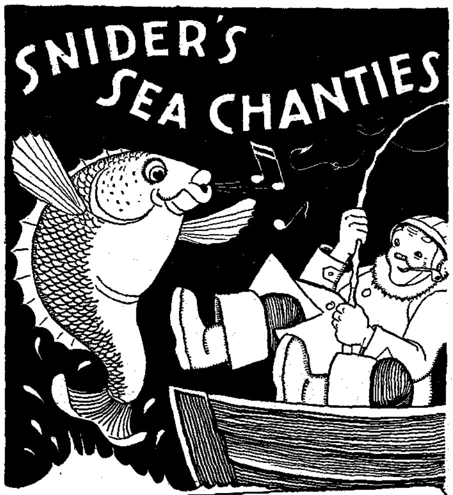
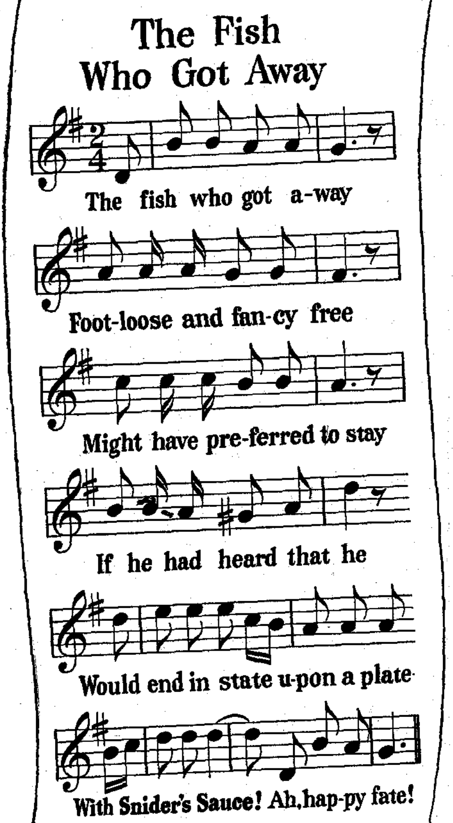


The Fish Who Got Away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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Pelléas" Again

THE Metropolitan's revival of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" last week was, among other things, an excellent demonstration of common sense. I know that "common sense" may not be considered orthodox terminology in a discussion of a music drama that is regarded by some people as disembodied philosophy and by others as moony foolishness accompanied by nice music, but I think that the newest Metropolitan production of it was essentially a triumph of intelligence. The staging, by Désiré Defrère, was unobtrusive and yet sufficiently pointed up to project the underlying dramatic activity without destroying the overlying allegories, and the musical direction of Emil Cooper was clear and rhythmic without greatly affecting the veiled quality of the score. More intimacy and subtlety might have been in order if "Pelléas et Mélisande" had been performed in a smaller theatre, but for a house that takes up a considerable part of a city block, the Metropolitan's presentation was sensibly scaled.

Except for Alexander Kipnis, who was a rich-voiced Arkel, the singing personnel was a complete change from previous Metropolitan "Pelléas" casts. Bidu Sayao was a tuneful and attractive Mélisande and she skillfully suggested the childlike nature of the girl. She made Mélisande naïve without implying that the lady was also a dope. Lawrence Tibbett took over the rôle of Golaud and turned in a distinguished impersonation. Lillian Raymondi was a fetching and unaffected Little Yniold, Margaret Harshaw sang Geneviève in one of the finest contraltos at the Metropolitan, and John Gurney attended plausibly to the duties of the Doctor.

THE foregoing is an account of "Pelléas" with Pelléas left out only because the Metropolitan's new Pelléas, Martial Singher, deserves a section of his own. Mr. Singher was a fine Pelléas on Wednesday night, both vocally and dramatically, and on Friday night he appeared in Town Hall to sing one of the season's most absorbing reci-

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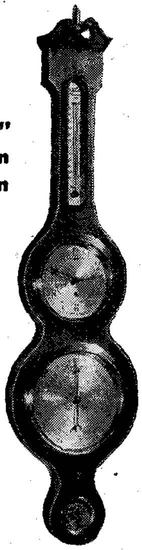

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tals. It didn't take the large audience at Town Hall long to discover that Mr. Singher was an expert at telling a story in music or in establishing a mood. More than that, he had originality, rhythm, and humor. His voice didn't seem remarkable simply as a voice, but it had ample range, in compass as well as in dynamics, and there wasn't any sense of effort except when he cut the volume down too much. His program, which went from the eleventh century up to Ravel, was full of good music and good entertainment, except perhaps for Gounod's "Serenade," which sounds right to me only when it's done as a cornet solo. The pianistic collaboration of Paul Ulanowsky was excellent all the way through.

THERE were a couple of novelties in last week's orchestral concerts. The Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy brought to town the overture to Paul Hindemith's ballet, "Cupid and Psyche," which was bright, adroit music, although not one of the composer's most eventful offerings. This program also afforded a near-novelty in Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms," which hadn't been heard here for five years and which is one of Stravinsky's most impressive and appealing works. Mr. Ormandy directed the orchestra and the Westminster Choir College chorus in an outstanding performance.

A saxophone concerto by Paul Creston, delightfully played by Vincent J. Abato and smartly conducted by Wilhelm Steinberg, was the Philharmonic-Symphony's new contribution. It provided much good listening and revealed the instrument's capabilities without either showing it off or showing it up. Mr. Steinberg, it should be added, appeared on short notice in place of the temporarily indisposed Artur Rodzinski and took charge of things efficiently, to the hearty approval of the subscribers.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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—U. P. wire to a New York paper.

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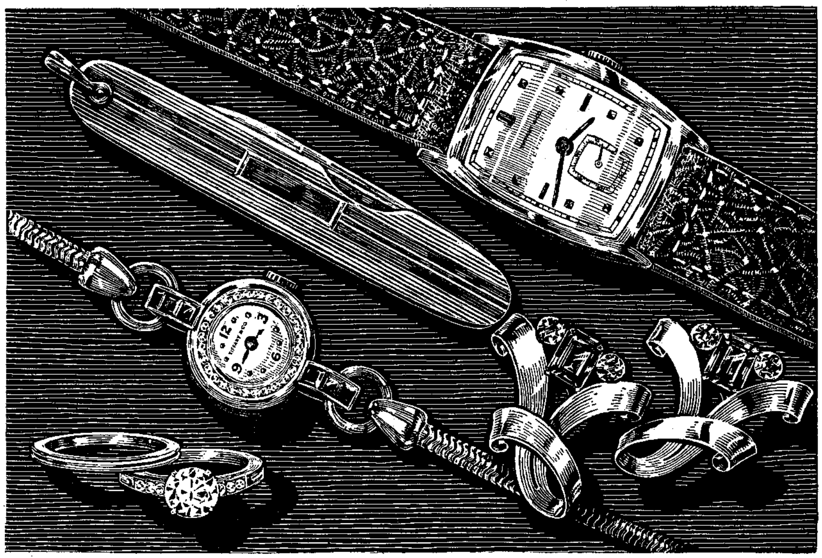

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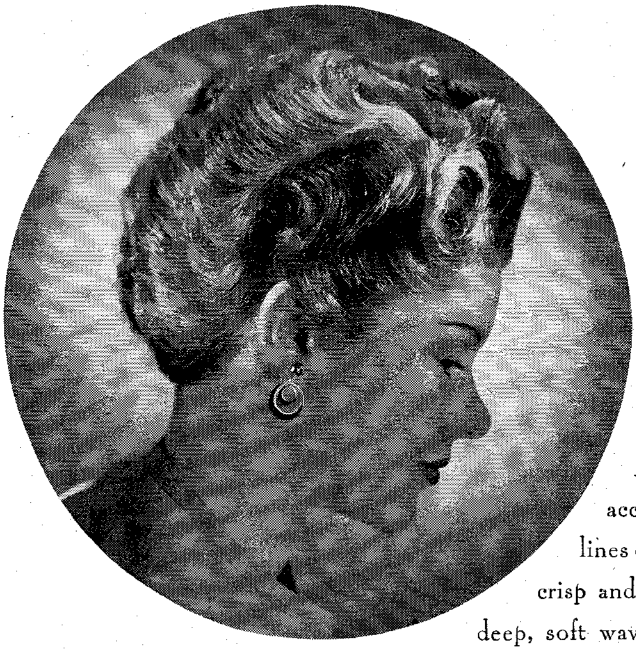

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POOR DARLING

I HAD a letter from Cornelia recently saying that her husband was in the Navy, stationed on the West Coast, and that they had closed their ranch and taken an apartment in San Francisco. She didn't say what had happened to her Afghan hound, a beautiful neurotic that bit people, or the gasoline-station man she took in when the tourist traffic stopped. But I am sure that she found someone to take good care of them. It would be fair enough to call Cornelia a power for good.

I shared an apartment in New York with her the year before she was married, and I haven't done so many eleemosynary acts in the whole rest of my life as I did during that time. None of them was my idea. I just got involved in Cornelia's projects, as everyone did who impinged on her life even slightly. Doctors she met socially or professionally soon found themselves with a lot of new, non-paying patients on their hands. Her rich friends were continually writing out checks for her poor friends while asking querulously if there weren't agencies to take care of that sort of thing. A lawyer who passed into her orbit had to spend a lot of time trying to get Mr. Fernando, the superintendent of her apartment building, out of Welfare Island while protesting feebly that it was the best possible place for him.

I got to know Cornelia because, a few weeks after we met at a cocktail party, she heard that I was languishing with influenza in a third-floor walk-up flat with no one but a very intermittent maid to look after me. Cornelia used to drop in to bring me chicken soup made by Mrs. Fernando, the wife of the superintendent. "Poor darling," she said of her, after telling me about the case, "she's supposed to clean my apartment, but she's really too fat to stoop over. I think she has dropsy. I must get Ben to look at her."

One of the keys to Cornelia's heart, as I soon learned, was to have influenza or dropsy. Other keys to her heart were to drink too much and get sent to Welfare Island, to be fired from a job, to be crossed in love—indeed, to be in any kind of trouble at all, or just to lack something. She liked to see people get what they wanted even if they shouldn't have wanted it, which is a rare and lovable trait. She also took a sort of elfin pleasure in enlisting help for her volunteer welfare work from people whose benevolence was considerably more passive than hers.

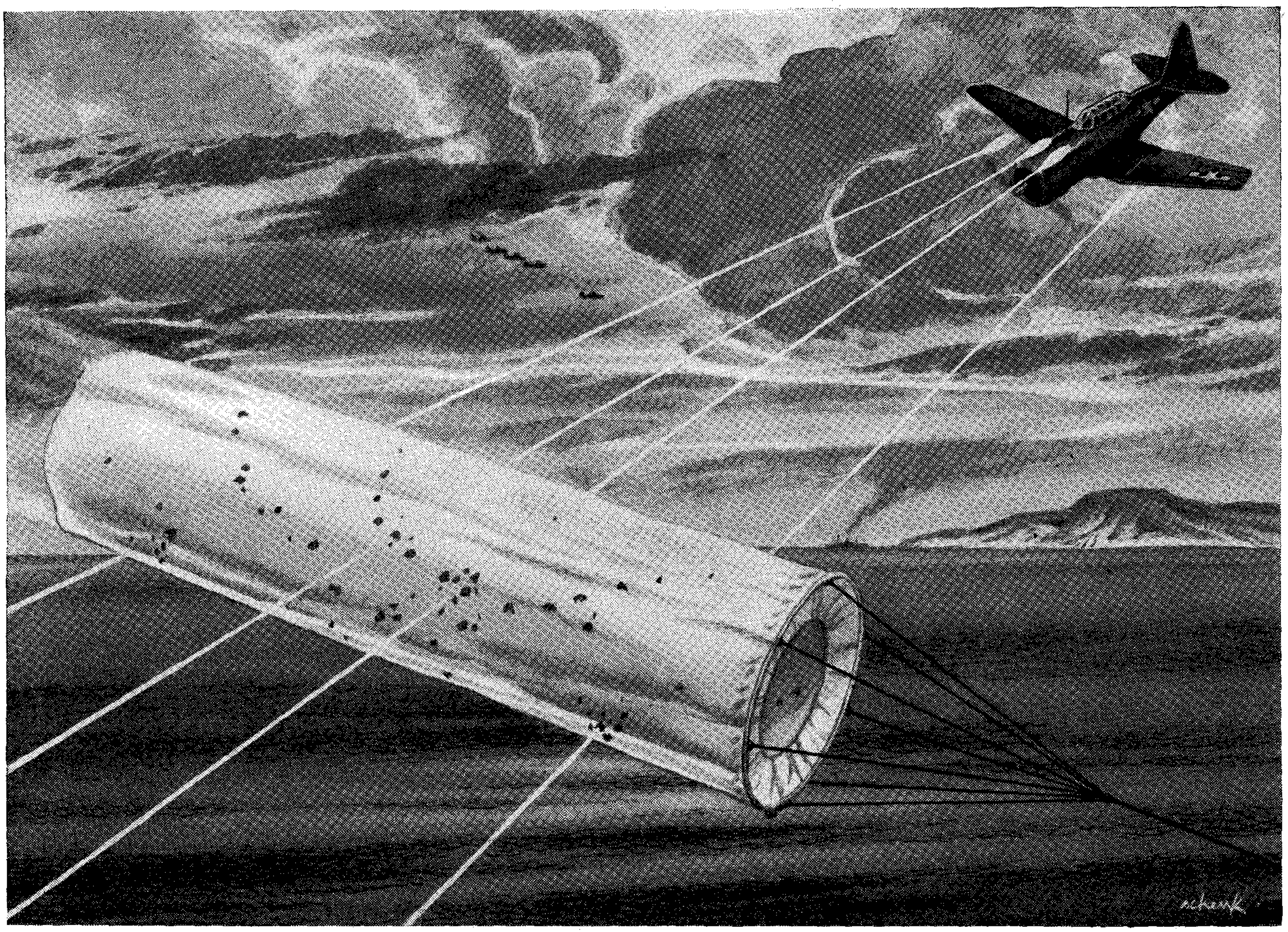
The job she had at that time suited her ideally. She was secretary to one of the editors of a publishing house and one of her minor duties was to interview applicants for jobs. There were a good many more applicants than there were openings in the publishing house, so Cornelia took it upon herself to find them jobs somewhere else. Soon she was running a free-for-all unlicensed employment agency. This congenial work left her little time for less engrossing details, such as attending to the editor's correspondence, so she delegated them to someone else. The editor, for some reason, considered Cornelia an absolutely invaluable assistant.

I MOVED into Cornelia's apartment when my lease ran out. There was scarcely a square foot of uncluttered floor space after my furniture was moved in, and when I hung up my clothes in the closets none of the doors would close because the closet space had already been pretty well filled up with old clothes Cornelia was saving for the families of some guides she had met that summer at Georgian Bay. Under the beds and tables were piles of magazines she was saving for a hospital, and in the small foyer were stacked the suitcases of whatever troubled soul was occupying our living-room couch. Mrs. Fernando, still too fat to bend over, was in a constant frenzy of apology for the things she broke as she wallowed around dusting. But she was very cheerful now that her husband was home again, drinking in the basement.

Living with Cornelia was equivalent to having on tap one of those Arabian genii who grant wishes with disconcerting abruptness. I finally learned that it was risky to express a wish unless I was perfectly sure I wanted to have it come true. Like the time I said idly, "I wish I had kept up my French." Shortly thereafter I found myself taking French lessons from an ex-dressmaker of Cornelia's who hadn't worked out so well as a couturière but spoke the French of Tours. Or the time I said, "I wish someone would ask me to the country this weekend." Cornelia was on the telephone in a flash and the next thing I knew I was visiting some perfect strangers. We all kept trying to imagine all weekend why I was there.

Cornelia and I had a good many inexplicable guests—inexplicable to me, at least, and I think she, too, sometimes wondered where they came from. Occasionally they arrived when she was out of town, and then they would be preceded by a hurried note from Cornelia to me about the dilemma of the poor darling who might turn up any minute and what it would be a good idea for me to do about it. Cornelia was on a vacation in Maine shooting deer (her fondness for this sport never seemed quite consistent with her otherwise St. Francis of Assisi-like character) when Marian came. Cornelia's note, suggesting that it would be nice if I could cheer Marian up, did not prepare me adequately for what turned out to be the most trying of all our guests. I never came home from work during the four or five days Marian spent at the apartment that I didn't find her doing one of two things—planning to cast herself off the roof or washing her clothes. When I'd find her on the roof, I would lead her down, and then she would start stringing laundry all around the apartment. I didn't dare suggest that she let Mrs. Fernando do it up in the basement, where there was more room, because I thought occupational therapy might be a good thing. When Cornelia got back, I was looking so hag-ridden that she felt fleetingly sorry for me and transferred Marian to a hotel.

Cornelia was away, too, when Jimmy came. He was no problem, and moreover he left us a present of a great many muddlers he had swiped from the Stork Club. I remember his visit chiefly because of my aunt's astonishment when she dropped in after church one Sunday and found him sleeping on the living-room couch and his evening clothes draped on a chair. He was the nephew of a friend of Cornelia's and had come down from Princeton to go to the coming-out party of a girl who was breaking his heart. He arrived on Saturday afternoon with seven or eight friends and several hundred cans of beer. Some of his friends stayed to help him dress for the party, but we had to borrow a collar from one of *my* friends because the one he had borrowed from one of *his* friends didn't fit. My aunt, after one startled look at the sleeping youth and all the beer cans, drew me into the bedroom and said that she didn't think it looked at all well. Even if he were ten years younger than I was, there were people



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As part of this grim business . . . fighter pilots and gunners practice for hours on end at drilling holes in tow targets. And you can imagine what a tough cloth is needed for those targets.

For one thing, it is subjected to the stresses and strains incurred by being pulled through the air at speeds up to 300 m.p.h. In addition, it must not tear into shreds when pierced by bullets. Actually, the missiles leave clean holes in the sleeve so that hits can be scored.

Today, this is a war job for American Viscose Rayon. Not the familiar yarn you normally think of that goes into clothing, but a specially engineered, man-made fiber known in the textile industry as semi-high tenacity viscose rayon.

Like the high tenacity rayon that goes into the tire cords of our biggest bombers and trucks, this yarn, too, is a product of rayon research. The program is continuous . . . dedicated to the development of new types of rayon for the betterment of American textiles and allied products. Much of this research has made a direct contribution to the war effort or has filled a critical breach in civilian requirements. And after the war, these developments in rayon will be part of your daily life.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION*

Producer of CROWN* *Rayon Yarns and Staple Fibers*

Sales Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1; Providence, R. I.; Charlotte, N. C.; Philadelphia, Pa.
Plants at: Marcus Hook, Pa.; Roanoke, Va.; Parkersburg, W. Va.; Lewistown, Pa.; Meadville, Pa.; Nitro, W. Va.; Front Royal, Va.

★ *BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS* ★

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"CROWN" TESTED RAYON FABRIC

A better way to buy Rayon Fabrics

This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.

ALFRED DUNHILL U.S.A.
STERLING SILVER

Windproof

Thrives on wind! Needs no fuel

"Here's the gift for me", says the man in the Service. "When it's raining cats and dogs and the wind's blowing so that even a WAC couldn't strike a match, you just uncoil your WINDPROOF, spin the wheel and light up. It never fails because it needs no fuel."

WINDPROOF, Alfred Dunhill's new lighter for Service men, comes only in sterling silver. $5 plus Federal tax.

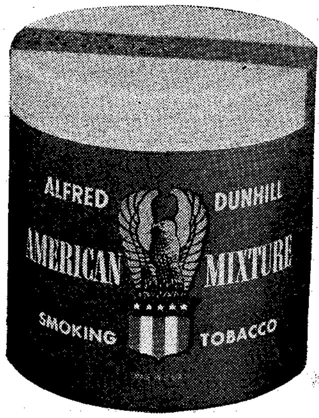
At better stores from coast to coast

alfred dunhill OF LONDON, INC.

RETAIL STORE

620 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WHOLESALE DIVISION—660 FIFTH AVENUE



It's a Gift *Dunhill's American Mixture, blended in this country, is created from a generations-old English Dunhill formula, traditional to discriminating smokers . . . the coolest, mildest smoke a man ever drew over his tongue. That's why its thousands of loyal friends buy it by the pound once they've tried it by the ounce. Obviously, American Mixture is an ideal gift for any "man-with-a-pipe" you'd like to please. $1.50 for 8 ozs. $2.85 the pound.*

who might not understand. I said it was Cornelia's arrangement, not mine, and that seemed to make everything all right. Cornelia was an unqualified success with all conventional and right-thinking people, which used to annoy me vaguely. She went her own sweet way without a convention to her name, yet people like my aunt, who tended to be critical of outré or impractical behavior, considered her the ideal young woman. I suppose they appreciated the fact that if they were ever sent to prison, Cornelia would not only visit them there but would ask them to dinner after they got out.

LIKE all Cornelia's friends, I consider her a sheet to windward, and I was pleased, when I got her letter, to find that she was still running true to form. "We have two little Redwings staying with us now," she wrote. "They showed up here ten days ago, came down from the desert for shipyard jobs. They had our telephone number but couldn't dial it, and finally arrived dejected, baffled, and homesick, and sank down with a sigh of relief. I said of course they could stay until they got settled. One of them got a job with Mr. Kaiser, the other had some trouble with her birth certificate, but we finally got that straightened out and she has a job now. They spend two hours en route and are worn-out, hungry little Indians when they come home at night. What an adjustment for little desert Indians who know nothing of cities! Our guest room is overflowing with pictures of Indian braves, signed 'Your loving friend, Buddy, USMC.' All Indians seem to be in the Marines."

—ELEANOR GILCHRIST

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a publicity release received by a broadcasting studio*]

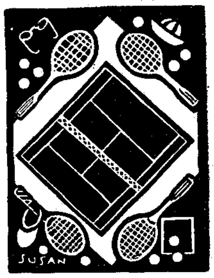
What may seem to be the most exciting news for many of the women of America to come out of the greatest conference in the history of the world—the meeting of Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek in Cairo, is NOT the plans of annihilation of the enemy—BUT the MANCHU UPSWEEP!

This exclusive tidbit was relayed to this program by Ruth Rieser, director of the Venida League, who treked down the story after glancing at the pictures of Mme. Chiang taken at the conference.

The "Manchu Upsweep" is Madame's new coiffure—and according to Ruth Rieser, destined to sweep the country as the unfailing good taste and smartness of China's first lady swept our fashion dictates since her name became synonymous with our brave ally—China.

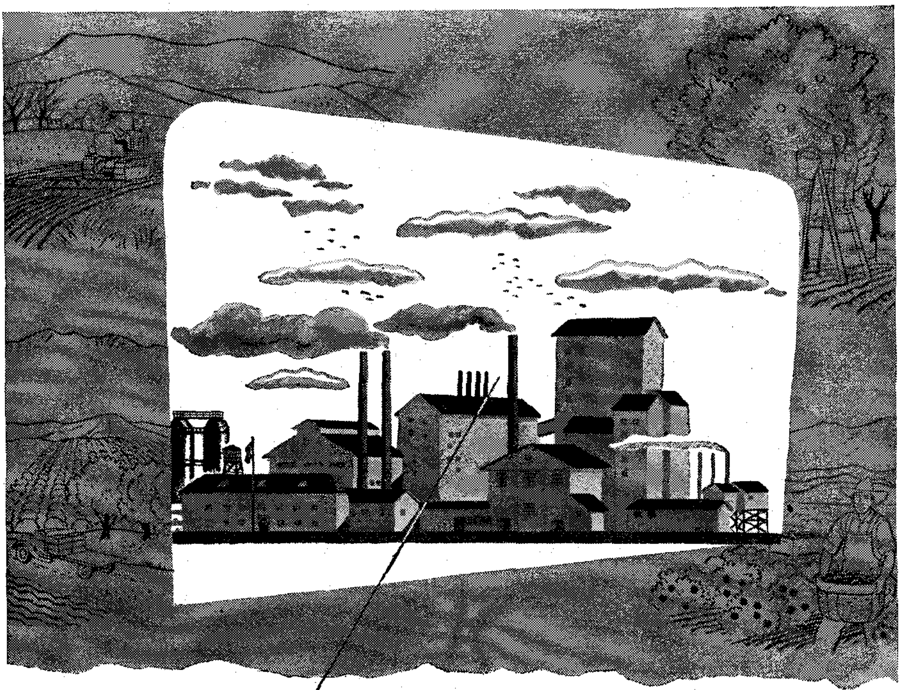
NOTES ON SPORTS

Lobs and Caroms



IT'S interesting to watch an expert in any sport when he's performing under some temporary handicap and obliged to be wily and resourceful to make up for it. Don Budge, who played in the exhibition tennis at the Seventh Regiment Armory last Friday night for the benefit of the Fourth War Loan, had a sore right shoulder, which cut down on the power of his serve and his overhead game considerably. Budge is the best tennis player in the world and one of the best of all time, and he can do a few stunts besides just hitting the ball hard. By means of placement and spin, for example, he can serve the ball out of easy reach of his opponent, and with lobs and drop shots and every kind of angle shot in the book he can run said opponent ragged. In his singles match on Friday he beat Jack Kramer, the current No. 2 amateur, 7–5, 7–5 without ever being in much trouble. He was reminiscent of Tilden a few years ago, when Tilden was still playing a lot but was getting too old to risk losing an arm on the old cannonball or run any further than his contract demanded. The master used to make the other fellow exercise, while he stood around and schemed.

As it turned out, the best match on the impressive program at the armory was the last one, which started about eleven-thirty, when a lot of the crowd had gone to bed. It was two sets of doubles between Budge and McNeill and Kramer and Schroeder. Budge and McNeill are lieutenants in the Army Air Forces and Navy respectively, which gave them a military edge over Schroeder and Kramer, who are only an ensign and a Coast Guard cadet. On the other hand, the latter were national doubles champions only two years ago and have played much oftener as a team than the lieutenants. What happened was that Schroeder and Kramer won the first set 7–5 and Budge and McNeill won the second 8–6. There were several long, fast rallies and a few individual shots that were honeys. Schroeder, who has been out on the Atlantic Ocean without his rackets lately, was off his game, but he had good moments. McNeill played in his cus-



A *new* CALIFORNIA GREETS THE NEW YEAR

The New Year finds a remarkable transformation in California, where industrial development, long in progress, but hastened by war, commands the attention of bankers and other executives throughout the Nation.

This bank is a vital part of California's economic structure, and because it serves business, agriculture, and industry everywhere in the state, it has a unique capacity to serve you.

Your inquiries are invited. Write Bank of America, 300 Montgomery Street, San Francisco - 4, or 660 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles - 54.

CAPITAL FUNDS	$ 166,384,994.51
DEPOSITS	$3,498,153,209.87
RESOURCES	$3,697,912,674.78

(As of December 31, 1943)

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Main Offices in Two Reserve Cities of California...San Francisco...Los Angeles

tomary bustling fashion, rushing the ball and scurrying around between shots but getting better as he went along and making up for what Budge, his partner, lacked in the way of sheer power.

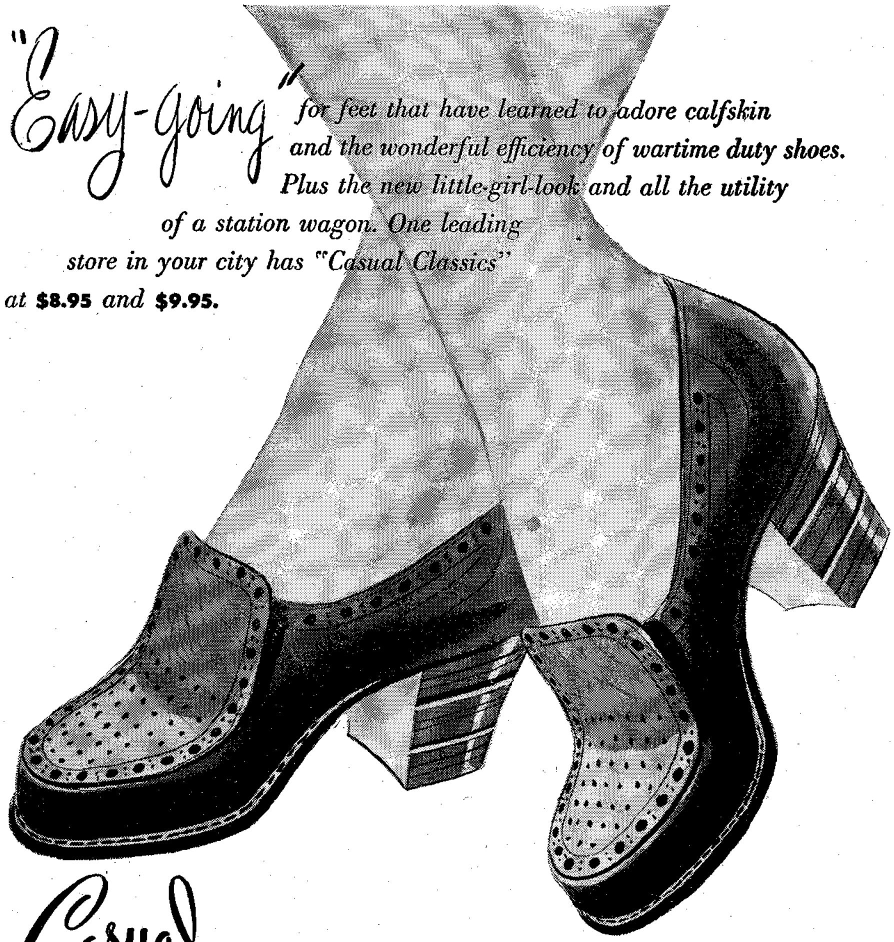
It was good to see Mrs. Dorothy Little, Dorothy Round as was, again after her absence of however long it's been. She was Wimbledon champion in 1934 and 1937, but then she got married and had a child and turned pro and one thing and another. She played as Budge's partner in a set of mixed doubles against Kramer and Alice Marble, and her good, copybook form, though not always productive of winners, was pleasant to watch.

Willie Hoppe, the three-cushion champion, and Welker Cochran, the 18.2 balkline champion, wound up their transcontinental billiard marathon at the Metropolitan Billiard Club last week, with Hoppe the winner, reasonably enough, at three-cushion and Cochran the winner at balkline. Hoppe, who is in his middle fifties, first subdued the billiard ball when he could just see over the edge of the table and has since held every available title. The reason he can be beaten at balkline now is that he hasn't played much of it for a long time and finds it hard to summon the sustained concentration the game requires. Balkline, you know, is ordinary billiards except that you are limited to the number of shots you can make in one balk, or section, of the table. In 18.2, the balks are formed by drawing lines eighteen inches from the cushions, and only two consecutive shots are permitted in each balk. The runs in the game are much higher than in three-cushion, or should be, and hence the need to pay prolonged attention to what you're doing. Another reason Hoppe can be beaten, by Cochran anyway, is that Cochran is hot. Incidentally, a rather loose no-smoking rule prevailed at the Metropolitan last week. "Ladies and gentlemen," the master of ceremonies said to the gallery, "don't smoke very much." —D. L.

•

THE FLIERS

They are the young men of their time:
  they fly
The bright and edgeless gardens of the
  sky.
Skilled, careless, laughing, cursing in a
  breath,
Like bees they swarm the honied flower
  of death. —Charles E. Butler



"Easy-Going" for feet that have learned to adore calfskin and the wonderful efficiency of wartime duty shoes. Plus the new little-girl-look and all the utility of a station wagon. One leading store in your city has "Casual Classics" at **$8.95** and **$9.95.**

Casual CLASSICS —BY MARSHALL, MEADOWS & STEWART, INC. • AUBURN, N. Y.

DRY SACK

The famous **SHERRY** *from Spain*

(SHERRY)
WILE
DRY SACK
(SHERRY)
Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
LONDON ENGLAND

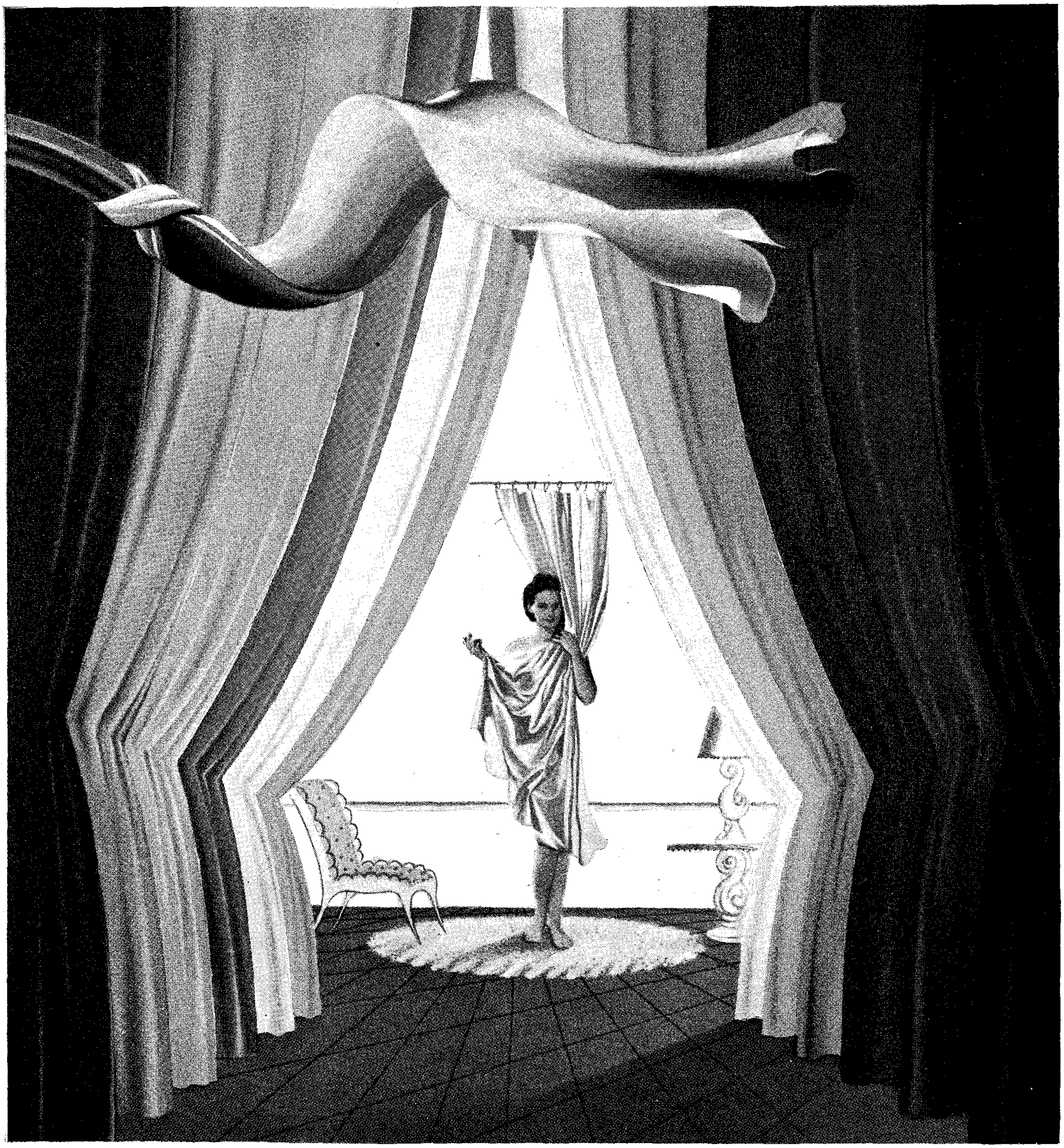
"Sherry Sir?"

The Most Famous Wine of A Famous Producer WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

The great fame of Dry Sack is well deserved. Medium dry with a unique nutty flavour, it particularly pleases those who can afford the best. It's important to insist on Dry Sack as waiters often confuse it with merely dry sherry. No need to accept substitutes. Your favorite bar or store can obtain it.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. • NEW YORK CITY



TODAY—RAINBOW OF RAYON "SHOWERS"

To glamorize your bath right now, Textron offers you evening dress quality Rayon Taffeta "Showers" and matching window drapes! In a rainbow-range of 12 heavenly colors! . . . They're mildew-resistant; tailored with parachute-precision. That center seam is practically invisible; that reverse hem lets water cascade off; those embroidered eyelets are rustless. And they wash and iron like a slip! Now available at Lord & Taylor, New York; F. & R. Lazurus, Columbus; The Dayton Company, Minneapolis; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, and leading stores everywhere. "Showers" or Drapes—$5.00 each. Slightly higher on the West Coast and in Canada. Textron, Inc., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York.

TEXTRON *Showers*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

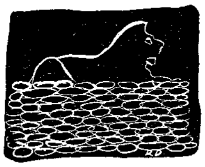
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
INCORPORATED
Owensboro – Kentucky
Formula for Friendship

The ability of Kentucky Tavern to make friends bespeaks the character of this fine liquor which has been the pride and tradition of the same family for over three generations.
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated,
Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 30 (BY CABLE)

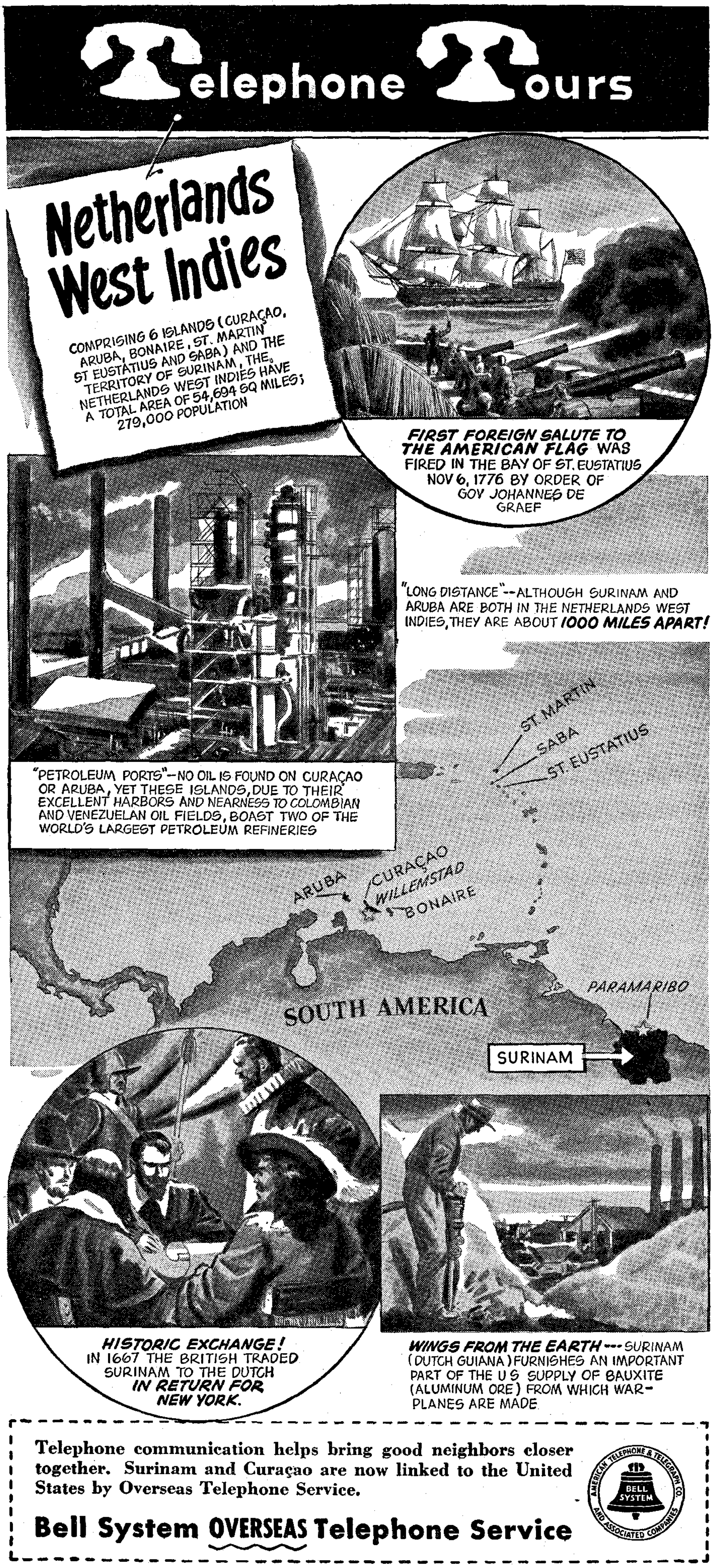


LONDONERS, normally as good-tempered a crowd of people as you could hope to find anywhere, are beginning to show the strain of these first keyed-up days of a year which by now every statesman must have hailed as one of fateful decision. Tired bus conductresses, who have one of the most gruelling jobs on the women's home front, are apt to bawl out passengers on the least provocation. Shop assistants snap at customers who timidly ask for half a pound of something which isn't there, and the customers go home and snap at their families. Naturally a lot of the native good humor and manners is still around, but the surface impression is that everybody's nerves are frayed. Possibly it's the inevitable hangover of the winter's flu epidemic, plus four years of wartime diet, but it seems more likely to be an inevitable result of simply waiting for something to happen.

The new Italian landing was cheering to the public's spirits, of course. These same spirits, however, had earlier received the exact reverse of cheer from the famous *Pravda* report. Some people appeared to think that it had something to do with the Soviet-Polish difficulties, but it should be added that only the politically conscious section of the public really bothered about trying to figure what its implications were. There were millions of English who just went right on with the job of getting the war over with. The notion that the rumor might be a buildup for Soviet separate-peace dickerings was staunchly derided. The bulk of the English people ardently believe in Anglo-Soviet friendship, apparently on the principle that if you want something to happen hard enough it happens, no matter what anyone else says.

THE recent night in which London underwent two air raids was certainly the noisiest in months. Plenty of citizens, as their beds quaked, must have wondered if this was the answer to everyone's question whether heavy raiding is to be expected again. The damage turned out to be nothing much, but the racket from the ground defenses was quite up to standard.

Raids or no raids, people keep on



Telephone Tours

Netherlands West Indies

COMPRISING 6 ISLANDS (CURAÇAO, ARUBA, BONAIRE, ST. MARTIN ST EUSTATIUS AND SABA) AND THE TERRITORY OF SURINAM, THE NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES HAVE A TOTAL AREA OF 54,694 SQ MILES; 279,000 POPULATION

FIRST FOREIGN SALUTE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS FIRED IN THE BAY OF ST. EUSTATIUS NOV 6, 1776 BY ORDER OF GOV JOHANNES DE GRAEF

"LONG DISTANCE"--ALTHOUGH SURINAM AND ARUBA ARE BOTH IN THE NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES, THEY ARE ABOUT ***1000 MILES APART!***

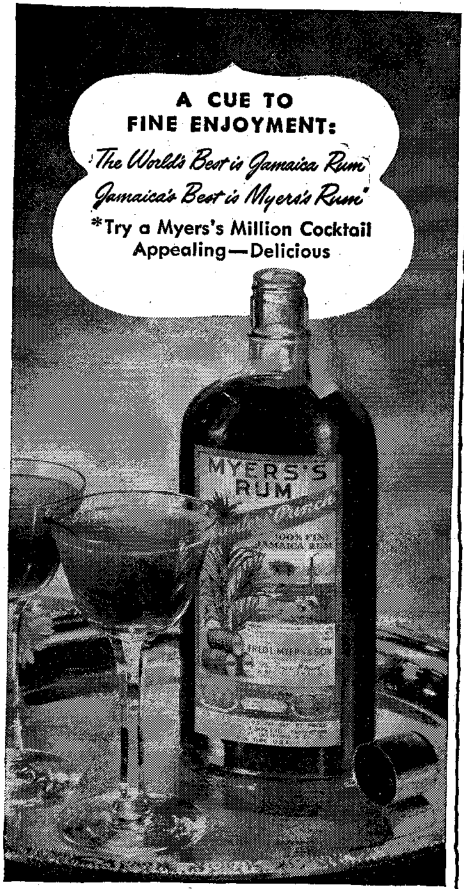
"PETROLEUM PORTS"—NO OIL IS FOUND ON CURAÇAO OR ARUBA, YET THESE ISLANDS, DUE TO THEIR EXCELLENT HARBORS AND NEARNESS TO COLOMBIAN AND VENEZUELAN OIL FIELDS, BOAST TWO OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PETROLEUM REFINERIES

HISTORIC EXCHANGE! IN 1667 THE BRITISH TRADED SURINAM TO THE DUTCH ***IN RETURN FOR NEW YORK.***

WINGS FROM THE EARTH---SURINAM (DUTCH GUIANA) FURNISHES AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE U S SUPPLY OF BAUXITE (ALUMINUM ORE) FROM WHICH WAR-PLANES ARE MADE

Telephone communication helps bring good neighbors closer together. Surinam and Curaçao are now linked to the United States by Overseas Telephone Service.

Bell System OVERSEAS Telephone Service


A CUE TO
FINE ENJOYMENT:
"The World's Best is Jamaica Rum"
Jamaica's Best is Myers's Rum"
*Try a Myers's Million Cocktail
Appealing—Delicious

MYERS'S "Planters' Punch" Brand Rum
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof
*For free illustrated recipe book, write:
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SERVICEMEN! GOLFERS!
HORSEMEN! TRAVELERS!
Here's an Amazing New Quick Liquid
SADDLE SOAP

Cleans,
softens,
preserves!

Called by many "the *finest* leather conditioner!" May be used on all finishes, except suede. Leaves no grease or odor. Will not harm stitching. Does not interfere with use of regular polishes. *Make your shoes, luggage and other leathers last longer—use Neatsope!* Available in 25c and $1.00 sizes.

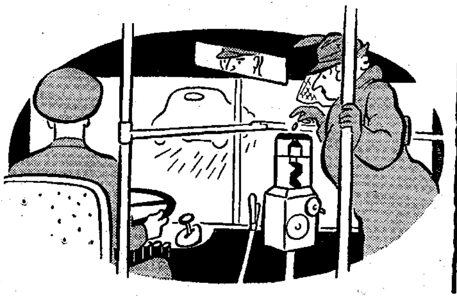
NEATSOPE

On Sale at department, drug,
hardware, luggage and dime stores.
North American Dye Corp., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

moving back into town. More and more Londoners who left during the blitz are opening up their homes again or trying to find new ones—a firm enough reply to those dark German threats of retribution any day now. The government recently took some notice of the migration back to London by increasing the amount that anyone could spend for essential repairs from one hundred to two hundred pounds, but since it didn't also increase the number of men with ladders and pots of paint, the process of putting an apartment messed up by the blitz into livable shape is apt to be difficult. How newly married couples succeed in fixing up a nest for themselves, even if they find one, is something of a mystery. Most things made of linen require precious clothing coupons, and furniture, either new or in auction rooms, is selling at prices which even the dealers admit are fantastic. The problem of getting homes and furniture has been called one of the reasons for a sudden and surprisingly sharp drop in the number of marriages, a phenomenon more gloomily attributed by the church to the chilling effect of the usual wartime increase in the number of divorces.

Domestic help has now become so vestigial that the sight of a starched cap and apron at a front door produces almost as great a shock as would a unicorn. Last week the Minister of Labour announced that if he couldn't get volunteers for domestic service, especially for hard-pressed hospitals and institutions, some of which have had to close down for lack of maids, he would have to direct thirty thousand "Bevin girls" into the kitchens just as he had sent a quantity of "Bevin boys" into the mines. This won't improve the lot of householders, however, unless their wives have an exceptionally good hard-luck story to tell the local labor exchange. The help situation has now reached a point where a bachelor clergyman, in a letter to the *Times*, bitterly wants to know why Rugby never taught him to cook.

THE announcement of the Japanese atrocities darkened this weekend for everybody. It was a particularly se-



THE WHOLE WORLD SINGS ITS PRAISES!
© Borden Co.

• Creamy-centered . . . golden-crusted Liederkranz is everybody's favorite! So serve it often. You and your guests will love it at home . . . and at the better hotels and restaurants.

LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE
ONE OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

The *one* American-made cheese that's famous the world over.

FARM for a hobby?
MAKE IT PAY!

This ad is for home farmers, present and future, who want more than a skimpy living from their land. It is for those who welcome a steer in the direction of profitable, pleasurable farming on a PROVED SUCCESSFUL basis. Don't guess, when guessing means the difference between profit and loss. KNOW, by taking advantage of what we have learned at Medlock Farm. We have put it all into 12 easy lessons on home-farming, with full information on the how of every detail, from choosing the farm in the first place (if you haven't already), to specific problems of planning, stocking, organizing, feeding, hatching, breeding, producing, canning—literally everything is included and all written about understandingly, as one home farmer to another. Write today for complete information. MEDLOCK FARM, Skippack Pike, Center Square, Pa.

WHY IS Abbott's BEST?

Because it's aged in wood to achieve that tangy zestful flavor that adds so much to your drinking pleasure.

Abbott's
BITTERS
SINCE 1872

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

vere blow because the excitement caused by the Christmas delivery of letters from Far Eastern prisoners of war was still fresh in people's minds. Mr. Eden's warning that any reassuring news those letters contained must now be considered suspect seemed unnecessarily cruel, but perhaps it achieved its object. It shocked and sickened Britons and made them realize that, just in case they have got into the habit of thinking the war will end in Berlin, they also have an appointment in Tokio.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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CONTENTMENT WITH ONE LITERARY DEVICE DEPT.

[*From "Living Biographies of Famous Novelists," by Henry and Dana Lee Thomas*]

Dante rises from the flesh to the spirit. Boccaccio descends from the spirit to the flesh. —*Page 8.*

Voltaire is said to have laughed in order to conceal his tears. Boccaccio may be said to have shed an occasional tear in order to season his laughter. —*Page 11.*

Some works of art are too perfect to be human. The story of Don Quixote, however, is too human to be perfect. —*Page 39.*

At one moment we feel more closely related to the knight, whose valor is greater than his discretion; and at the next moment to the squire, whose discretion is greater than his valor. —*Page 39.*

One moment, wise in our folly... Another moment, foolish in our wisdom... —*Page 39.*

His ambition at times overrode his integrity, but at other times his integrity overruled his ambition. —*Page 54.*

He fell in love with a girl who refused to marry him, and he married a girl who refused to love him. —*Page 96.*

From the turning of history into fiction, he now advanced to the turning of fiction into history. —*Page 133.*

...the struggle between the Puritan love of religion and the Pagan religion of love. —*Page 174.*

...the sin of love against convention, and the sin of convention against love. —*Page 175.*

...passages that wept with laughter and laughed with tears. —*Page 200.*

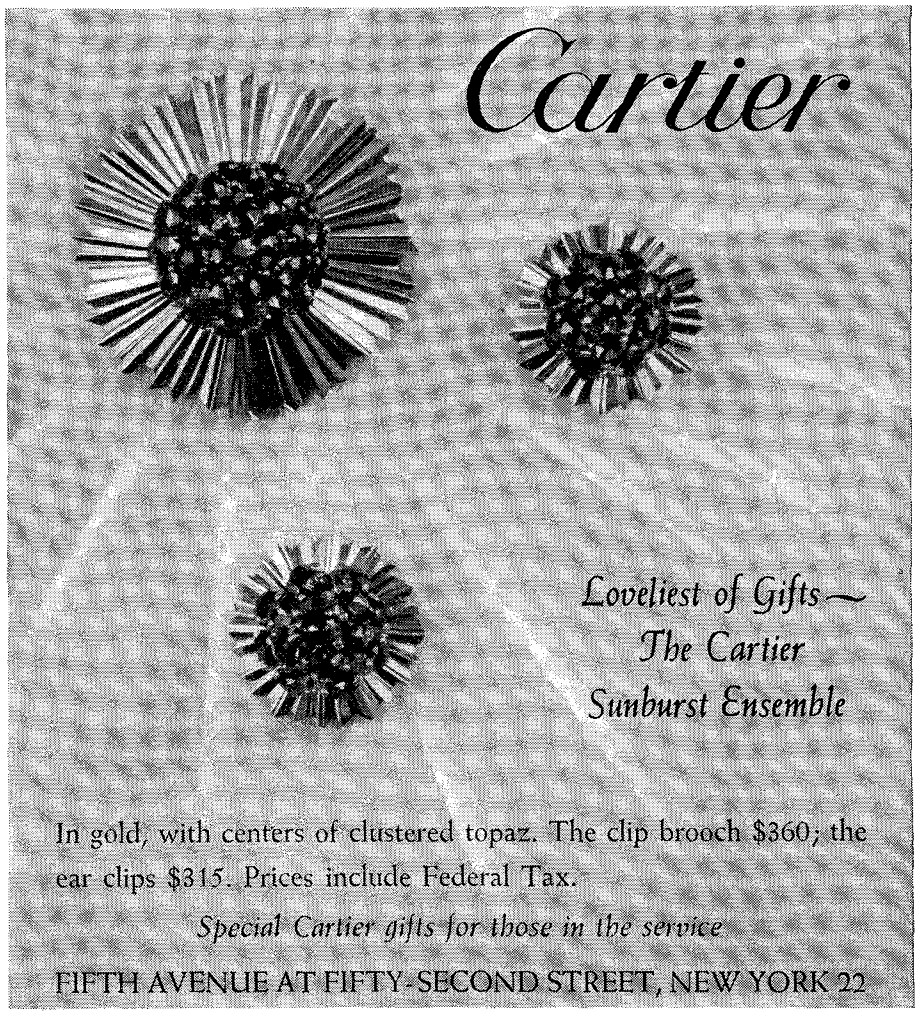
The abstract comes to life, the living melts into the abstract. —*Page 219.*

...this angel-devil so wise in his folly, so foolish in his wisdom! —*Page 223.*

...that each man is responsible for the action of the entire human race, and the entire human race is responsible for the action of each man. —*Pages 224–5.*

He wrote several novels that were short stories. And all his short stories were novels. —*Page 253.*

There is a French motto—*noblesse oblige* (nobility brings obligations). In Alexandrine's case it was the other way around—obligations brought nobility. —*Page 270.*


Cartier

Loveliest of Gifts—
The Cartier
Sunburst Ensemble

In gold, with centers of clustered topaz. The clip brooch $360; the ear clips $315. Prices include Federal Tax.

Special Cartier gifts for those in the service

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22

"Mon, 'tis e'er a bonny d-r-rink!"

The consistent excellence of Teacher's Scotch brings high praise from all who know it. All agree that...

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

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TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. Teacher & Sons
GLASGOW

BOOKS

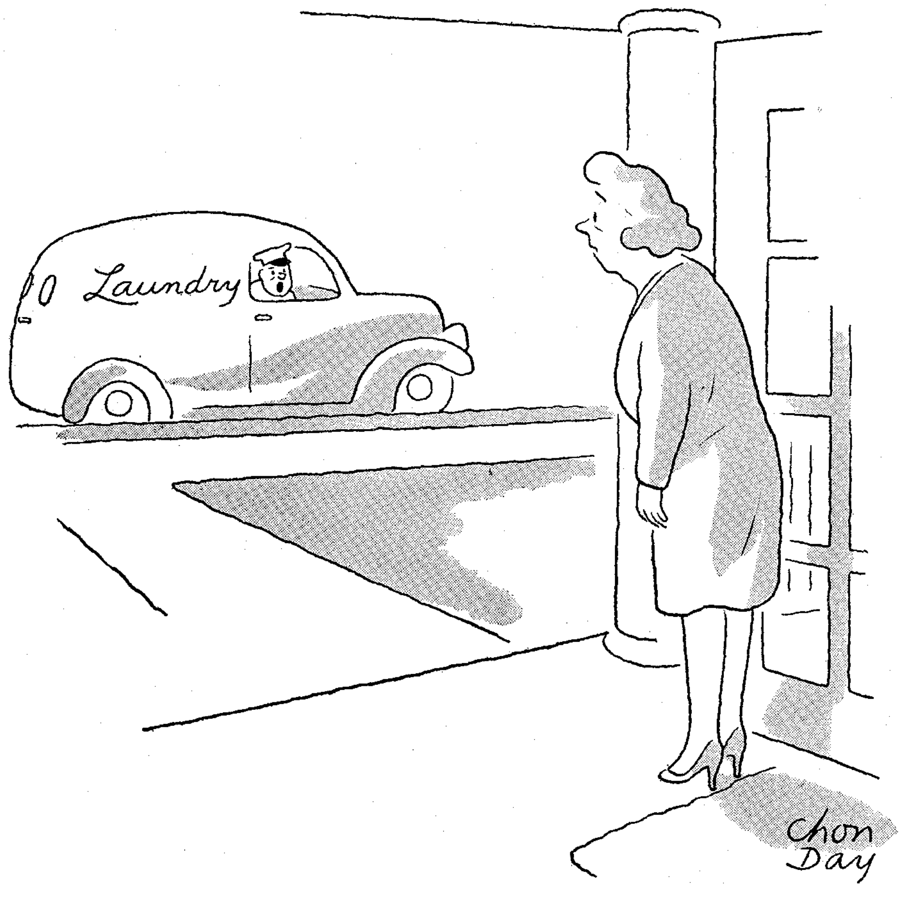
The Twilight of Drink and the Poetic Drama

"The Lost Weekend" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Charles Jackson, is a tour de force of some merit. It is a novel about an alcoholic which covers only five days of his life, the cycle of one of his binges. Since the hero is a solitary drinker, there are in a sense no other characters in the story: most of the persons with whom he has to do hardly impinge on his consciousness sufficiently to make their personalities felt. Nor does he even have extravagant adventures or do anything in the least exhilarating. The high points of Don Birnam's weekend are playing the phonograph to himself in his room, dating up a hostess in a bar and then failing to take her out, and attempting to steal a purse in a restaurant, with the result of being immediately detected but allowed to go away. The rest of the time he is merely struggling through hangovers, worrying over getting more drinks, brooding on the events of his childhood, or indulging in alcoholic fantasies. We are far from the romantic drinkers of Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald. The man himself is dreary in the extreme. The bright boy of a small town and a middle-class home, he has been caught in some Freudian trap of narcissism and adolescent homosexuality, and he can neither work nor love: his sole gratification of his ego, aside from moments of drunken megalomania, comes in making himself an object of concern to the girl friend and the brother who have to rescue him, nurse him, and watch him.

Yet the author has created a suspense and a creepy psychological atmosphere that make the reader follow the book to the end. From the moment that we feel ourselves imprisoned inside the drunkard's mind, we have the illusion of exploring a country that is full of danger and terror. How will he be able to get the next drink that will save him from his writhing nerves? What will happen if he does not get it? Once he has got it and started drinking, what is going to happen to him? Does some outrageous act await him? What did he do the night before that he cannot remember this morning? Is something going to break, and where and when? The attempt to hock a typewriter for liquor assumes the scale of an epic and is charged with the anguish of a Calvary. The unfortunate hero, in a state which makes every step an effort and every crossing a desperate ordeal, drags his typewriter along Second Avenue from Fifty-fifth to One Hundred and Twentieth Street, finding every pawnshop barred. In his obstinate concentration, it never occurs to him that the shut-up pawnshops represent anything but a series of coincidences. When he is finally told that the day is Yom Kippur, he thinks at first that this must just be a joke: "Yom Kippur was always good for a joke, it was just another one of those Jewish jokes, but at a time like this—how could they joke at a time like this?" He leans against a pole and closes his eyes and remembers the comforts of his youth and how his mother used to indulge his malingering. Then, unable to face Second Avenue again, he makes a mad rush for home along First, and arrives in about half an hour.

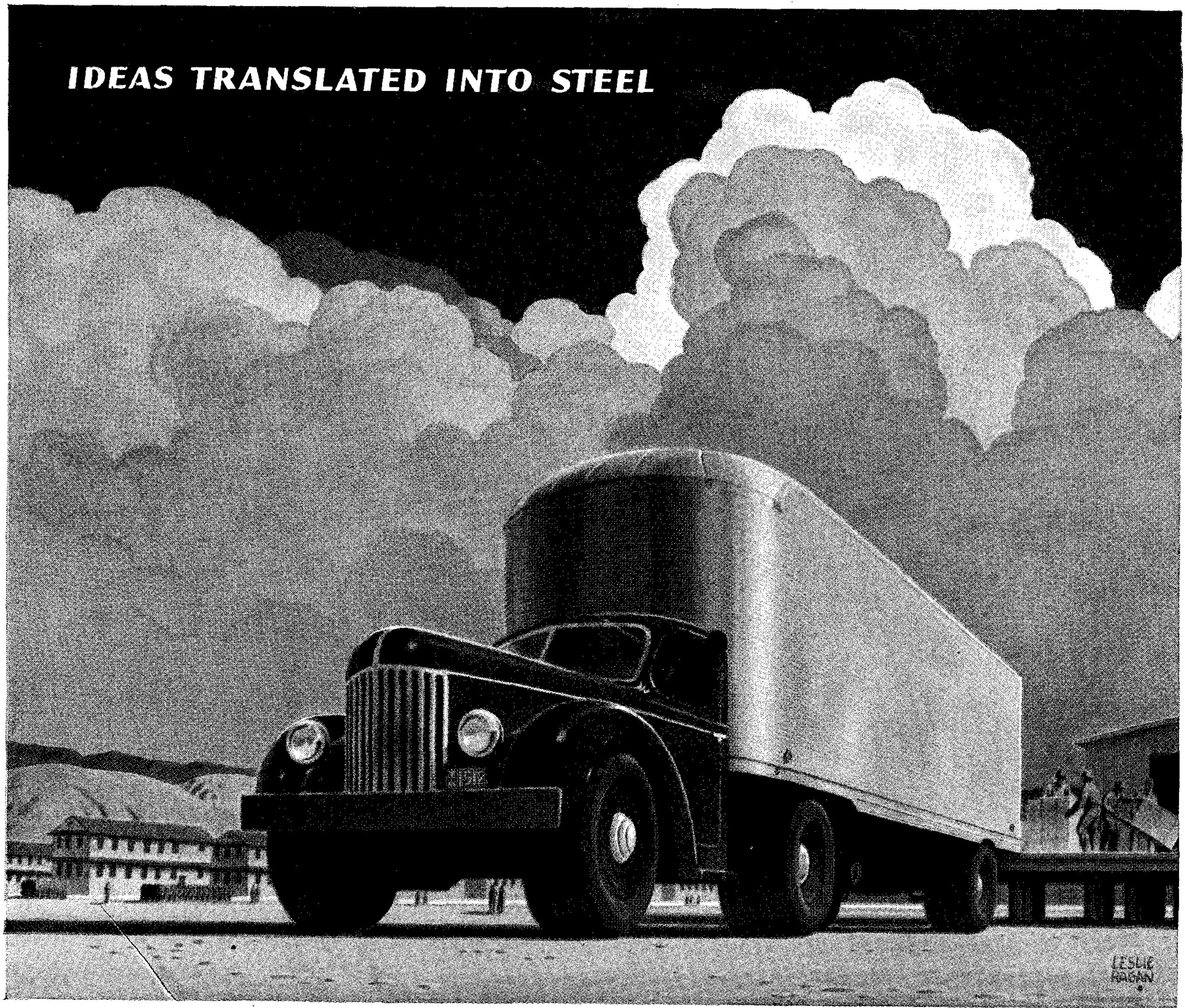
You get, in "The Lost Weekend," a good deal of this clinical comedy, and some excellent description of alcoholic states which have rarely, I think, been treated with this intimate yet objective precision. The most revealing passage is the curious perverse meditation in which the hero justifies his drinking to himself as a purposive way of life with a special kind of moral dignity: "Why had he not been destroyed by all that happened to him? How is it he could take it over and over again and yet again? What capacity, vitality, or resilience did he have that others did not? Was it that his imagination laid hold of that suffering and transmuted it to experience, an experience he did not profit from, true, but experience all the same: a realization of who and what he was, a fulfillment of self? Was he trying to find out, in this roundabout descent to destruction, what it was all about; and would he, at the final and ultimate moment, know?"

The book, in fact, has so much that is good that it ought to have been three times as good and a really satisfactory piece of fiction. As a whole, it is rather formless, and the writing, though fluent and smooth, is full of repetitions and tautologies. I don't know whether it was part of Mr. Jackson's scheme to leave the other principal characters, the brother and the girl friend, without even



"Come and get it, Mrs. Webster."

IDEAS TRANSLATED INTO STEEL



Stainless Steel Truck Trailer unloading supplies at a Texas Army Post

These gleaming truck trailers are a familiar sight. They attract wide attention for they look amazingly efficient and modern. Nothing on the road seems more adapted to the age of skyscrapers and planes, of new materials and design.

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Today, of course, Budd plants and Budd workers are wholly engaged in war production. They are turning out countless projectiles and ordnance—materials of many kinds. Their ideas of strength and weight-saving are applied in the building of planes and parts for destroyers. But peace will return, and the future will see great fleets of gleaming stainless steel carriers on railroads, highways, and in the air, establishing new epochs in travel and transport.

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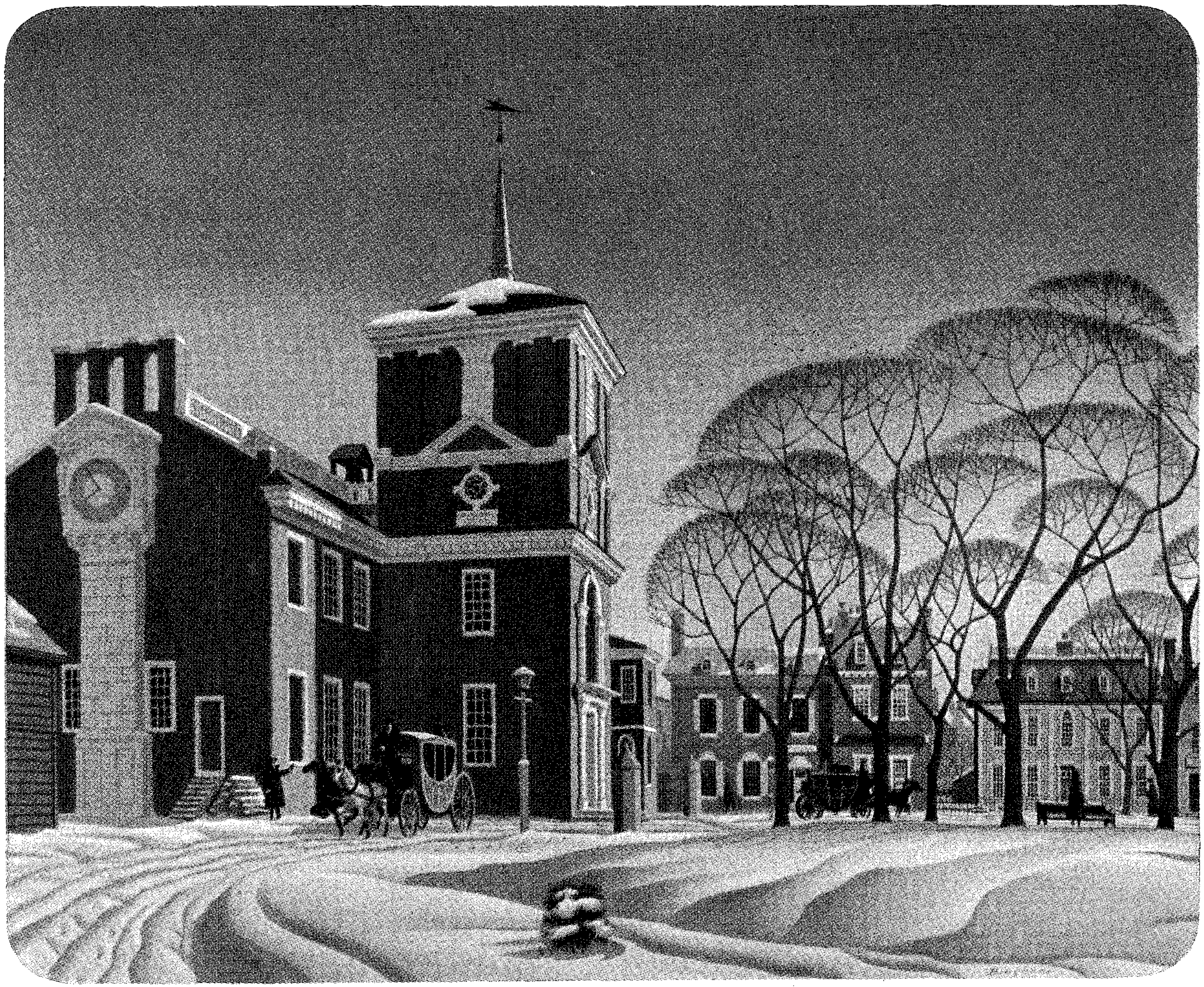

View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800*

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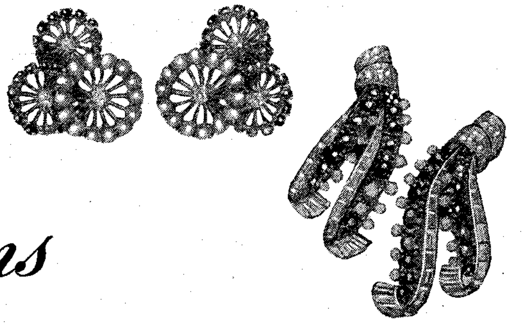
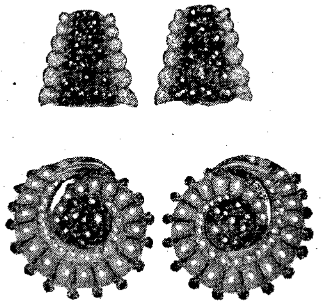
*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND...FAMOUS SINCE 1894 the outlines of individuality; but the chapter in which the dependable Helen captures the drunkard and puts him to bed suffers from the reader's not knowing how she looks or what she is like. The hero himself, though accounted for by a Freudian behavior pattern, is not perhaps known quite well enough either: I am not sure that Mr. Jackson has created for him a quite credible organic personality. The flashbacks into his early life supplied by his wandering memories become, finally, rather boring because they have not been arranged to build up as a progressive exposition. Nor does the book itself quite build up. We leave Don Birnam almost exactly as we found him. He has just been having his first touch of d.t.'s, but we are given to understand that he will recover from his present bout of drinking. We had expected something crucial to happen; we had expected him to take some new turn for either the better or the worse; and we are simply left depressed by the impasse in which he seems likely to spend his life.

I SUPPOSE that "Red Roses for Me" (Macmillan), the new play by Sean O'Casey, may appropriately be commented on here, since it is unlikely to be done in the theatre and has a special literary interest as a specimen of what has been happening to the literature of the drama. O'Casey is an Irishman of sixty who took part in the bitter fighting of the 1916 Easter Rebellion, and wrote three admirable realistic plays that had a background of Irish politics. "The Plough and the Stars," especially, which was performed in 1926, must be the best political play of its time—better than anything I know from the Soviet Union.

But then, with the establishment of the Irish Free State, the Catholic censorship came down on Irish literature and made it impossible for O'Casey to get any more of his plays produced in Dublin. He had, besides, come to the end of his old material, the Irish civil wars, and was dissatisfied with his hard-boiled method. He went to England, allied himself with the Communists, read the later plays of Eugene O'Neill. And all these steps seemed to lead him astray. I cannot share with George Jean Nathan his high opinion of "Within the Gates": it seemed to me a kind of dead end of poetic allegory in the theatre. With this last play, O'Casey returns to Ireland and writes his allegory in terms of her politics: the conflict between Catholic and Protestant, the battles of Irish labor; but the politics doesn't go any more,





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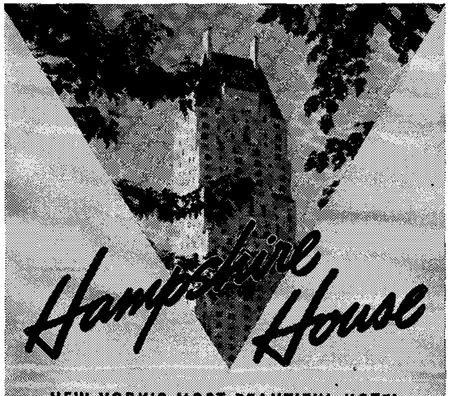

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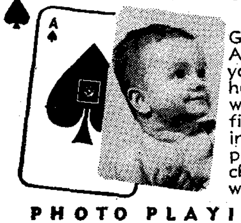

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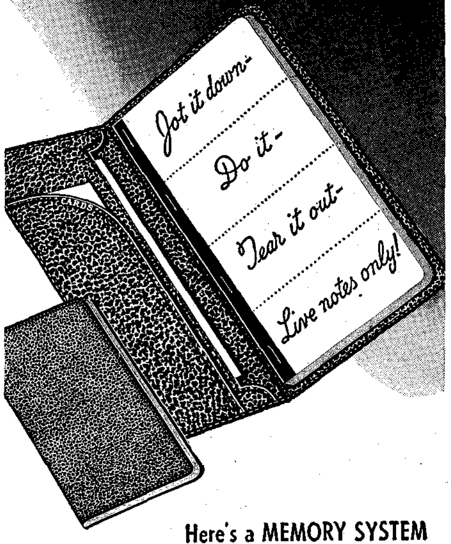

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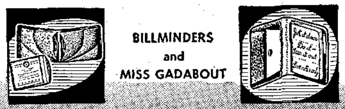
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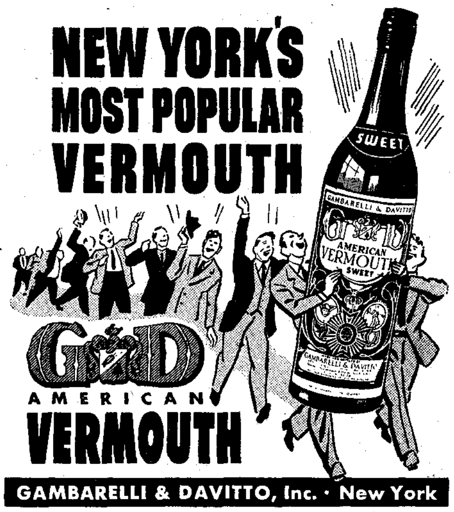

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the allegory doesn't go, the attempt to charge with grandiose poetry the colloquial speech of Dublin, of which O'Casey formerly showed himself a master, results only in monstrosity or absurdity. The characters either switch over into a kind of bastard blank verse or they relapse into a sentimental convention of the vintage of the nineteenth century: "Sheila is it? Ay, an' a Sheila are you? Ay, an' a suitable one too, for there's a gentle nature in the two soft sounds, an' a silver note in the echo, describin' grandly the pretty slendher lass me two ould eyes are now beholdin'."

It is easy, in America at the present time, to blame the badness of the drama on Hollywood and on the mediocrity of most of our dramatists; but the helplessness to develop artistically of this talented and serious writer brings one up with an uncomfortable feeling that our literary movements have spent themselves, and that the forces of the times are against the arts. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

AS WE GO MARCHING, by John T. Flynn (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Flynn's thesis is that despite the many differences in the character, customs, laws, traditions, and resources of the peoples of Italy, Germany, and the United States, this country has been drifting on the same currents and experimenting with the same political and economic measures which resulted in the establishment of Fascism abroad. Two-thirds of his book is a scholarly, sober, valuable examination of the rise of Fascism in Italy and Germany, one-third is an attempt to support his thesis by trying to prove that it not only *can* happen here but already has happened. Sure to be named an "imperative" by the Republicans' Council on Books in Wartime, when they get one.

WHAT RUSSIA WANTS, by Joachim Joesten (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). While Russian foreign policy, to Winston Churchill, may be "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," to this author it is a self-evident transparency inside a glass capsule wrapped in cellophane. What Russia wants, he says, is just about all the territory it had when it was invaded, a few new stakes here and there, some Soviet republics in China, and a Europe composed of independent states whose governments will be rather emphatically pro-Soviet. A

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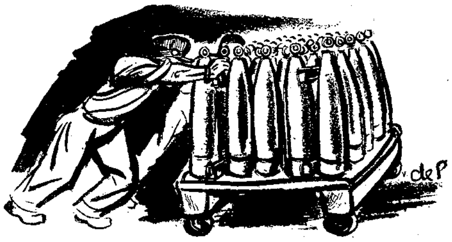
large-sized order, to be sure, but if Mr. Joesten is right about his basic premise, which is that the other powers will either have to like what Russia wants or lump it, he may be right in concluding that this order will more or less be filled.

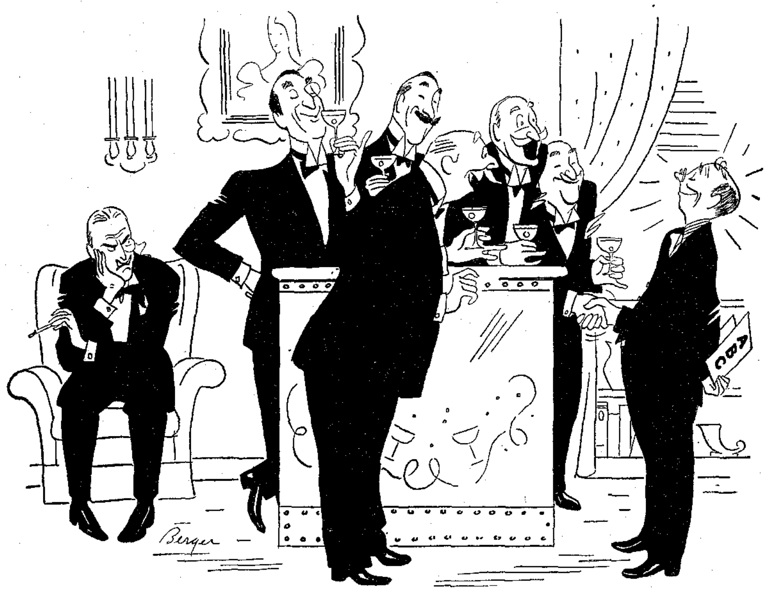
TOWARD A BETTER WORLD, by Jan Christiaan Smuts (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A collection of addresses on a wide variety of subjects, ranging from contemporary science to the world of the future, by the seventy-four-year-old Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, who is also a naturalist, a philosopher, and a military strategist. Interesting throughout, despite its rather inevitable South African orientation, and written in a simple, vigorous, straightforward style that suggests a simple, vigorous, straightforward personality.

RUSSIAN CAVALCADE, by Albert Parry (Washburn). A short military history of Russia. Beginning with Gottlieb Heinrich Tottleben, the Saxon soldier who was refused a general's commission by Frederick the Great and then went over to the Russians to lead their armies in a successful march on Berlin, it takes up most of the major Russian military figures and ends with Stalin and the Red Army. As elementary as a McGuffey primer and written in much the same breathtaking style, but the author has assembled a lot of material that has hitherto been scattered all over the place.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LADY AND THE ARSENIC, by Joseph Shearing (A. S. Barnes). A biography, in the form of a novel, of Madame LaFarge, née Marie Cappelle, a handsome and excitable young Frenchwoman who was convicted, perhaps unjustly, in 1840 of poisoning her husband, an ironmaster and the owner of a Gothic château in Limousin. Mr. Shearing is as scrupulous as ever in dealing with his source material, which he has translated from the records of this cause célèbre and from Madame LaFarge's interminable memoirs. In his introductory





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So here it is for you laymen. It's got all sorts of Inside Stuff you mustn't give away—like the knack of a perfectly blended drink... the gentle art of "bouncing" an obstreperous pest... bar showmanship... even canny ways of stretching liquor. You'll politely skip the trade secrets, of course—the rest of the book will keep you in plaudits the rest of your life, anyway.

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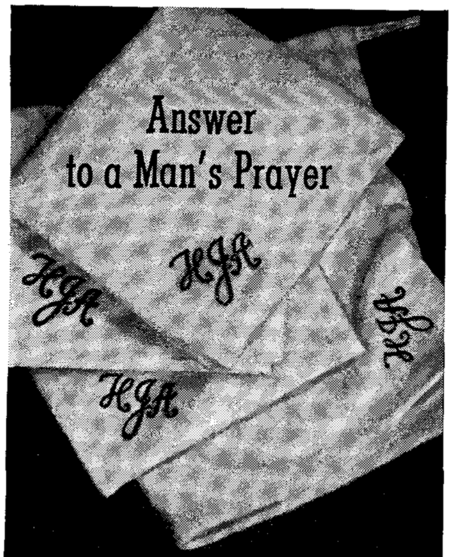

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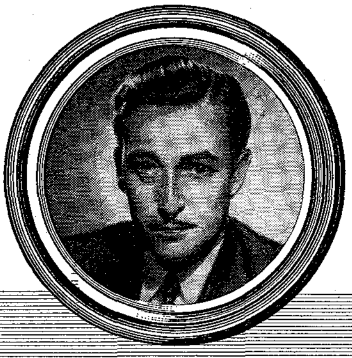

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chapters, he blames Madame LaFarge's predicament, as well as that of a number of other young ladies who were too handy with the arsenic or the knife, on the French romantic writers, and advances the rather sweeping theory that the novels of George Sand and her admirers were responsible for a crime wave in nineteenth-century France. You don't, of course, have to believe all this in order to enjoy the novel, which is full of the best Shearing brand of suspense and horror.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES, by H. C. Bailey (Doubleday, Doran). Joshua Clunk, London criminal lawyer, giggles and hums his irritating way through a series of murders arising from black-market and fifth-column activities in an English port. You may be troubled by a slight nausea caused by Mr. Clunk's personality, but you'll have to admit that this is a perfectly fair puzzle and intricate enough to occupy your mind thoroughly.

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Section 127 of the 1944 revenue bill as reported to the Senate on December 21, 1943, by the Senate Finance Committee*]

SEC. 127. RELIEF IN THE CASE OF EXCESS DEDUCTIONS OF ESTATES AND TRUSTS.

(a) IN GENERAL.—Section 162 (d), relating to deductions in computing the net income of estates and trusts, is amended by adding at the end thereof the following new paragraph:

"(4) EXCESS DEDUCTIONS.—If for any taxable year of an estate or trust the deductions allowed under subsection (b) or (c) in respect of any income which becomes payable to a legatee, heir, or beneficiary and which would not otherwise be deductible except through the application of paragraph (2) or (3) (A), exceed the net income of the estate or trust (computed without the deductions allowed by subsection (b) or (c) by reason of paragraph (2) or (3) (A) of this subsection and without any deductions that would be allowed only if the deductions allowed under subsection (b) or (c) by reason of paragraph (2) or (3) (A) were not allowed) for such year, to the extent of such excess the amount of such income shall not be required to be included in computing the net income of such legatee, heir, or beneficiary under subsection (b) or (c). In cases where the amount of such income becomes payable to two or more legatees, heirs, or beneficiaries, the amount which shall not be required to be included in computing the net income of any such legatee, heir, or beneficiary shall be limited to that proportion of such excess which the amount of such income which becomes payable to such legatee, heir, or beneficiary bears to the aggregate of such income which becomes payable to legatees, heirs, or beneficiaries."

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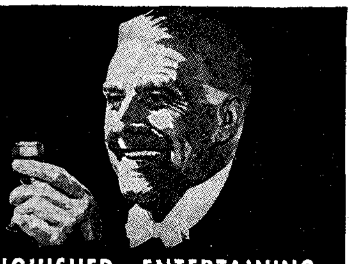

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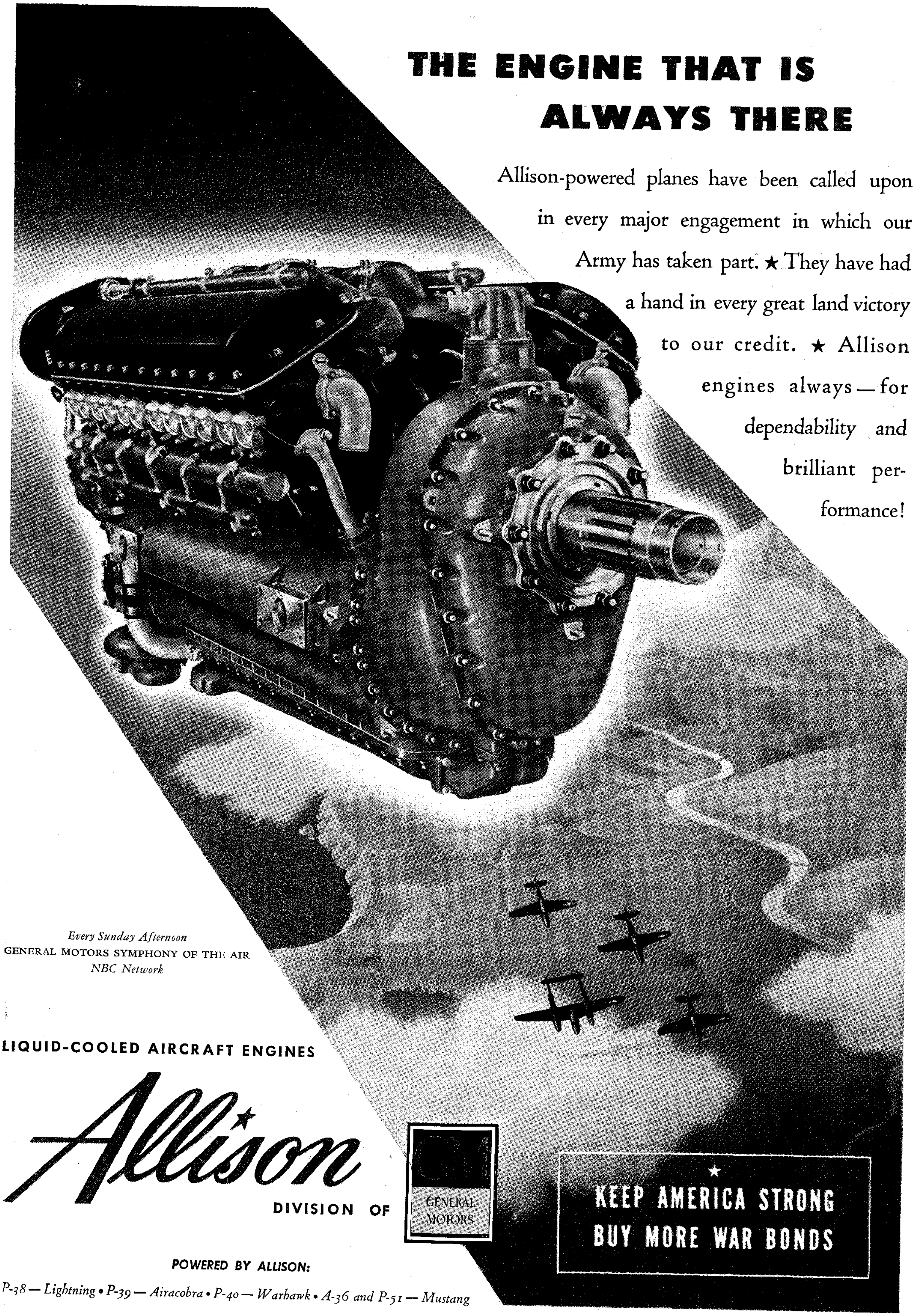

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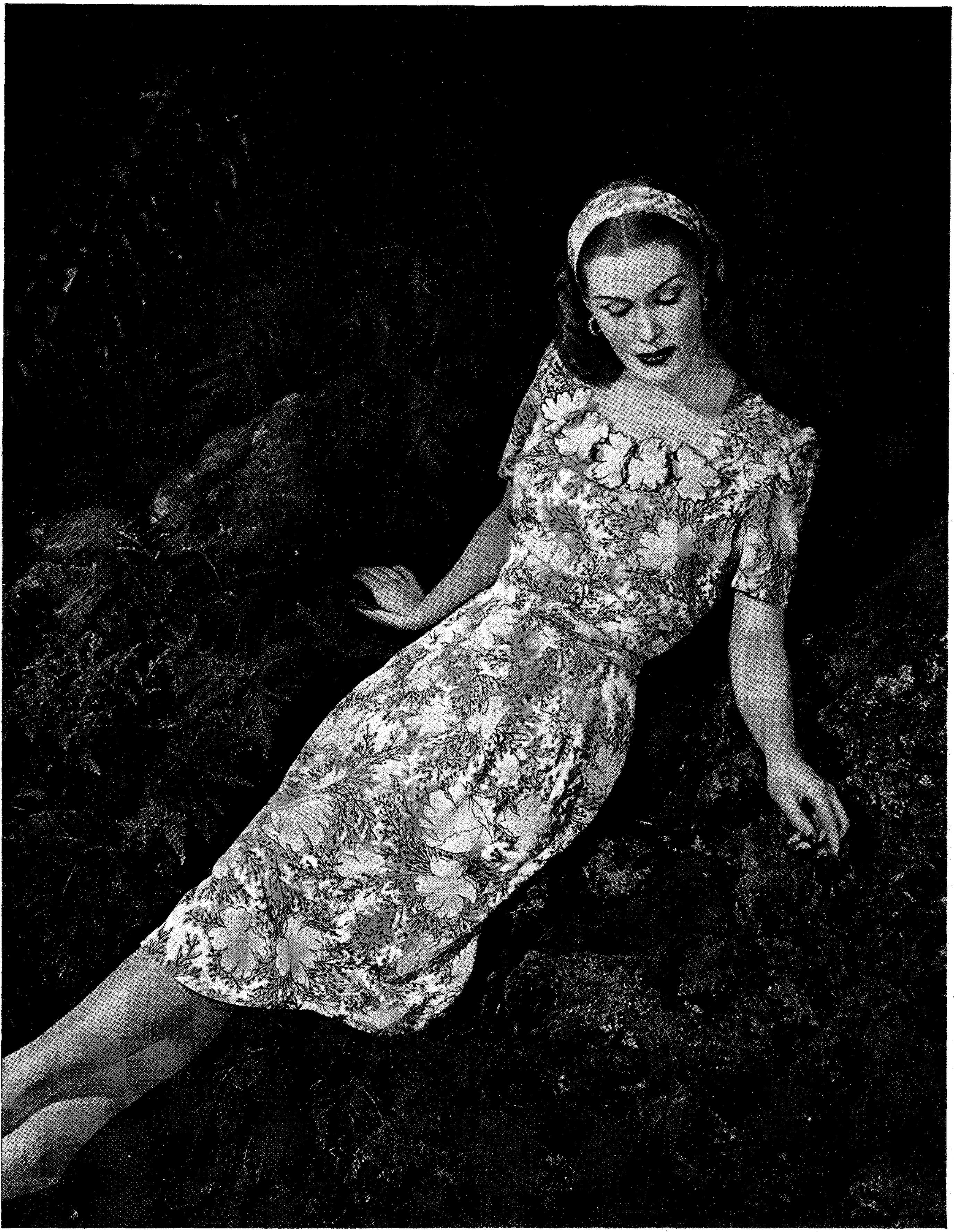

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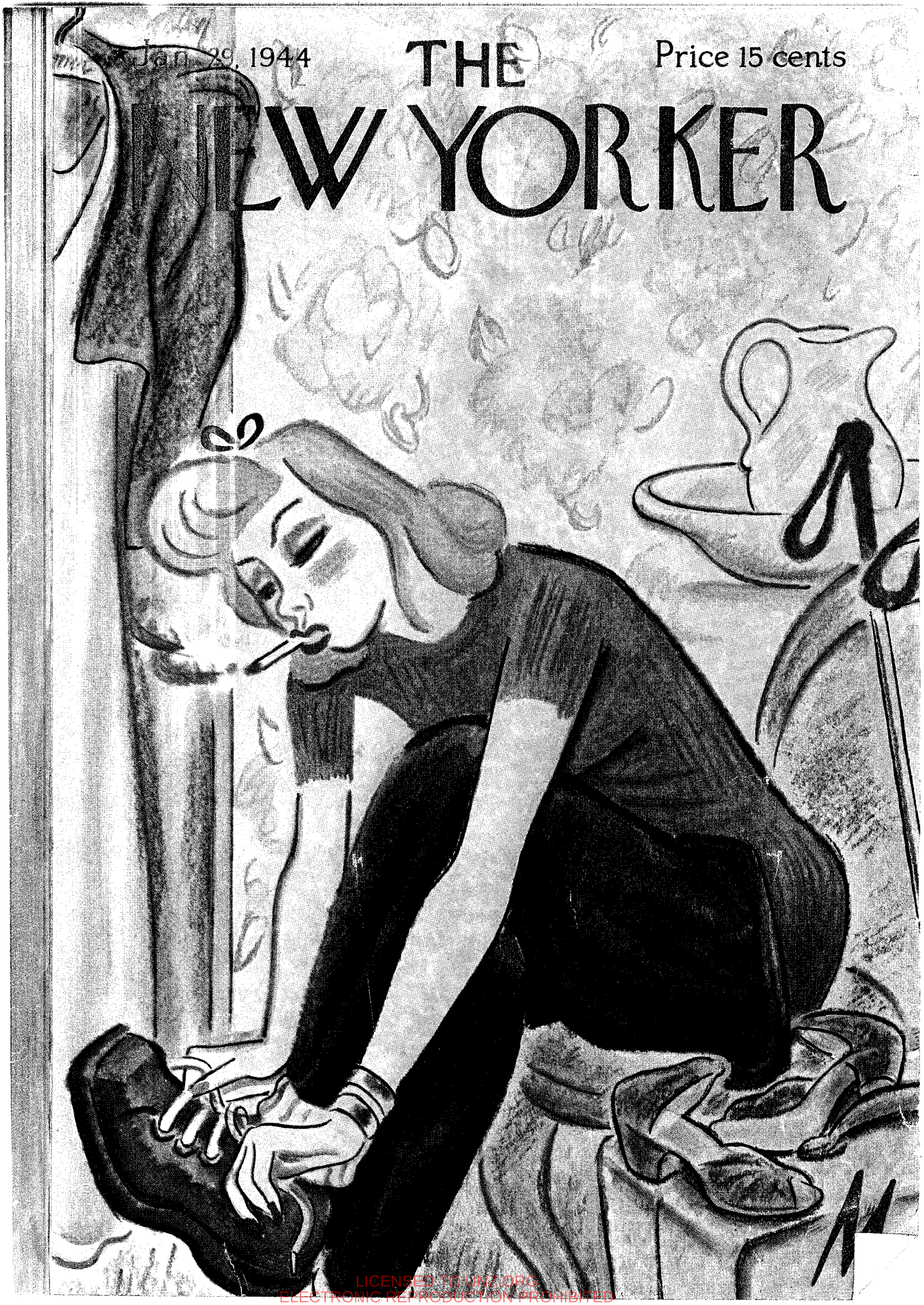

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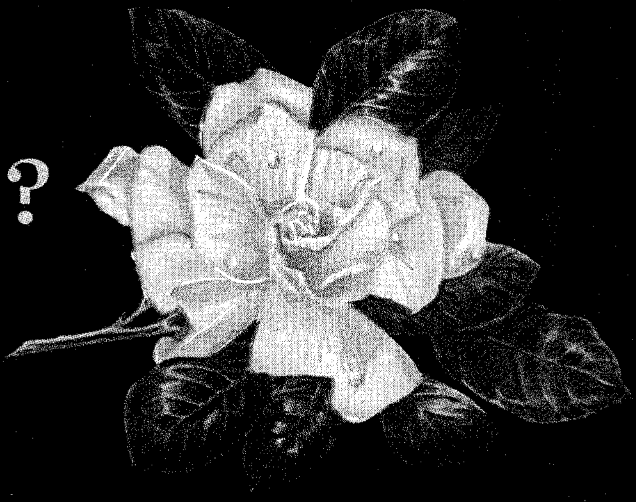

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